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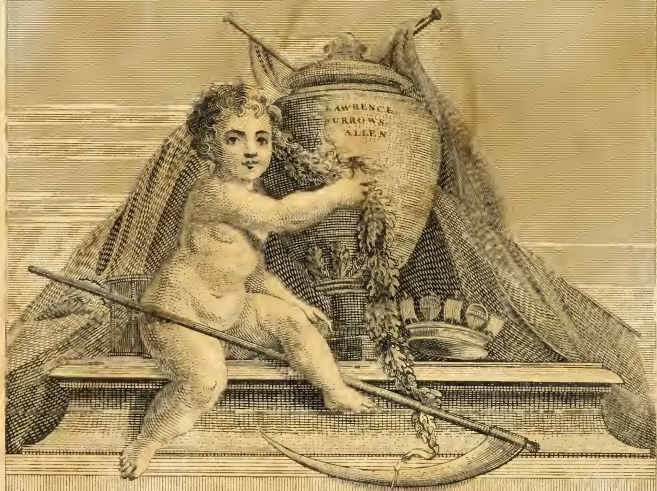
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ANALYTIC MAGAZINE
Volume
6

PHILADELPHIA
Published by M Thomas
1815



THE
ANALECTIC MAGAZINE:

CONTAINING

SELECTIONS

FROM

FOREIGN REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES,

TOGETHER WITH

ORIGINAL MISCELLANEOUS COMPOSITIONS;

AND A

NAVAL CHRONICLE.

SPARSAS COLLIGERE FRONDES.

VOLUME VI.

PHILADELPHIA:
PUBLISHED AND SOLD BY MOSES THOMAS,
NO. 52 CHESNUT-STREET.
J. Maxwell, printer.
1815.

DISTRICT OF PENNSYLVANIA, to wit:

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the thirty-first day of July, in the fortieth year of the independence of the United States of America, A. D. 1815, MOSES THOMAS, of the said district, hath deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as Proprietor, in the words following, to wit:

The Analectic Magazine: containing selections from Foreign Reviews and Magazines; together with Original Miscellaneous Compositions, and a Naval Chronicle. "Sparsus colligere frondes."

In conformity to the act of Congress of the United States entitled, "An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned." And also to the act, entitled, "An act supplementary to an act, entitled, "An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned, and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

DAVID CALDWELL,

Clerk of the District of Pennsylvania

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ANALECTIC MAGAZINE.

FOR JULY, 1815.

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[This is a very entertaining book, and a late number of the Quarterly Review, contains a very entertaining, but very long and rambling account of it. We have, therefore, extracted several portions of the Review, which we thought most curious, for *curious* facts they relate.]

THE author's first journey on the continent of India was to Dagon, in Concan, at that time belonging to the Mahrattas, whither he went for the use of the hot springs. This village is situated about thirty miles inland up the Bancoote, in a beautiful country. Delighted with the sight of a fine river winding through an extensive valley, and forming numerous islands—a home view, rich

with agriculture and enlivened by fisheries, green hills bounding it, and high mountains closing in the scene—he seated himself at sunrise, when he first beheld this lovely scene, under a mango tree, and began to sketch the landscape before him. Not having gone from Bombay before, where the temperature is mitigated by the sea breezes, and which the hot winds never reach, Mr. Forbes was yet a stranger to the inclemency of an Indian climate. In less than an hour, he says, the sky appeared like a glow of fire. He was now in a country where the thermometer standing in the house was usually at about 80° at sunrise, and often rose to 112° by noon! when the water at mid-day was more than tepid, and the black wood furniture became like heated metal. In consequence of the heat the author and his friends generally placed their beds under a mango grove; till one night the smell of a goat, which had been recently killed and hung upon a tree, attracted a tiger. The beast rushed close by Mr. Forbes's bed, who had just time to get into the house before he saw him return with his prey. It was well that their visiter, on this occasion, thought goat's flesh more savoury than man's. Mr. Forbes kept a chameleon here for several weeks; its general colour was "a pleasant green," spotted with pale blue, and its customary changes were to a bright yellow, a dark olive, and a dull green. When irritated, or when a dog approached, in which case fear perhaps produced the same effect as anger,* the body was considerably inflated, and the skin clouded like tortoise shell, in shades of yellow, orange, green, and black: it was under these passions that it appeared to most advantage. But the animal was affected in the most extraordinary manner by any thing black; the skirting-board of the room was painted of that colour, and the creature carefully avoided it; but if he came near it, or if a black hat were placed in his way, he shrunk to a skeleton and became black as jet. This change was manifestly painful, by the care with which the chameleon sought to avoid the objects which produced it; and it may be remarked that they were objects which could not occur to him in his natural state: the colour seemed to operate like a poison. The fact is highly curious, and deserves further investigation. We know but little of the manner in which animals are affected by colours, and that little is only known popularly. The buffalo and the bull are enraged by scarlet, which, according to the blind man's notion, acts upon them like the sound of a trumpet. Is it because the viper has a like antipathy that the viper catchers present a red rag when they provoke it to bite to extract its fangs? Daffodils, or any bright yellow flowers, will decoy perch into a

* Hasselquist says that the chameleon seldom changes colour unless it is angry, and then from an iron grey to a yellow or greenish hue, evidently occasioned by gall.

Drum-net. He who wears a black hat in summer will have ten-fold the number of flies upon it, that his companion will have upon a white one. When more observations of this kind have been made and classified, they may lead to some consequences of practical utility. We have observed that dark cloths attract and retain odours more sensibly than light ones;—is it not possible that they may more readily contract and communicate infection? Speculations of this kind when they occur to us, we scatter like seed by the way side. The old corpuscular philosophy has found an able advocate in Mr. Dalton, and in an age of careful and suspicious experimentalists may produce useful results.

The whip snake is common in the Concan; it conceals itself in the trees, and darts at the cattle grazing below, aiming generally at the eye. A bull, which was thus wounded at Dazagon, tore up the ground furiously, foamed at the mouth, and died in about half an hour. This habit in the reptile is not to be accounted for by any instinct of self-preservation. It is neither the effect of fear, nor of resentment, nor of appetite; but seems, more than any other known fact in natural history, to partake of that frightful and mysterious principle of evil, which tempts our species so often to tyrannize for the mere wantonness of power.

The Abbé Raynal has one of his characteristic rhapsodies upon Anjengo, as being the birth-place of Eliza Draper, a woman whose name will be preserved in his writings and in Sterne's; for with all the *fulsetto* and the faults of both, they will be found floating upon the stream of time. Mr. Forbes knew this celebrated woman, and mentions her with admiration. Anjengo was also the birth-place of Orme the historian. Most of the inhabitants were of the Romish church, being either of Portuguese descent, or converts from the lower casts. Such converts are found wherever the Portuguese were settled, and this single fact is conclusive against the impudent arguments of those who assert that it is not possible to convert the Hindoos. The purity of the faith of these converts, or of their morals, is of no importance to the question; they have changed one profession of faith for another; and if we, who are blessed with a purer faith, and enjoy a reformed church, the best constituted that the world has ever yet seen, had served our God with half the zeal that the Portuguese have served theirs, the tree of life would long ere this have struck deep roots in Hindostan, and spread wide branches and brought forth fruit.

Mr. Forbes's abode was a cottage thatched with palmyra leaves, so small that a sofa, which he had carried from Bombay, could not enter the door, and therefore he remained in a viranda the whole time of his banishment, as he calls it. It was so near the beach, that, during the monsoon, the gauze curtains of his bed were constantly wet with a salt moisture; the glasses and pictures ran down with the same briny fluid, and the vegetables in the garden

were incrustated with salt. During this season, the bar of Anjengo river presented an extraordinary sight: the floods, pouring down from the mountains, come with such force that they sweep the fish with them; and the larger shoals of the ocean, who know their appointed time, are ready at the mouth of the river to receive and devour them. Terrified by the breakers, and unable to turn back against the stream which has borne them down, they leap over the bar and become the prey of the expectant enemy. Alligators are sometimes whirled down in this manner and lost in the ocean. The manner in which Mr. Forbes has observed all natural appearances as a painter, has enabled him, not unfrequently, to describe them with the characteristic vividness of a poet.

“From May to October, upon this shore, the tempestuous ocean rolls from a black horizon, literally of darkness visible, and the noise of the billows equals that of the loudest cannon. They seem as if they would overwhelm the settlement.” “Often,” says he, “have I stood upon the trembling sand-bank to contemplate the solemn scene, and derive a comfort from that sublime and Omnipotent decree, ‘hitherto shalt thou come and no farther—and here shall thy proud waves be stayed.’”

The parrots upon this coast are as much dreaded at the time of harvest, as a Mahratta army, or a flight of locusts; they darken the air by their numbers, and alighting in a rice field, in a few hours carry off every grain. There is a curious black serpent here, called, from the shape of its head, the crescent snake, though the author says he should rather class it with the polypus. This work would have been often benefited if some able naturalist had revised it as it passed through the press. It is described as having teeth on the outer line of the crescent, small enough to require a microscope to discern them. The bite is said to be mortal; and it is added that the slime, with which the creature is covered, and which, like the snail, it leaves along its track, is poisonous, but this Mr. Forbes seems to repeat with some doubts of its truth. He could not discover any eyes. On cutting off the head, “the other end,” he says, “immediately supplied the loss; it moves in a retrograde manner, and lives after the amputation.” The cause of this retrograde motion, after decapitation, is manifestly that the reptile must then be guided in its movement by the sense of touch, which it cannot exercise by the wounded surface. But it is possible that in many creatures of this class, feeling occasionally supplies the place of sight, as by cruel experiment it has been found to do in the bat. The amphispæna (a species of which is found at Anjengo) has been supposed to have two heads, merely

because, like a worm, it moves with equal facility in either direction, and apparently with little choice.

Having been absent from this place for a few weeks, Mr. Forbes returned to it at evening, and found every thing, upon a cursory view, apparently as he had left it. But in a room which had been locked up, and where in consequence the furniture could not be dusted, he observed upon a nearer inspection, that the glasses over the pictures appeared remarkably dull, and the frames covered with dust. On attempting to wipe off the dust, he found the glasses no longer in frames, as he had left them, but fixed to the wall by an incrustation made by the termites, who had devoured the frames and back-boards, and the greater part of the paper, and left the glasses upheld by the covered-ways which they had formed for their operations. Some of the low casts in Mysore and the Carnatic are in the useful habit of eating these destructive insects. The tamandua of South America, which is a perfectly harmless creature, should be domesticated in all countries that are infested with them. The common bear, Mr. Forbes informs us, is also an ant-eater, demolishing the whole burrow wherever he finds one, and, like the temandua, lying with his tongue out to entrap his prey.

Mr. Forbes, acted in the double capacity of chaplain to the British troops and secretary to the commander in chief, in the midst of a Mahratta army. The men wore no regular uniform, were under little discipline, and, provided each had a sword, were left to arm themselves according to their own humour; some with matchlocks or muskets, some with bows and arrows, and some with spears. Chain armour was worn by some, the hood of the helmet falling on the shoulders. This mode of defence is found efficacious against the sword, the weapon which is most used among them: they prefer the straight two-edged blade to the scimitar of the Turks and Persians; and give large prices for those which they call Alleman or German, though formerly brought from Damascus. Mr. Forbes does not mention the length of the blade; the short, straight two-edged sword was the Roman weapon, which they borrowed from the Spaniards. The feudal system existed in the army in all its force, and all its insubordination. Every chieftain had his own banner; red was the prevailing colour, but they were seldom decorated with any thing like armorial bearings. Mr. Forbes should have mentioned how they were distinguished. That of Ragonath himself was small and swallow-tailed, of crimson and gold tissue, with gold fringes and tassels. Some of the flags were larger than a ship's ensign, and mounted on very high poles. The most powerful chiefs had separate encampments, with their own bazars, where they collected duties, and made such regulations as they thought proper, without

control. The sort of discipline resembled the political system—every man's life was at the mercy of his superior, and every man did as he pleased. When it was his humour, every man beat his own drum, blew his trumpet, and fired his matchlock. The British officer had great difficulty to stop this dangerous practice, and it could only be prevented by cutting off the fingers of a delinquent. There is a barbarous splendour, as well as a barbarous power, about these armies. The horsemen of rank ornament their saddles and their horses heads with the bushy tails of the Thibet cows. On one side, an attendant carries a rich umbrella, which is generally of velvet embroidered with gold; on the other, a man bears a large fly-flapper of the Thibet-tail, the hairs of which are long, white, and soft as silk, and handle gold or silver, sometimes studded with jewels. The cruppers, martingales, and bridles of the horses, are adorned according to the wealth of the owner, with gold and silver, and other decorations; the tails of the grey horses are frequently dyed red or orange, and the manes plaited with silk and ribands, interspersed with silver roses. The horse-milliner is a personage still to be found in Hindostan. The great men have servants with gold and silver staves running before them, who sing their praises and proclaim their titles in oriental hyperbole.

The Mahrattas are at home when in the camp, and seem to prefer their tents to houses. The camp was at once court and city. In the Durbar tent business was conducted, and levees held, with the same regularity as at Poonah; and the army was followed by all descriptions of people to provide for the necessities and luxuries of life—and to increase the horrors of war. The encampment covered a space of many square miles; and the bazar belonging to Ragonath's own division, and to the principal generals, contained many thousand tents, in which every trade and profession was carried on with as much regularity as in a flourishing town. "Goldsmiths, and jewellers, bankers, drapers, druggists, confectioners, carpenters, tailors, tent-makers, corn-grinders, and farriers, found full employment; as did whole rows of silver, iron, and copper-smiths; but those in the greatest and most constant requisition, seemed to be cooks, confectioners, and farriers." One tent in every division was set apart as a dewal or temple, where Brahmins regularly officiated, and offered up prayers and sacrifices with the usual ceremonies. The Mahrattas are ranked as a very low cast; which, as they are numerous and warlike, may be considered as an advantage, since they have few pollutions to fear, and suffer fewer privations. Beef is the only meat from which they are prohibited—it was unluckily that of which they could obtain the easiest supply. The Brahmins who serve in their army, however inferior their station, retain all the pride of their cast. A

Brahmin would send part of his dinner ready drest as a mark of distinction to an officer of higher rank and much greater command, but of a lower cast, who accepted it respectfully, and ate it with pleasure.

Many of the principal officers had their hunting and hawking equipage; and the soldiers and followers of the camp, as well as the chiefs, had with them their wives and children. Mr. Forbes gives a lively picture of a Mahratta wife. Upon the march she frequently rides astride, with one or two children, upon a bullock, an ass, or a little *tattoo* horse, while the husband walks by the side. When they reach the encampment, he lies down on his mat to rest, and her employment begins. First she *champoes* him and fans him to sleep; then she *champoes* the horse, bends his joints, rubs him down, and gives him his provender: takes care of the bullock which has carried their stores, and turns off the poor ass to provide for himself. The next business is to light a fire, prepare rice and curry, and knead cakes: when the husband awakes, his meal is ready, and having also provided food for herself and her children, she takes possession of the mat, and sleeps till day-break. The horses are said to be so much refreshed by champoeing, as to bear fatigue with a smaller quantity of food than would otherwise be necessary; this is of great importance in armies that consist almost wholly of cavalry. In the dry season, when there is no pasture, the roots of grass are dug up as being more nutritious than the dried reedy stems: but what a devastation is this!

The bazar alone required 20,000 bullocks for the use of the shopkeepers, beside a number of small horses and asses. Some thousand camels were employed in carrying the tents and baggage. The elephant was appropriated to more honourable services. Their common price is from 5 to 6,000 rupees; Mr. Forbes has seen one valued at 20,000; the Hindoos are fond of them when they have been long in their service, and no compensation will induce a wealthy owner to part with one of extraordinary good qualities. An elephant bred to war and well disciplined, will stand firm against a volley of musketry. "I have seen one," says the author, "with upwards of thirty bullets in the fleshy parts of his body, and perfectly recovered from his wounds." Indeed, how difficult it is to destroy an elephant by fire-arms, may be seen by a shocking story in Captain Beaver's "African Memoranda,"—that brave officer describes the scene with horror, and almost with remorse. Mr. Forbes, during this campaign, performed many long journeys upon one of these noble animals, whom he praises for sagacity, docility, and affection. It stopped while his master was sketching, and remained immovable; if mangoes were wanted which grew out of common reach, he selected the best

branch, broke it off, delivered it to the driver, and received a portion for himself with a respectful *salam*, raising his trunk three times above his head in the manner of mental obeisance, and murmuring thrice. If a branch obstructed the houdah, or sedran, which he carried, he broke it off; and often carried a leafy bough in his trunk, as a fly-flap or a fan. During breakfast, he generally made his appearance at the door of the tent, to solicit sugar candy and fruit, and caresses and encomiums, in which he delighted as much as a favourite cat.

The daily camp allowance of an elephant, besides such greens as could be procured, was about thirty pounds of grain. They were likewise allowed, as an indulgence, certain balls called *mos-saulla*, composed of flour, spices, sugar, and butter: expensive ingredients in a camp, but the expense is well bestowed, for it kept these valuable beasts in good condition. Ragonath's elephants became emaciated, and it was discovered that their keepers stole these balls for their own use; the rascals were punished, and inspectors appointed by the master of the elephants to see them fed. After some months the animals began to lose flesh again, though the inspectors examined the quality and quantity of their food, and saw it given them. Upon inquiry it was found that they had been taught to receive the balls, and retain them in their mouths till the inspectors withdrew, when they took them out and presented them to these knavish keepers.

Mr. Forbes says he did not meet with a mermaid; and as he was evidently in hopes of seeing one we can conceive his disappointment; for that they exist upon the coast of east Africa, he believes, and upon good authority. Mr. Matcham, who was at that time superintendant of the Company's marine at Bombay, and whose respectability there must be many persons living to testify, assured him that when he commanded a trading vessel at Mozambique, Mombaza, and Melinda, he frequently saw these animals, from six to twelve feet long; the head and face resembling the human, except that the nose and mouth rather more resemble the hog; and the skin fine, and smooth: the neck, breast, and body of the female, as low as the hips, appeared, he said, like a well-formed woman; from thence to the extremity of the tail they were perfect fish. The shoulders and arms were in good proportion, but from the elbow tapered to a fin, like the turtle or penguin. These creatures, Mr. Matcham added, were regularly cut up and sold by weight in the fish markets at Mombaza. This description is sufficiently like the *Peixe Donna* of *Cavazza*, of which Labat has a print; and the representation given in the *Viage de las Goletas Sutil Mexicana*, 1792. Mr. Forbes notices several old accounts of this creature, and repeats, without any apparent incredulity, the story of one that in the fifteenth century was car-

ried to Haerlem clothed in female apparel and taught to spin! Setting aside such tales as this, which carries with it an obvious impossibility, this species of *phoca* has been seen and described so often, that few persons would now be disposed to deny its existence. A more interesting fact in natural history was observed by Mr. Forbes during this voyage; the long blue filaments of the Medusa, or Portuguese man of war, blister whatever they touch, and the whole creature is so poisonous that nothing dares prey upon it: a species of little fish, about six or seven inches long, being aware of this, constantly sail under its convoy: whole trains are seen following the Medusa; when an enemy approaches they dive under their protector, keeping as close as possible; and thus they secure themselves, for the pursuer cannot reach the food without touching the poison.

Mr. Forbes recovered his health after a short stay in England, and returned to India, with an appointment to the first vacancy at Baroche, which took place soon after his arrival. About a mile from the city he purchased a small house, and formed a garden about six acres in extent, as much as possible after the English taste, sparing no pains to procure plants from different parts of India and China. A bower, upon an elevated mount overlooking the Nerbuddah, commanded an extensive view of the plains of Occlaseer, and a rich country bounded by the Raje-Pipley hills. His favourite seat was under a tamarind tree near the well; the pillars which supported the beam over this well to which the bucket was suspended, he covered with creepers of various kinds: the snakes, which are very numerous in Guzerat, seemed to be attracted by these creepers; but the gardeners would never suffer them to be molested, calling them father, brother, and other endearing names, and looking upon them as something divine. Harrabhy, the head gardener, paid them religious veneration. Mr. Forbes, however, made war upon them after a young lady of his family had been compelled to make a precipitate retreat, in the state of Eve before the fall, from a cold bath, by the appearance of a cobra de capello.

Harrabhy, the gardener, figures in a remarkable story. An iron plate chest was stolen, and other means of discovering the robber having failed, Mr. Forbes, at the earnest solicitation of all his servants, Hindoos, Mahommedans, and Parsees, consented to try the mode of divination by balls in water. The name of each individual was enclosed in a ball of some substance, which seems not to have been buoyant; the whole family stood round a vessel of water, the balls were immersed in it, and only one rose to the surface; it contained the name of Harrabhy. He had changed colour at the commencement of the ordeal, and betrayed evident agitation while the ball was opening; nevertheless he denied the

robbery, and though the proof was satisfactory to all the Indians, it was not to Mr. Forbes. The servants then requested, that neither Harrabhy, nor any other person, might leave the spot till they had all gone through the rice ordeal: no one but Harrabhy discovered any reluctance, and he, like all the rest, put a few grains of raw rice into his mouth; after it was masticated, it was believed that from the mouth of the innocent it would come mixed naturally with the saliva, in a white and liquid form; but from the guilty a dry powder; and a dry powder accordingly it remained in the mouth of Harrabhy, notwithstanding all his attempts to moisten it. The next morning the chest was found buried near the garden, and he confessed his guilt.

The issue of the latter ordeal may satisfactorily be accounted for; fear and conscience, with a full belief in the efficacy of the means employed to obtain a discovery, would produce this physical effect. In the first trial it is very possible that the person who prepares the balls may read the intelligible marks of guilt in the guilty person, and act accordingly. Mr. Forbes had suspected this on a former occasion; on the present he had no such suspicion, and an impression of something supernatural evidently remained upon his mind. We have all of us a tendency to believe in such things; and even men in whom this tendency is counteracted by the religion, and philosophy, and prevalent opinions of the age in which they live, easily relapse into it when they are in countries where the belief of supernatural agency prevails. Bruce is an instance in point; Carver is another; and, like Carver, Mr. Forbes brings forward stories as consisting with his own knowledge, of which it is equally impossible to deny the facts, or admit the direct inference. The most remarkable of these we shall relate, because of the sequel of the story, it happens, that we are more accurately informed than Mr. Forbes.

Mr. Forbes states his belief in demoniacal interference; reasoning that what we are assured by scripture has been permitted to exist, may, with equal probability, exist still, and supporting his opinion by the authority of Dr. Townson and others. With some remarks upon this subject, he introduces an adventure which he met with himself, which he recorded in writing a few hours after it happened, but which leaves the question exactly where it was. On a journey from Baroche to Dhuboy, with a small escort, he stopt at Nurrah, a large ruined town, which had been plundered and burnt not long before, by the Mahrattas. The principal house, which was much better than the general style of houses in Hindostan, had belonged to an opulent man, who emigrated during the war, and died in a distant country. It was now desolate, and the garden had run to waste. Mr. Forbes was privately informed, that under one of the towers there was a secret cell,

formed to contain his treasure ; the information could not be doubted, because it came from the very mason who had been employed in constructing the cell. Accordingly the man accompanied him through several spacious courts and extensive apartments, to a dark closet in a tower ; the room was about eight feet square, being the whole size of the interior of the tower ; and it was some stories above the place where the treasure was said to be deposited. In the floor there was a hole large enough for a slender person to pass through ; they enlarged it, and sent down two men by a ladder. After descending several feet, they came to another floor, composed in like manner of bricks and chunam, and here also was a similar aperture. This also was enlarged, torches were procured, and by their light Mr. Forbes perceived, from the upper apartment, a dungeon of great depth below, as the mason had described. He desired the men to descend and search for the treasure ; but they refused, declaring that wherever money was concealed in Hindostan, there was always a demon, in the shape of a serpent, to guard it. He laughed at their superstition, and repeated their orders in such a manner as to enforce obedience, though his attendants sympathized with the men, and seemed to expect the event with more of fear and awe, than of curiosity. The ladder was too short to reach the dungeon ; strong ropes, therefore, were sent for, and more torches. The men reluctantly obeyed ; and as they were lowered, the dark sides and the moist floor of the dungeon were distinguished by the light which they carried in their hands. But they had not been many seconds on the ground before they screamed out that they were enclosed with a large snake. In spite of their screams, Mr. Forbes was incredulous, and declared that the ropes should not be let down to them till he had seen the creature ; their cries were dreadful ; he, however, was inflexible ; and the upper lights were held steadily, to give him as distinct a view as possible into the dungeon. There he perceived something like billets of wood, or rather, he says, like a ship's cable seen from the deck, coiled up in a dark hold ; but no language can express his sensation of astonishment and terror, when he saw a serpent actually rear his head, over an immense length of body, coiled in volumes on the ground, and working itself into exertion by a sort of sluggish motion. " What I felt," he continues, " on seeing two fellow creatures exposed by my orders to this fiend, I must leave to the reader's imagination." To his inexpressible joy, they were drawn up unhurt, but almost lifeless with fear. Hay was then thrown down upon the lighted torches which they had dropped. When the flames had expired, a large snake was found scorched and dead, but no money. Mr. Forbes supposes that the owner had carried away the treasure with him, but forgotten to liberate

the snake which he had placed there as its keeper. Whether the snake were venomous or not he has omitted to mention, or perhaps to observe; if it were not it would be no defence for the treasure; and if it were, it seems to have become too torpid with inanition, and confinement, and darkness, to exercise its powers of destruction. Where the popular belief prevails, that snakes are the guardians of hidden treasure, and where the art of charming serpents is commonly practised, there is no difficulty in supposing that they who conceal a treasure (as is frequently done under the oppressive government of the East) would sometimes place it under such protection.

Dhuboy having been surrendered to General Goddard, in 1780, Mr. Forbes was entrusted with the government; it is the capital of a district, containing eighty-four villages, and yielding, at that time, a revenue of about 50,000*l*. The city, though its ruins bore testimony to a former state of greater prosperity and population, contained about 40,000 persons, and as many monkeys, who, being perfectly unmolested, seemed to have full possession of the roofs and upper parts of the houses. On his first arrival, while the durbar was repairing, he resided in a house, the back part of which was separated by a narrow court from that of a principal Hindoo; this being a shady side, he usually retired to a viranda there, during the heat of the afternoon; and reposed on a sofa with his book. Here small pieces of mortar and tiles frequently fell about him, to which he paid no attention; till one day the annoyance became considerable, and a blow from a larger piece of tile than usual, made him turn to discover the cause:—the opposite roof was covered with monkeys; they had taken a dislike to his complexion, and had commenced a system of hostilities which left the governor no alternative but that of changing his lodgings; for, he says, he could neither make reprisals, nor expect quarter.

If there had been truth in the Hindoo mythology, and gratitude in the breast of a monkey, Hanuman himself ought to have appeared upon this occasion, and informed his subjects of their obligation to Mr. Forbes;—for, at the request of the Brahmins, he had forbidden the Europeans under his command to shoot any of the race, leaving them in full enjoyment of all their established rights and privileges at Dhuboy. Mr. Forbes did this in proper condescension to a harmless superstition; at least, as harmless as any superstition can be: but a circumstance which occurred within his own knowledge would make him on this occasion lend a willing ear. On a shooting party, under a bapian tree, one of his friends killed a female monkey, and carried it to his tent, which was soon surrounded by forty or fifty of the tribe, who made a great noise, and seemed disposed to attack their aggressor. They retreated when he presented his fowling-piece, the dreadful effect of which

they had witnessed, and appeared perfectly to understand. The head of the troop, however, stood his ground, chattering furiously; the sportsman, who perhaps felt some little degree of compunction for having killed one of the family, did not like to fire at the creature, and nothing short of firing would suffice to drive him off. At length he came to the door of the tent, and finding threats of no avail, began a lamentable moaning, and by the most expressive gesture seemed to beg for the dead body. It was given him; he took it sorrowfully in his arms, and bore it away to his expecting companions; they who were witnesses of the extraordinary scene, resolved never again to fire at one of the monkey race.

One very singular use is made of this active tribe at Dhuboy. Duelling and boxing are equally unknown among the Hindoos; the tongue, however, in their quarrels makes amends for the inactivity of the hands, and vituperation, as in our own vulgar tongue, seeks to stigmatize the object of abuse, by disparaging his nearest relation; but it does not, as with us, confine its reproaches to the mother of the offending party; wife, sister, and daughter, all come in for their share of the slander. Here it is that the Hindoo's sense of honour is vulnerable; such an affront can only be wiped out by the retort discourteous; and he who fails in this, or who disdains to employ it, has recourse to the monkeys instead of the lawyers. The tiles in Hindostan are not fastened on the roof with mortar, but laid regularly one over the other; just before the wet season commences, they are all turned and adjusted; being placed in order then, they keep the house dry while the rains last—during the other eight months it matters not if they are misplaced. It is when they have just been turned, and the first heavy rain is hourly expected, that the monkeys are called in. The injured person goes by night to the house of his adversary, and contrives to strew a quantity of rice or other grain over the roof. The monkeys speedily discover it, and crowd to pick it up; they find that much has fallen between the tiles, and make no scruple of nearly unroofing the house—when no workmen can be procured to repair the mischief. Down comes the rain, soaks through the floor, and ruins the furniture, and depositories of grain, which are generally made of unbaked clay, dried and rubbed over with cow-dung.

These volumes abound in instances both of the atrocity and the heroism of fanaticism. A short time before Mr. Forbes was appointed to fix his situation at Baroche, some Mussulmen walking through a village where a family of Raghpoos resided, accidentally looked into a room where an elderly woman was eating; no insult was intended; they merely saw her at her meal, and immediately retired; but this was a disgrace for which there could be no expiation. She lived with her grandson, a high-minded young

man; he happened to be absent: on his return she told him what had passed, declared that she could not survive the circumstance, and entreated him to put her to death. He reasoned with her calmly, his affection making him see the matter in its proper light: none but her own family, he said, knew the disgrace, and the very men who occasioned it were unconscious of what they had done. She waited till he went out again, and then fractured her skull by beating it against the wall! The young man found her in this state, but alive, and in her senses: she implored him to finish the sacrifice which she had not strength to accomplish, and release her from her sufferings;—and he then stabbed her to the heart. Shocking as this is, the most painful part of the story is to come.—The parties were English subjects; by the English laws the young man's act was murder; he was arrested, sent to Bombay for trial, and confined with common prisoners till the ensuing sessions; a true bill was found against him; the jury, consisting half of Europeans and half of natives, brought him in guilty, and the judge condemned him to death.

“The Raghpoos in general have a noble mien and dignified character; their high cast is stamped in their countenances: the young man possessed them all. ‘I saw him,’ says Mr. Forbes, ‘receive his sentence, not only with composure, but with a mingled look of disdain and delight, not easy to describe. Unconscious of the *crime* laid to his charge, he said he had nothing to accuse himself but of disobedience to his parent in the first instance, by permitting humanity and filial affection to supersede his duty and the honour of his cast:—that life was no longer desirable to him, nor, if acquitted by the English laws, could he survive the ignominy of having been confined with European culprits and criminals of the lowest cast, with whom he had been compelled to eat and associate in a common prison;—a pollution after which the sooner he was transferred to another state of existence the better. However inclined the government might be to clemency, it would evidently have been fruitless: the noble Raghpoos would not survive the disgrace, and the sentence of the law was executed, in the hope that it might prevent others from following his example.”

The superstitious reverence for life in the lowest stages of existence, is instanced in one of the most interesting anecdotes in the work before us. A Brahmin, far beyond his brethren both in powers of mind and extent of knowledge, lived in habits of great intimacy with an Englishman who was fond of natural and experimental philosophy; the Brahmin, who had learned English, read the books of his friend, searched into the Cyclopædia, and profited by his philosophical instruments. It happened that the Englishman received a good solar microscope from

Europe; he displayed its wonders with delight to the astonishment of the Brahmin; and convinced him by the undeniable evidence of his senses, that he and his countrymen, who abstained so scrupulously from any thing which had life, devoured innumerable animalculæ upon every vegetable which they ate. The Brahmin, instead of being delighted as his new friend had expected, became unusually thoughtful, and at length retired in silence. On his next visit he requested the gentleman would sell him the microscope: to this it was replied, that the thing was a present from a friend in Europe, and not to be replaced; the Brahmin, however, was not discouraged by the refusal; he offered a very large sum of money, or an Indian commodity of equal value, and at length the gentleman, weary of resisting his importunities, or unwilling longer to resist them, gave him the microscope. The eyes of the Hindoo flashed with joy, he seized the instrument, hastened from the viranda, caught up a large stone, laid the microscope upon one of the steps, and in an instant smashed it to pieces. Having done this he said in reply to the angry reproaches of his friend, that when he was cool he would pay him a visit and explain his reasons. Upon that visit he thus addressed his friend:

“O that I had remained in that happy state of ignorance in which you found me! Yet I confess, that as my knowledge increased so did my pleasure, till I beheld the wonders of the microscope: from that moment I have been tormented by doubts—I am miserable, and must continue to be so till I enter upon another stage of existence. I am a solitary individual among fifty millions of people, all brought up in the same belief as myself, and all happy in their ignorance. I will keep the secret within my own bosom, it will destroy my peace, but I shall have some satisfaction in knowing that I alone feel those doubts which, had I not destroyed the instrument, might have been communicated to others, and rendered thousands wretched. Forgive me, my friend—and bring here no more implements of knowledge!”—

This is a fine story; but how much finer might it have been if the European had been a Christian philosopher, as well as an experimentalist!

“I have been asked,” says Mr. Forbes, “by one of the most amiable men I know, and one of the most valuable friends I ever possessed, why I trouble myself so much about the Hindoos; why not allow mothers to destroy their infants, widows to immolate themselves with their husbands, and Brahmins to pour boiling oil into the ears of the lower casts who hear the Shastah? This gentleman lived upwards of twenty years in India, and, like many others, saw no impropriety in such conduct, or he would have been among the first

to reprobate it, and attempt a change. But as I know he speaks the sentiments of numerous philanthropists, I shall answer the question in the language of the excellent Cowper.

‘ I was born of woman, and drew milk,
As sweet as charity, from human breasts.
I think, articulate, I laugh and weep,
And exercise all functions of a man.
How then should I, and any man that lives,
Be strangers to each other ? ’ ”

While Mr. Forbes felt thus, like a wise and good man, from the abominable institutions of Hindostan, he could sympathize with whatever was good in the character of the people, and treat their prejudices with tenderness and respect. The inhabitants of Dhuboy requested that their fellow-citizens, the monkeys, and the water-fowl who frequent their lake, might not be fired at by the Europeans of the garrison; alleging as a reason for this request not merely their own belief, but that those creatures were useful in keeping the city and the tank free from dirt, nuisance, and reptiles. The monkeys, indeed, as well as the peacocks, and many other birds, destroy great numbers of the deadly serpents with which India is infested; the monkey knows where the danger lies from these deadly reptiles, seizes the snake by the neck, and grinds down the head upon the gravel or upon a stone, then tosses the writhing body to its young for a plaything. Mr. Forbes readily granted the request; and the protection which was asked for these creatures, who had the public claim to it, he extended to all, and prevailed upon his countrymen never to fire a shot within the fortress. Every bird therefore which flew over the walls found an asylum; every house was crowded with squirrels as well as monkeys, trees were filled with peacocks, doves, and parrots, the lake covered with aquatic fowl, and the surrounding groves enlivened with bulbuls and warblers of every kind. The Brahmins, encouraged by this compliance, asked another favour of more importance, the greatest indeed which could be conferred upon them; it was, that he would give an order forbidding beef to be killed in the city, or publicly exposed to sale. They knew, they said, the English soldiers would have beef if it were procurable, but they hoped that if Mr. Forbes could not prevent the slaughter he would keep it as private as possible. “ It would have been cruel as well as impolitic,” he observes, “ to have refused them so innocent and reasonable a request. I only wished the rest of my countrymen there had been as indifferent to this food as myself, and their feelings should not have been wounded.”

Sometimes, Mr. Forbes says, he almost envied these Hindoos the pleasures which they enjoyed in the performance of their re-

ligious duties, and the delight of social worship, for during four years he was deprived of all the sacred ordinances of Christianity. They often asked him this important question, Master, when an Englishman dies, does he think he shall go to his God? and the remark upon his answer was usually to this effect—Your countrymen, Master, seem to take very little trouble about that business—the Hindoos, the Mahomedans, the Parsees, the Roman Catholic Christians, all duly perform the respective ceremonies of their religion: the English alone appear unconcerned about such things. Mr. Forbes himself, to his great astonishment, fell under an imputation of a very different kind. When he had been about two years at Dhuboy a rumour prevailed that he worshipped the devil, or at least that he performed ceremonies, and paid some kind of adoration, to the evil principle—and the rumour was traced to his own servants. The mystery was soon explained: he had frequently pea-fowl at his table; the gizzard was, in English fashion, sent from the table to be broiled and seasoned, and when it was returned thus *bedevilled*, and the guest took a glass of wine after it, the servant, who was a stranger to the manners, customs, and language of the master, and understood nothing but the name, actually, and not very unreasonably, believed that this was a sacrifice performed to the devil himself.

The Works of Gray, with Memoirs of his Life and Writings, by W. Mason; to which are subjoined Extracts Philological, Poetical, and Critical, from the Author's original MSS. selected and arranged by Thomas James Mathias. 2 Vols. 4to.

[Mr. Mathias, the present editor of Gray, has been for some time generally reputed the author of the Pursuits of Literature, though he has never publicly avowed the work, and still delights to shroud himself in that mysterious obscurity which sheds such dignity and interest over the character of Junius. We think the notes by Mr. M. in the present publication afford the strongest possible internal evidence of having been written by the author of the notes and prefaces to the Pursuits of Literature. They are in the same very peculiar style, fraught with the same rich variety of learning, and manifesting the same intimate familiarity with the higher Greek, and the Italian classics, and breathing the very spirit of

“that nameless bard, whose honest zeal
 For law, for morals, for the public weal,
 Poured down impetuous on his country's foes,
 The stream of verse, and *many languaged prose*.
 And though full oft his ill-advised dislike
 The guiltless head with random censure strike;
 Though quaint allusions, vague and undefined,
 Play faintly round the ear, and mock the mind,
 Through the mix'd mass, yet truth and learning shine,
 And manly vigour stamps the nervous line.”]

Ed. An.

[From the British Critic.]

It is with a surprise bordering upon indignation that we have heard this publication censured in a very high assembly with the contemptuous terms of severity and reproach. The needless magnificence of the volumes, and the inutility of the new matter which they were represented to contain, formed, if we remember right, the prominent objects of attack. That they are adorned with a brilliancy which does credit to the art of printing we readily allow; but that the splendour in which they are clothed is unworthy of them, or that the expensive form in which they now appear, is either useless or extravagant, we resolutely deny. That brilliant specimens of typography reflect honour upon the age and country in which they are produced, no one, we trust, will be inclined to dispute; the question then will arise, upon what literary work should they be expended, and whose labours should they illustrate and adorn. Our answer would be, those works doubtless, which the common consent of mankind has pronounced worthy of such a monument; those works, which, by their dignity and value, add solidity to splendour, and reflect back the lustre which they thus receive. The most magnificent editions of Shakespeare and Milton have been given to the public, nor have they

been thought unworthy of the admiration of the learned, or of the patronage of the great. And surely among those mighty masters of the song, whose labours have passed the ordeal of posthumous criticism, and are now consecrated to immortality, is to be numbered, even in the foremost rank, the name of GRAY. There are few poets to be found in any language, who, like himself, could temper the fire of genius with the most commanding discrimination, and could submit the brilliancy of imagination to the severest laws of critical accuracy, without weakening its vigour or impairing its lustre. There is simplicity both in his pathos and in his sublimity, which even in our earliest years finds its way to the heart; and there is a classical elegance and a subdued majesty of diction which in our maturer age confirms our admiration and satisfies our judgment. Such is the power of perfection which predominates in all his works, that nothing can be added without encumbrance, nothing detracted without loss, and little altered without evident injury. Between himself and the other great poets of our country, we shall not attempt to institute a comparison, because neither in the direction of their genius, nor in the objects of their exertions, is any strong resemblance to be traced. While the genius, whether of Shakspeare, of Milton, of Dryden, and of Pope, delighted to expand itself in almost infinite space, that of Gray appeared to collect and concentrate its powers; till they formed one gem "richer than all its tribe," and consecrated by the increasing admiration of every succeeding age. To encourage and to possess a splendid edition of the works of this immortal bard, is below neither the discrimination nor the dignity of those who would have themselves thought the friends of scholarship, and the patrons of literature. The promotion of such honours to the memory of the brightest ornaments of our British poesy, is an object far more worthy of the attention of scholars and of men, than the trifling and childish pursuit of useless curiosities, or black-letter bargains. Deep, indeed, must the mind of that man be sunk in the darkness and the dust of bibliomaniac impotence, and closed must be the avenue of his heart to all the legitimate charms of poetry, and to every feeling of national pride, who shall deny to Gray the splendour in which he now stands invested.

The nation, however, has been told, that all this new matter is but the refuse of the common-place book of Gray, which Mason thought unworthy to meet the public eye.* We very much doubt whether any one who could venture so hardy and so sweeping an assertion, had ever read the volume in question; and we doubt,

* In the Quarterly Review, which speaks rather contemptuously of this edition.
Ed. A.R.

still more, if he had read it, whether he had learning enough to understand, or soul to relish these treasures of sound and varied information. But they are now before the world, who will pass its final sentence upon their merits, and will determine whether their detention or their publication would have been most injurious to the cause of learning, and degrading to the memory and to the name of their immortal author.

The second volume, which is dedicated entirely to the new matter, is divided into four sections, to each of which is prefixed an introduction by the editor. The first is entitled *METRUM*, and contains the observations of Gray upon English metre, the Pseudo-Rhythmus and the use of Rhyme: to which are subjoined some very curious and interesting remarks upon the poems of Lydgate. These will be read with greater avidity by those who may remember that Gray in his life time announced to the public, that he had once thoughts, in concert with his friend Mason, of giving the "History of English Poetry." In these observations is shown a deep and accurate acquaintance with all our earlier poets; their rhythm and their measures are discussed at considerable length, and their cæsuras calculated with a precision which Porson himself would have approved and admired. The curious and difficult subject of rhyme is treated with much learning, and we know of no account from which the reader will derive so much information. It does not appear to have been used by the Anglo-Saxons till toward the time of the Norman conquest; as before that period a sort of alliteration, or the introduction of similar consonants in the beginning of three or more words in the same distich, appears to have supplied its place.

"Yet though this kind of versification (Rhyme) prevailed by degrees, and grew into general use, it is certain that we retained even so late as Edward the 3d's reign, and above a hundred years after, our old Saxon or Danish verse without rhyme; for the version of *Peirce Plowman*, a severe satire upon the times, written by Robert Langland in 1350, is wholly in such measure, as, for instance,

" I looked on my left halfe,
As the lady me taught,
And was ware of a woman
Worthlyith clothed.
Purfild * with pelure †
The finest upon erthe,
Crowned with a crowne
The king hath no better;

* *Pourfilé*, Fr. bordered.

† *Pelure*, furs, from *pellis*, Lat.

Fetislick * her fingers
 Were fretted with gold wiers,
 And thereon red rubies
 As red as any glede †
 And diamonds of dearest price
 And double maner saphirs, &c."

Passus 2dus in princip.

and thus through the whole poem, which is a long one, with very few exceptions, the triple consonance is observed in every distich.

"Crowley, who printed the first edition of Peirce Plowman's vision in 1350 (dated by mistake 1505) says, that Robert Langland, the author of it, "wrote altogether in metre, but not after the manner of our rimers that write now-a-days, for his verses end not alike, for the nature of his meter is to have at least three words in every verse, which begin with some one, and the same, letter. The author was a Shropshireman born in Cleybirie, about eight miles from the Malverne-hills: his work was written between 1350 and 1409.

"In the same measure is the poem called 'Death and Life in two fits', and another named *Scottish Field*, which describes the action at Flodden in Henry the 8th's time, who was present at the action, and dwelt at Bagily. (I read them in a MSS. collection belonging to the Rev. Mr. Thomas Piercy, in 1761.)

"It cannot be supposed possible to fix exactly the time when rhyme was first introduced and practised in a country; but if we trace it back to the remotest monuments of the kind now extant, we shall find the eras nearly as follows:

	<i>Anno. Xti.</i>
At Rome, before the introduction of Christianity	137
In the Latin Church	420
In use among the Welch	590
Among the Arabs earlier than	622
Among the Franks, in the old German tongue	873
In Provence, in the dialect of the country	1100
In Italy, in the Latin tongue, after the coming of the Normans	1032
In England in our own tongue, before the year	1154
In France, in the French tongue	1155
In Sicily, and in the rest of Italy, in the Italian tongue, before	1187

From this specimen, and from the remainder of the section, we may judge how valuable a history of English poetry might have been produced from such stores of laborious and accurate research; for it is to be remembered that these investigations were made long antecedent to the publications either of Percy, Warton, or Tyrwhitt.

The remarks which are subjoined, upon the poems of Lydgate, are peculiarly worthy of the reader's study and attention. This

* *Fetislich*, handsomely.

† *Gled*, Sax, a burning coal.

ancient poet was born in Suffolk, about the year 1370, and appears to have excelled in pathos and poetical expression.

Perhaps there is no part of the volume which will so generally command the attention of the reader as the review of the poems of Lydgate; for in addition to the research and judgment displayed throughout the whole of the critique, the style seems to have been more laboured, and polished with greater care. It has, upon the whole, more than any other part in the volume, the appearance of a modern review, but it is executed in a manner which sets us all at defiance. This may prove an additional recommendation in the eye of those who have little taste for any other information but that which is thus dished up, in monthly or quarterly messes, *secundem artem*. There are some valuable remarks of Gray upon a passage in Lydgate, in which he advocates the *long processes*, and circumstantial style of ancient narration, which we shall present to our readers.

“These ‘*long processes*’ indeed suited wonderfully with the attention and simple curiosity of the age in which Lydgate lived. Many a stroke have he and the best of his contemporaries spent upon a *sturdy old story*, till they blunted their own edge, and that of their readers; at least, a modern reader will find it so: but it is a folly to judge of the understanding and of the patience of those times by our own. They loved, I will not say tediousness, but length and a train of circumstances in a narration. The vulgar do so still: it gives an air of reality to facts, it fixes the attention, raises and keeps in suspense their expectation, and supplies the defects of their little and lifeless imagination; and it keeps pace with the slow motion of their own thoughts. Tell them a story, as you would tell it to a man of wit, it will appear to them as an object seen in the night by a flash of lightning; but, when you have placed it in various lights and in various positions, they will come at last to see and feel it as well as others. But we need not confine ourselves to the vulgar, and to understandings beneath our own. *Circumstance* ever was and ever will be, the life and the essence both of oratory and of poetry. It has in some sort the same effect upon every mind, that it has upon that of the populace; and I fear the quickness and delicate impatience of these polished times, in which we live, are but the forerunners of decline of all those beautiful arts which depend upon the imagination.

“Whether these apprehensions are well or ill-grounded, it is sufficient for me, that Homer, the father of *circumstance*, has occasion for the same apology which I am making for Lydgate and for his predecessors. Not that I pretend to make any more comparison between his beauties and theirs, than I do between the different languages in which they wrote. Ours was indeed barbarous enough at that time, the orthography unsettled, the syntax very deficient and confused, the metre and the number of syllables left to the ear alone; and yet, with all its rudeness, our tongue had then acquired an energy and a plenty by the adoption of a variety of words borrowed from

the French, the Provencal, and the Italian, about the middle of the fourteenth century, which at this day our best writers seem to miss and to regret; for many of them have gradually dropped into disuse, and are now only to be found in the remotest counties of England.

“Another thing, which perhaps contributed in a degree to the making our ancient poets so voluminous, was the great facility of rhyming, which is now grown so difficult; words of two or three syllables, being then newly taken from foreign languages, did still retain their original accent, and that accent (as they were mostly derived from the French) fell, according to the genius of that tongue, upon the last syllable; which, if it had still continued among us, had been a great advantage to our poetry. Among the Scotch this still continues in many words; for they say, envy, practise, pensive, positive, &c.; but we, in process of time, have accustomed ourselves to throw back all our accents upon the antepenultima, in words of three or more syllables, and of our dissyllables comparatively but a few are left, as despair, disdain, repent, pretend, &c. where the stress is not laid on the penultima. By this mean, we are almost reduced to find our rhymes among the monosyllables, in which our tongue too much abounds, a defect which will for ever hinder it from adapting itself well to music, and must be consequently no small impediment to the sweetness and harmony of versification. I have now before me Pope's ethick epistles, the first folio edition, which I open at random, and find, in two opposite pages, (beginning with

“ ‘Who but must laugh, the master when he sees,’ &c.

in the Epistle on Taste to Lord Burlington) in the compass of forty lines only seven words at the end of a verse, which are not monosyllables: there is indeed one, which is properly a dissyllable, *hēavēn*, but cruel constraint has obliged our poets to make it but one syllable (as indeed it is in common pronunciation,) otherwise it would not have been any single rhyme at all. Thus our too numerous monosyllables are increased, and consonants crowded together till they can hardly be pronounced at all; a misfortune which has already happened to the second person singular perfect in most of our verbs, such as, thou stood'st, gav'st, hurt'st, laugh'dst, uprear'dst, built'st, &c. which can scarcely be borne in prose. Now as to trisyllables, as their accent is very rarely on the last, they cannot properly be any rhymes at all: yet nevertheless, I highly commend those, who have judiciously and sparingly introduced them, as such. DRYDEN, in *whose admirable ear the music of our old versification still sounded*, has frequently done it in his Tales, and elsewhere. Pope does it now and then, but seems to avoid it as licentious. If any future Englishman can attain that height of glory, to which *these two poets* have risen, let him be less scrupulous, upon reflecting, that to poetry languages owe their first formation, elegance, and purity; that our own, which was naturally rough and barren, borrowed from thence its copiousness and its ornaments; and that the authority of such a

poet may perhaps redress many of the abuses which time and ill custom have introduced, the poverty of rhyme, the crowd of monosyllables, the collision of harsh consonants, and the want of picturesque expression, which, I will be bold to say, our language labours under *now* more than it did a hundred years ago." Vol. II. p. 60.

Under the second section are arranged those extracts which are termed poetical, miscellaneous, and classical. We had not formed any very sanguine expectations of seeing any original compositions, as we were assured that no such remains could have escaped the penetrating and poetical eye of Mason. We find, however, three translations; two from Propertius, and one from Tasso, written at the early age of 22 and 26. The two first breathe in every line the spirit and the sweetness of the original, and the latter, from the 14th canto of the *Gerus. Lib.* is a happy example of rich poetical expression. The few concluding lines we shall extract, as we think them worthy of a place even among the choicest productions of his latter years. The reader will of course compare the ideas here so beautifully expanded, and so happily expressed, both with the original and with the lines descriptive of the habitation of Cyrene in the last *Georgic*.

“ Scarce had he said, before the warrior’s eyes
 When mountain high the waves disparted rise;
 The flood on either side its billows rears,
 And in the midst a spacious arch appears.
 Their hands he seiz’d, and down the steep he led
 Beneath the obedient river’s inmost bed;
 The watery glimmerings of a fainter day
 Discover’d half, and half conceal’d their way;
 As when athwart the dusky wood by night
 The uncertain crescent gleams a sickly light.
 Through subterraneous passages they went
 Earth’s inmost cells, and caves of deep descent,
 Of many a flood they view’d the secret source,
 The birth of rivers rising to their course;
 What’er with copious train its channel fills,
 Floats into lakes, and bubbles into rills:
 The Po was there to see, Danubius’ bed,
 Euphrates fount, and Nile’s mysterious head.
 Further they pass, where ripening minerals flow,
 And embryo metals undigested glow,
 Sulphureous veins, and living silver shine,
 Which soon the parent sun’s warm powers refine;
 In one rich mass unite the precious store,
 The parts combine, and harden into ore:
 Here gems break through the night with glittering beam,
 And paint the margin of the costly stream,

All stones of lustre shoot their vivid ray,
 And mix attemper'd in a various day.
 Here the soft emerald smiles of verdant hue,
 And rubies flame with sapphire's heavenly blue,
 The diamond there attracts the wondering sight,
 Proud of its thousand dies, and luxury of light."

It is to be here remembered, that although the outline of this exquisite strain is borrowed from Tasso, yet the harmony of the numbers, the brilliancy of the language, and the fire of the poetry, are all the honours of Gray. It is unaccountable how it could have escaped the notice of Mason: for our own part, we are satisfied, as it has been discovered and brought to light by Mathias.

The next in order are a few translations from the *Anthologia Græca*, in Latin verse; of this collection Gray was peculiarly fond, and he has left an interleaved edition of it, enriched with copious notes, and illustrated by parallel passages from various authors, and even with some conjectural emendations upon the text. There is not a greater desideratum in the *readable* and elegant department of Greek literature, than an accurate and an expurgate edition of the *Anthology*. With such materials as the notes and remarks of Mr. Gray, it would be well worthy the labour and the taste of some finished scholar to present to the world a popular edition of these gems of Greek literature. The admirable translations of Mr. Bland have in some measure introduced the originals into partial notice, and we should think it a happy event in the annals of scholarship, could the most beautiful among them be more generally read and understood. The following couplet is in a spirit superior even to its original:—

"*In Bacchæ furentis statuam. Ex. Anth. H. Steph. p. 296.*

Credite, non viva est Mænas, non spirat imago:

. Artificis rabiem miscuit ære manus."

We shall also present the reader with a translation of a fragment of Plato, from p. 332 of the same edition of the *Anthology*, which breathes an airiness and an elegance exclusively Etonian.

"Itur in Idalios tractus, felicia regna,
 Fundit ubi densam myrtea sylva comam.

Intus amor teneram visus spirare quietem,

Dum roseo roseos imprimit ore toros.

Sublimem procul a ramis pendere pharetram,

Et de languidulâ spicula lapsa manu,

Vidimus, et risu molli diducta labella

Murmure quæ assiduo pervolitabat apes."

The remaining imitations of the *Anthology* are given in the same elegance and spirit, and we only lament that their number is so few. The next articles in this section are upon the subject of cathedral architecture, and the *GOTHIC*, which though they display a certain knowledge of the subject, and increase our admiration of the varied knowledge which Gray possessed, have little else worthy our notice. These are succeeded by some curious remarks upon the *HISTRIONES* and *SALTATIONES* of the ancients, and may be considered as a sort of running comment upon the dialogue of *Lucian* upon the latter subject. After a few annotations from his common-place book upon various classical subjects, we are presented with some notes upon the comedies of *Aristophanes*. With these we must confess that we were much delighted, and we are persuaded that to any one who is about to make *Aristophanes* his study they will prove highly valuable, as they will explain many a difficulty, and illustrate many an obscurity, which might otherwise have drawn upon him for no small expenditure of time and attention. The argument of the *Aves* is detailed at considerable length, with such peculiar vivacity, and so happy an arrangement, that even the ladies themselves, and men who in their intellects resemble them, may understand without the pains of learning, and discuss, without the fear of detection, the humorous plot, and the poignant satire of the original.

“ THE PLAN OF THE AVES.

“*Euelpides* and *Pisthetærus*, two ancient Athenians, thoroughly weary of the folly, injustice, and litigious temper of their countrymen, determine to leave *Attica* for good and all; and having heard much of the fame of *Epops*, king of the birds, who was once a man under the name of *Tereus*, and had married an Athenian lady, they pack up a few necessary utensils, and set out for the court of that prince under the conduct of a jay and a raven, birds of great distinction in augury, without whose direction the Greeks never undertook any thing of consequence. Their errand is to inquire of the birds, who are the greatest travellers of any nation, where they may meet with a quiet, easy settlement, far from all prosecutions, law-suits, and sycophant informers, to pass the remainder of their lives in peace and liberty.

“ Act. 1. Sc. 1.

“The scene is a wild unfrequented country, which terminates in mountains: there the old men are seen, accompanied by two slaves who carry their little baggage, fatigued and fretting at the carelessness of their guides, who, though they cost them a matter of a groat in the market, are good for nothing but to bite them by the fingers, and lead them out of the way. They travel on, however, till

they come to the foot of the rocks, which stop up their passage, and put them to their wit's end. Here the raven croaks, and the jay chatters, and looks up into the air, as much as to say, that this is the place : upon which they knock with a stone, and with their heels, (as though it were against a door,) against the side of the mountain.

“ Act 1. Scene 2.

“ Trochilus, a bird that waits upon Epops, appears above ; he is frightened at the sight of two men, and they are much more so at the length of his beak and the fierceness of his aspect. He takes them for fowlers ; and they insist upon it, that they are not men, but birds. In their confusion, their guides, whom they held in a string, escape and fly away. Epops, during this, within is asleep, after having dined upon a dish of beetles and berries : their noise wakens him, and he comes out of the grove.

“ Scene 3.

“ At the strangeness of his figure they are divided between fear and laughing. They tell him their errand, and he gives them the choice of several cities fit for their purpose, one particularly on the coast of the Red Sea, all which they refuse for many comical reasons. He tells them the happiness of living among the birds ; they are much pleased with the liberty and simplicity of it ; and Pisthetærus, a shrewd old fellow, proposes a scheme to improve it, and make them a far more powerful and considerable nation.

“ Scene 4.

“ Epops is struck with the project, and calls up his consort, the nightingale, to summon all his people together with her voice. They sing a fine ode : the birds come flying down, at first one by one, and perch here and there about the scene ; and at last the chorus in a whole body, come hopping, and fluttering, and twittering in.” Vol. II. p. 152.

After some quarrelling, Epops proposes that they shall unite and build a city in the air between earth and heaven, so as equally to command both gods and men. The former will thus be prevented from visiting their Semeles and Alcmenas below, and the latter will not be able to enjoy the benefit of the seasons, without permission of the winged inhabitants of this new city. This plan is finally agreed upon, and the old men are made free of the new city, and are each presented with a pair of wings. The subsequent events are described with so grave and so subdued an originality, and afford the reader so spirited and so just an idea of the Aristophanic wit, that we cannot but extract them for his amusement.

“ Act 2. Scene 1.

“ The old men now become birds, and magnificently fledged, after laughing a while at the new and awkward figure they make, consult about the name which they shall give to their rising city, and fix upon that of *Nephelococcygia* : and while one goes to superintend the workmen, the other prepares to sacrifice for the prosperity of the city, which is growing apace.

“ Scene 2.

“ They begin a solemn prayer to all the birds of Olympus, putting the swan in the place of Apollo, the cock in that of Mars, and the ostrich in that of the great mother Cybele, &c.

“ Scene 3.

“ A miserable poet, having already heard of the new settlement, comes with some lyric poetry which he has composed on this great occasion. *Pisthetærus* knows his errand from his looks, and makes them give him an old coat : but not contented with that, he begs to have the waistcoat to it, in the elevated style of *Pindar* : they comply, and get rid of him.

“ Scene 4.

“ The sacrifice is again interrupted by a begging prophet, who brings a cargo of oracles, partly relating to the prosperity of the city of *Nephelococcygia*, and partly to a new pair of shoes, of which he is in extreme want. *Pisthetærus* loses patience, and cuffs him and his religious trumpery off the stage.

“ Scene 5.

“ *Meto*, the famous geometrician, comes next and offers a plan, which he has drawn, for the new buildings, with much importance and impertinence : he meets with as bad a reception as the prophet.

‘ Act 2. Scenes 6 and 7.

“ An ambassador, or licensed spy from Athens, arrives, and a legislator with a body of new laws. They are used with abundance of indignity, and go off threatening every body with a prosecution. The sacred rites being so often interrupted, they are forced to remove their altar, and finish them behind the scenes. The chorus rejoice in their own increasing power ; and (as about the time of the *Dionysia* it was usual to make proclamation against the enemies of the republic) they set a price upon the head of a famous poulterer, who has exercised infinite cruelties upon their friends and brethren : then they turn themselves to the judges and spectators, and promise,

if this drama obtain the victory, how propitious they will be to them." Vol. II. p. 155.

The third section is entitled *Geographical*, and contains various disquisitions upon eastern geography, and particularly upon that part of Asia which comprehends India and Persia. We have been told by Mason, that Gray had an intention, in earlier life, of publishing Strabo. Mr. Mathias is of opinion that it is not discoverable from these papers that he ever had any such intention, as the matter there collected was much too various and extended to be applicable to Strabo alone. We do consider, indeed, that this treatise of Gray, comprising more than a hundred pages, is a monument of his depth in research, accuracy in investigation, and copiousness of illustration. When it is remembered, that at the time Gray drew up this masterly memoir, the labours of Rennell and Vincent had not illumined the dark horizon of Asiatic geography, our astonishment increases. Were this treatise presented to us without title or name, we should have supposed it the work of one who had dedicated his whole life to this peculiar department of literature. It is a mass of accurate and well-digested information, and we earnestly recommend it to the notice of every finished scholar, and to the study of every rising candidate for literary honours. He will there be enabled to gain, in a short compass, and in one perfect view, that knowledge of eastern geography which, without such a resource, might cost him months, and even years to attain.

But the greatest treasure still remains behind; we mean the critical analysis and annotations upon almost all the great works of Plato. The same characters which distinguish the notes upon Aristophanes, the same masterly hand, and the same powerful mind, predominate also in these. There is little here that will attract the wanderings of impotent curiosity, or minister to the satisfaction of superficial inquiry. The vigorous precision which marks the analysis, and the varied discussion and information which enrich the notes, can be understood and enjoyed by those alone who have followed the Hierophant into the abyss of the Platonic mysteries. To those only, who have already enlarged and strengthened their moral frame by a calm, dignified, and expanded view of the sublimities of Greek philosophy, or to those who, in the ardour of a vigorous and aspiring mind, are prepared to enter upon these grand but neglected fields for contemplation; to such only are addressed the labours and researches of Gray. The analyses of unknown dialogues, the exposition of unread arguments, the illustration of passages which have never been heard of, and the solution of difficulties which have never been known, can afford to the cursory and casual reader neither entertainment

nor interest. To the esoteric their manly and simple style will speak in a higher tone than the voice of brilliant declamation; to the philosopher they will be inestimable, to the student invaluable. And happy shall we be if the appearance of such a guide shall lead the rising scholars of the nation to these high and commanding studies. But whatever our feelings may be, they cannot be more fully expressed than in the sublime and animated language of Mr. Mathias, in his introduction to this portion of the work; we trust that it may have all that weight which its native power, and the name of so great and so experienced a scholar, should command, upon every studious and aspiring mind.

“Plato has certainly ever been, and ever will be, the favourite philosopher of great orators and of great poets. He was himself familiar with the father of all poetry. The language of Plato, his spirit, his animated reasoning, his copiousness, his invention, the rhythm and the cadence of his prose, the hallowed dignity and the amplitude of his conceptions, and that splendour of imagination with which he illuminated every object of science, and threw into the gloom of futurity the rays of hope and the expectations of a better life, have always endeared and recommended him to the good and to the wise of every age and of every nation. From the legitimate study of his works, from that liberal delight which they afford, and from the expanded views which they present, surely it cannot be apprehended that any reader should be ‘spoiled through philosophy and vain deceit.’ Far otherwise: the mind, when rightly instituted, may hence be taught and led to reverence and to feel, with a grateful and a deep humility, the necessity and the blessings of THAT REVELATION, in which TRUTH, without any mixture of error, can alone be found, and in which ‘are hidden all the treasures of wisdom and of knowledge.’”

“EDITOR.” Vol. II. p. 296.

We join with the editor in regretting that the last five books of the “Laws” were not completed; and we heartily wish the deficiency of Gray had been supplied by the powerful pen of Mr. Mathias.

Subjoined to these various departments of the work which we have already enumerated, is an appendix, containing extracts from a *Systema Naturæ*, in which the arrangement of Linnæus appears to have been accurately preserved, but clothed in Latinity, equally terse and strong, but far more classical and elegant. From these few specimens, we could much wish to have seen the entire work, which is a monument no less of the industry, than of the taste and the Latinity of their author, and is another proof of the unbounded extent of his knowledge in every department of science. The volume from which these were taken was a Linnæus, interleaved, and enriched not only with these new

descriptions, but with various annotations and illustrations by their learned author. We shall extract two of these specimens for the amusement of our readers, whose attention we particularly direct to the character of the fox, in which he clothes the most scientific accuracy in an energy and vigour of language which Tacitus himself would not have been ashamed to have owned.

“In Africa occidentali frequens, sed minor; in orientali, Asia meridionale, insulisque Indicis maximus. Natura gregarius; nec ferox, nisi lacessitus. Annos vivit circiter 200. Secreti in sylvis coeunt, fœmina (ut credibile est) supina: vulva in medis fere abdomine sita est; post 2 annos pullum unicum parit. Captivi non generant. Colore variat cinereo, nigricante, vel rufo, vel (quod rarum est) albescente. Pondus 4000lb. facile portat, animal generosum, superbum, sagacissimum, gratum, fidele. Elephas optimus (in India) pretio sæpe 1500*l* monetæ Anglicæ venditur. Oryzæ 100lb. cum saccharo nigro et pipere quotidie comedit. Vinum amat, spiritusque ardentés. Herbas, folia, floresque odoratos accuratè seligit, insecta decutit. Aquam pulveremque super corpus suum spargit, munditiæ studiosus. Optime natat proboscide erecta —

“Vulpes.

“Mures etiam, reptilia, insecta, pisces, fructus, (præsertim uvas) erinaceos apum favos, ora avium, &c. devorat. Hyeme coit, Aprili mense 3 ad 6 catulos parit, qui ferè biennes generant. Annos circiter 14 vivit: Hyeme varias edit voces ululat, latrat, ejulat more pavonis; æstate tacet. Captus acriter mordet, animosè pugnat, moriturus silet. Merulæ, picæ, glandariæ, aviculæ, speculantur; strepitu denunciant; ut noctuam, persequuntur. Cum cane familiari non procreat: Catena vinctus gallinas illæsas juxta se sinit: nunquam perfectè mansuescit, tandem libertatis desiderio contabescit.”——

If any one should be inclined to object to the “spiritus ardentés,” to which the elephant is described as being so attached, and urge the impropriety of using *spiritus* in our sense of “distilled spirits,” we could only ask, what better word could have been found to express a species of liquid, of which, in the Augustan age, they were wholly ignorant? Mr. Gray had his choice whether he would create a new word, or use an old one, *parce detortum*, in a new sense; his taste is, in our opinion, unimpeachable in choosing the latter. But if any one allowing the “spiritus,” should quarrel with the “ardentes,” and construe it “spirits in a blaze,” we should venture to inquire how he would understand the following passage from Horace:—

———"quis puer ocyus
 Restinguet *ardentis* Falerni
 Pocula prætereunte lymp̄ha."

We do not remember that the Romans were fond either of burnt brandy, or of burnt Falernian. The same expression may be found also in Juvenal:—

"Tunc illa time, cum pocula sumes
 Gemmata, et lato Setinum ardebit in auro."

There would certainly have been more reasons for alarm than Juvenal probably meant to describe, had the Setinian been in a blaze. More instances, if our memory would serve us, would be found to justify the use of "*ardens*" in the sense of "*ardent*," as applied to distilled spirits.

Even from this very meager and contracted account which we have been enabled to present to our readers, of the new materials contained in the second volume, they will in some measure be enabled to determine, firstly, how far the character of Gray has been "*amplified and adorned*" by these extracts, and secondly, what advantage may arise to the scholar or the student from their publication.

The name and the memory of Gray have long been held in veneration, as one of the brightest ornaments of English literature. But though his letters have proved him to have been a man of an elegant mind, and high classical attainments, yet it is to his poetry alone that he owes his literary immortality. He now appears, for the first time, to the world in the character of a brilliant, profound, and accurate scholar, of a master in the sublimest school of ancient philosophy, and in various departments of modern scientific research. The vast foundations of that exquisite superstructure, which we have so long admired, are now laid open to our view. What reason had we to suppose, beyond the mere chit-chat of correspondence, that Gray was deeply and thoroughly acquainted with all the history and antiquities of English poetry? Who ever conceived that he had triumphed over the difficulties, transfused the wit, and illustrated the obscurities of the whole of that great comic poet, whom none but the most eminent scholars dare to attack? Did any proof, or even any idea exist, that the author of the Bard was a man profoundly versed in the whole of Plato; that he had compared, digested, and analyzed each separate work, and that the monuments yet remained of the vigour of his industry, the perspicuity of his criticism, and the depth of his research? Was Gray ever known to the world as a naturalist of the very first order, as the commentator, the corrector, and the rival even of Linnæus himself? All these new

lights have burst in upon us: and him, whom we once admired as a poet fraught with sublimity and pathos, we now venerate as a naturalist, as a historian, as a philosopher, and a scholar. Had we known nothing of Gray but as he appears in this new material, we should have placed him in the highest seat among our literary worthies; but high as his character formerly stood, it now stands amplified and adorned by these new honours *cumulo quasi gloriæ*, which the publication of these volumes have heaped upon him.

Upon the advantages which will be derived both to the scholar and to the student from this publication, we can speak in the same unequivocal terms. The scholar, however profound and varied his researches may have been, will still find, amidst these *adversaria*, some new and valuable information, upon whatever subject his attention may be engaged. The deeper, however, his own erudition shall be, with the more ardent gratification will he approach these treasures of ancient learning, with the more heart-felt satisfaction will he venerate the labour, the precision, and the wisdom, ΣΟΦΙΑΝ ΕΝ ΜΥΧΟΙΣΙ ΠΙΠΕΡΙΔΩΝ of the illustrious Gray. The student will discover in them a valuable model for his own exertions, and a faithful guide in all his researches. He will find various difficulties removed, ambiguities resolved, and obscurities illustrated in these extraordinary papers. The labours of Gray will lighten and encourage, but will not supersede his own. Above all, from this bright example, he will discover what are the studies which strengthen the powers, enlarge the conceptions, and purify the very recesses of the soul; he will be excited to an emulation of that masterly and dignified labour of research, which can alone place the intellect upon its proper foundations, and raise it above the petulant pretensions of modern quackery and conceit.

In passing from the labours of Gray to those of the Editor, we can only observe, that he has executed his important office with the utmost fidelity, animation, and judgment. He has given us the celebrated translations of the *Elegy* by Cooke, Anstey, and Roberts, and he has very sparingly introduced a few annotations of his own, which always do credit to his own good taste and feeling, and never fail to illustrate the author. But the most valuable portions with which Mr. Mathias has presented us, are the introductions to the separate sections of the work, and a long postscript at the conclusion of the volume, being a memoir of the life, and a discussion upon the powers, the pursuits, and the works of Gray. We consider this as one of the most energetic, scholar-like, and brilliant pieces of writing which has appeared for many years. It is the very transcript of a vigorous and ardent mind, anxious for the growth and the dissemination of those principles of study, which can alone direct the rising youth of this kingdom to what is honourable, great, and good. It speaks the very lan-

guage of the soul, and breathes that zealous attachment to all these high principles and pursuits, which no affectation can reach. The studies of the ancient philosophers and poets, and particularly of the great masters of the Italian song, are recommended with an enthusiasm and a discrimination which declare how deeply his own mind is imbued with their spirit. If nothing were read in this volume but the postscript, the intention of its publication would not pass unanswered. We earnestly recommend it to the serious attention of every rising student and scholar.

The account of Gray himself will both amuse and interest the reader; many of his opinions are here recorded, which, by the intimacy of the editor with Mr. Nicholls and Mr. Stonehewer, he was enabled, for the first time, to present to the public. We particularly admire that abhorrence of infidelity which Gray ever expressed, whether it were clothed in the garb of philosophical discussion by Hume, the sentimental cant of a whining novel by Rousseau, or the blasphemy of impertinent buffoonery by Voltaire. To justify our high opinion of this magnificent specimen of writing, we shall give the following extract:—

“ When he turned to the fathers and to the masters of the *ethnick* philosophy, it was with *other* views and with *other* intentions: he approached and conversed with them, and he learned how far unassisted reason could aspire or could reach, and no man marked better than he did the fading of those intellectual stars,

“ When day’s bright lord ascends the hemisphere.

“ What Mr. Gray sought, and what he learned, from the higher philosophers of Greece and of Rome was, to contemplate and to feel practically, within himself, what in their language they termed *the ethick harmonies* ;* and he was thence led to perceive and to acknowledge that adorable symmetry which is found in all the relations, and the proportions, and the aptitudes, of created things in the expanded system of the universe, displayed by Plato and by Cicero with such magic of imagery, such magnificence of diction, and with such sublimity of conception. He traced the ideas on which these philosophers raised their imaginary republics in all the solemn plausibilities of civilized society: he sought not only delight, but instruction, from their works; and he often wondered that so many, even among the learned would turn aside, either with an affected disdain, or with an idle neglect, from these original fountains of genius and of science. He bowed before the author of all order, the governor of the world, *who never left HIMSELF without witness*; and he saw that all the foundations of legitimate human polity were rooted and grounded in the will of the all-wise Creator. He saw accurately how far philosophy

* “ *Ἠθικά ἀρμονικά.* ”

could be perfected as to its effect on human affairs, and where it was deficient: and he found that the greatest statesmen and the greatest theologians, in the best ages, began and conducted their studies under these guides, who imparted sobriety to their thoughts, and stamped discretion upon their actions. Such statesmen and such theologians, with minds so highly cultivated, knew how to distinguish between philosophy and *inspired* theology, and they felt all the superiority and the authoritative pre-eminence of the latter: yet, when Socrates, and Plato, and Cicero, and Antoninus, and the philosophers who sate in fellowship with them, were the theme, such minds would join in the sublime judgment which was once given of them, by an eloquent Divine, in words of power and of an indelible impression: ‘*They were full of God: all their wisdom and deep contemplations tended only to deliver men from the vanity of the world, and from the slavery of bodily passions, that they might act as spirits which came forth from God, and were soon to return unto HIM.*’ In such a judgment, and in thoughts like these, it may be presumed, that Mr. Gray joined and acquiesced; and with them the subject may be best concluded, and dismissed with dignity.

“Nearly one hundred years have now passed, since the birth* of Gray. As a poet and as an author, may we not consider him as holding a distinguished station among the legitimate ancients? So various and extensive was his command in every region of literature, and the application of his knowledge so just and accurate; so solid and unerring was his judgment; so rapid, yet so regulated, was the torrent of his imagination; so versatile was every faculty within him, whether to science, to poetry, to painting, or to music; and so richly and so regally was he endowed with every liberal and kindred art and accomplishment, that a scholar, when he reflects, can scarcely refrain from exclaiming with the philosophic bard,

“Ὅν ΔΕ ΜΑΣ ΒΑΣΙΛΕΙΟΝ, ἐν ᾧ τὰ δὲ πάντα κυκλεῖται !†

“We may, however, for a moment, standing on the vantage ground, and, with views unbroken, contemplate what is *the power* of a mind like Gray’s, and what is *the place* which it claims and takes by sovereignty of nature. *Such a mind* respects the important distinctions of rank, of wealth, and of fortune; it understands their use, their necessity, and their specific dignities, and it neither despises nor disdains them; but calmly, and without a murmur, *leaves* them all to the world and to its votaries.” Vol. II. p. 625.

* “He was born on the 16th of December, 1716.”

† “One of the Orphick verses preserved by Proclus in his Commentary on the *Timæus* of Plato, L. 2. p. 95. edit. Basil. 1534.”

The Pilgrims of the Sun: a Poem. By James Hogg, author of the *Queen's Wake*, &c. 8vo. pp. 148. 1815.

[From the Eclectic Review.]

THE name of James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, has already excited no small degree of interest in the public mind from the character of his former productions. His "*Queen's Wake*," though very unequally written, displays a liveliness of conception, a richness of fancy, and a sweetness of versification, which deserve to obtain for the volume the award of popular favour. These qualifications afforded, at their first appearance, secret intimations to those who were best competent to appreciate genius, that the author would, at no distant period, compel the public to a recognition of his claims, and cancel, by his subsequent works, whatever obligations the reception of his former volume had laid him under to his cotemporaries.

It is no easy task for a young man, without either title or name that may insure attention, to force his way through the hosts of versifiers that crowd the levee of Fame with their obstreperous claims; and in spite of fashion, prejudice, or envy, to stand forward as the rival or compeer of Southey and of Wordsworth, of Byron and of Campbell, of Montgomery and of Scott. If his pretensions rest on the quality of his poetry especially, and not on any extrinsic circumstances—if it be of that pure, imaginative cast, which is most congenial to the minds of kindred temperament that speak the same language, but which is unintelligible to a great proportion of the readers of "lays," and ballads, and tales—the difficulty of his task becomes the greater.

With all due respect to the public, whose servants we are, we must give it as our opinion, that poetry is the last thing which is estimated according to its intrinsic qualities, or read for the sake of the genuine pleasures of imagination. The soul of poetry with which the partakers of its essential feelings hold converse, and which conveys to them its meanings by undefinable traits of expression and beamings of character, altogether eludes, or is ill understood by, general readers, whose attention is occupied with little more than its physiognomical structure; and who think that when they have pronounced upon the organization of the verse, the arrangement of the subject, and some obvious peculiarities in its style, nothing further remains to require the exercise of their penetration.

There prevails a sort of literary *materialism*, which holds that genius consists in that external production which it animates:

that language, the mere vehicle and medium of thought, is itself the measure of the mind, and the ultimate object of attention: in fact, that the art of the poet, the estimate of which is often taken from irrelevant accidents, or subordinate features of his productions, is the intellectual essence that it serves only to develop. If poetry, however, be of any worth, either as a refined amusement, or a salutary exercise of the imagination, it is to be regretted that it should not please for its own sake, and by means of those qualities which distinguish it from other compositions; that it should not be suffered to have its natural effect on the mind, by exciting the imagination, instead of being contemplated merely as a subject of literary curiosity or criticism.

We have received so much gratification from the volume before us, that were we to express our opinion of its merits, under the warm impulse of the feelings it awakened, we fear that our praise would be thought partial or inordinate. Those whose fancies can admit of but one object of idolatry, and that object indebted for its elevation, perhaps, to fashion or prejudice, or whose judgments are under the bondage of one particular standard, may be eager to know to what school the Ettrick bard is attached; whether to the good old school of Pope or Dryden, about which some critics talk so much, or to that of some modern sect—the poets of the lake—or the minstrels of the border—or the gloomy school of the moral Salvator, the energy of whose pencil redeems his subjects from the feelings they would otherwise inspire.

Our author seems to have made himself acquainted with the productions of each of these writers, and to have reserved free scope for his imagination, in exercising his skill in the varied styles of these writers respectively, yet maintaining in all of them an air of original thought and independent feeling, which exempts him completely from the charge of imitation.

“The Pilgrims of the Sun” is a poem in four cantos; or it may be considered as forming four successive poems. The subject by which they are exquisitely linked together, into unity of plan, is simply a tradition respecting a meek and beauteous maiden, who, on “the third night of the waning moon,” was borne away during a state of trance from this lower world, and traversed, in company with a celestial guide, the regions of the solar system. On her spirit’s return to earth, and re-entrance into its bodily mansion, she discovers herself to be alone, within a newly opened grave, and the garments of the dead enveloping her form. The attempt of an old monk, whom her recovery puts to flight, to enrich himself with the jewels buried with her, and who, to complete his purpose, cuts the rings off from her finger, awakens her from her trance; and the sequel of the nar-

rative restores the maiden to her disconsolate lady mother, and to the reality of her angel companion, in the form of a minstrel lover. Little stress is to be laid on the choice of a subject, and the tale is probably familiar to many of our readers; and the idea, at all events, is such as any one might have adopted and treated according to his fancy. But we are disposed to believe that, in the hands of no cotemporary poet, would it have been susceptible of the alternate sportiveness of invention, daring elevation, richness of sentiment, and tender playfulness, by which our author has contrived to sustain and perpetually to vary the interest of the story. The effect is increased by his reserving for the last canto a sort of denouement, which serves to throw an air of probability over the wildly romantic fiction that has detained us in a state of wonder.

The first part of the poem is in the form of legendary ballad, than which nothing could be better adapted to the poet's purpose. The character of the heroine partakes of the genuine style of old romance, and prepares us for her mysterious adventures.

"On form so fair, on face so mild,
 'The rising sun did never gleam;
 On such a pure untainted mind
 The dawn of truth did never beam.

"She learned to read, when she was young,
 The books of deep divinity;
 And she thought by night, and she read by day,
 Of the life that is, and the life to be.

"And the more she thought, and the more she read
 Of the ways of heaven, and nature's plan,
 She feared the half that the bedesmen said,
 Was neither true nor plain to man.

"Yet she was meek, and bowed to heaven
 Each morn beneath the shady yew,
 Before the leverock left the cloud,
 Or the sun began his draught of dew.

"And aye she thought, and aye she read,
 Till mystic wildness marked her air;
 For the doubts that on her bosom preyed
 Were more than maiden's mind could bear." P. 2.

At length the yearning anxiety which grew upon her, to lift the veil of the invisible world, is to be satisfied. "One eve, when she had prayed and wept till daylight faded on the world," there

came to her a beautiful youth, with the mien of an angel, who took her gently by the hand, and bade her rise and cast off her earthly weeds, and go with him to that far distant land from which he came, "to take her where she longed to be."

"She only felt a shivering throb,
A pang, defined that may not be;
And up she rose, a naked form,
More lightsome, pure, and fair, than he."

No sooner had she arrayed herself in the robe of unearthly make, with which he presented her, than

"Upward her being seemed to bound;
Like one that wades in waters deep,
And scarce can keep him to the ground.

"Though rapt and transient was the pause,
She scarce could keep the ground the while,
She felt like heaving thistle-down,
Hung to the earth by viewless pile."

The exquisite beauty and appropriateness of this simile, will not fail to strike the minute observer of nature. We must give the stanzas which describe the departure of the twain on their ethereal voyage.

"He spread his right hand to the heaven,
And he bade the maid not look behind,
But keep her face to the dark blue even;
And away they bore upon the wind.

"She did not linger, she did not look,
For in a moment they were gone;
But she thought she saw her very form,
Stretched on the green-wood's lap alone." P. 8.

Our limits oblige us to put a restraint upon our inclination, or we should, with pleasure, extract nearly the whole of the description in the subsequent stanzas, of the appearances that unfolded themselves to the virgin as she advanced. To us it appears to be not less distinguished by imagery, and felicity of conception, than by a high strain of poetical diction. We must content ourselves with selecting the following stanzas, on account of the natural and touching thought which they contain.

"The first green world that they passed by
Had 'habitants of mortal mould;
For they saw the rich men, and the poor,
And they saw the young, and they saw the old.

"But the next green world the twain passed by,
 They seemed of some superior frame;
 For all were in the bloom of youth,
 And all their radiant robes the same.

"And Mary saw the groves and trees,
 And she saw the blossoms thereupon;
 But she saw no grave in all the land,
 No church, nor yet a church yard stone.

"That pleasant land is lost in light,
 To every searching mortal eye;
 So nigh the sun its orbit sails,
 That on its breast it seems to lie.

"And though its light be dazzling bright,
 The warmth was gentle, mild, and bland,
 Such as on summer days may be
 Far up the hills of Scottish land." P. 19.

The apostrophe to the harp of Judah, by which the poet prepares his readers for the change of style in the following part, is very artfully managed, and the allusion to the shepherd hand, in which it was wont to delight, introduced in the invocation of our shepherd bard, is extremely beautiful.

"I will bear my hill-harp hence,
 And hang it on its ancient tree;
 For its wild warblings ill become
 The scenes that ope'd to Mary Lee."

The second part of this highly imaginative poem is founded on the fiction, that the sun is the seat of the local majesty of Deity, and the residence of the celestial hierarchy. This fiction is embodied in all the splendours of poetry. The author has evidently taken Milton for his model; and it is as much as we dare say, that in some passages it would be difficult to determine the degree of his distance from the model which he has chosen. The authoritative majesty which invests the christian Mæonides, and which procures, even for the defects of his great poem, a sort of respectful deference, constitutes an incommunicable peculiarity which our younger bard cannot lay claim to; but in place of this, there is a spirit of tender romance, in combination with a loftiness of thought, which must, we think, procure for the whole poem a powerful and permanent impression.

"Upon a mount they stood of wreathy light
 Which cloud had never rested on, nor hues

Of night had ever shaded. Hence they saw
 The motioned universe, that wheeled around
 In fair confusion. Raised as they were now
 To the high fountain-head of light and vision,
 Where'er they cast their eyes abroad, they found
 The light behind, the object still before ;
 And on the rarified and pristine rays
 Of vision borne, their piercing sight passed on
 Intense and all unbounded.—Onward ! onward !
 No cloud to intervene ! no haze to dim !
 Or nigh, or distant, it was all the same ;
 For distance lessened not. O what a scene,
 To see so many goodly worlds upborne !
 Around !—around !—all turning their green bosoms
 And glittering waters to that orb of life
 On which our travellers stood, and all by that
 Sustained and gladdened ! By that orb sustained :
 No—by the mighty everlasting one
 Who in that orb resides, and round whose throne
 Our journeyers now were hovering.” P. 30.

The delighted maiden inquires which of all these worlds is that she lately left, in order that she may note how far more extensive and fair it is than the rest. Little, she confesses, she knows of it, more than that it is “a right fair globe diversified and huge,” and “that afar

“In one sweet corner of it lies a spot
 I dearly love.”

At length she supposes she descries it, and recognises the Caledonian mountains. The smile of compassionate reproof with which she is answered by her conductor, prepares her for the information of the subordinate rank which the earth holds in this goodly universe.

“Down sunk the virgin’s eye—her heart seemed wrapped
 Deep, deep in meditation—while her face
 Denoted mingled sadness. ’Twas a thought
 She trembled to express. At length with blush,
 And faltering tongue, she mildly thus replied ;—

“‘I see all these fair worlds inhabited
 By beings of intelligence and mind.
 O ! Caela, tell me this—Have they all fallen,
 And sinned like us ? And has a living God
 Bled in each one of all these peopled worlds ?
 Or only on yon dark and dismal spot
 Hath one redeemer suffered for them all ?’”

We might forbear any remark on the happy introduction of this interesting query, so naturally occurring to a devoutly bene-

volent and simple mind; but we must express our commendation of the good sense which Mr. Hogg has displayed in disposing of the maiden's inquiry. One is always delighted to meet with any like moral vegetation in the wilds of fancy, especially to trace any signs of the implantation of christian sentiments: but after the gloomy scepticism through which we have lately been constrained to follow the course of one highly gifted genius, and the absolute barrenness of moral sentiment which deforms the descriptive romances of a popular northern poet, it is a peculiar relief to open upon passages similar to that we are transcribing, when they appear to be introduced, not for the sake of any parade of theological learning or casuistical inference, but from the natural association of ideas in a simple and devout mind. Such, at least, is the impression which we have received from this and other passages in the same part of Mr. Hogg's poem. But we forget that we have not given to our readers Cela's reply, which ought not to have been separated from the question that occasioned it.

“ ‘Hold, hold--no more ! ‘Thou talk’st thou know’st not what,’
Said her conductor with a fervent mien ;
‘More thou shalt know hereafter. But meanwhile
‘This truth conceive, that God must ever deal
With men as men. ‘Those things by him decreed,
Or compassed by permission, ever tend
To draw his creatures, whom he loves, to goodness ;
For he is all benevolence, and knows
That in the paths of virtue and of love
Alone, can final happiness be found.
More thou shalt know hereafter.” P. 37.

In justice to our author, we will venture one more extract from this part of the poem; and we think none of our readers will think its length requires apology. The whole conception of the origin and nature of the comet is highly magnificent, and finely sustained.

“ At length upon the brink of heaven they stood ;
There lingering, forward on the air they leaned
With hearts elate, to take one parting look
Of nature from its source, and converse hold
Of all its wonders. Not upon the sun,
But on the halo of bright golden air
‘That fringes it they leaned, and talked so long,
‘That from contiguous worlds they were beheld,
And wondered at the beams of living light.”

“ While thus they stood or lay, there passed by
A most errattick wandering globe that seemed
To run with troubled aimless fury on.
The virgin, wondering, inquired the cause

And nature of that roaming meteor world.
When Cela thus :--

“ ‘ I can remember well
When yon was such a world as that you left ;
A nursery of intellect, for those
Where matter lives not. Like these other worlds,
It wheeled upon its axle, and it swung
With wide and rapid motion. But the time
That God ordained for its existence run,
Its uses in that beautiful creation,
Where nought subsists in vain, remained no more !
The saints and angels knew of it, and came
In radiant files, with awful reverence,
Unto the verge of heaven, where we now stand,
To see the downfall of a sentenced world.
Think of the impetus that urges on
These ponderous spheres, and judge of the event.
Just in the middle of its swift career
Th’ Almighty snapt the golden cord in twain
That hung it to the heaven. Creation sobbed !
And a spontaneous shriek rang on the hills
Of these celestial regions. Down amain
Into the void the outcast world descended,
Wheeling and thundering on ! Its troubled seas
Were churned into a spray, and, whizzing, flurred
Around it like a dew. The mountain tops,
And ponderous rocks, were off impetuous flung,
And clattered down the steeps of night for ever.

“ ‘ Away into the sunless, starless void
Rushed the abandoned world ; and through its caves,
And rifted channels, airs of chaos sung.
The realms of night were troubled, for the stillness
Which there from all eternity had reigned
Was rudely discomposed ; and moaning sounds,
Mixed with a whistling howl, were heard afar,
By darkling spirits ! Still with stayless force,
For years and ages, down the wastes of night
Rolled the impetuous mass ! Of all its seas
And superficies disencumbered,
It boomed along, till by the gathering speed,
Its furnaced mines and hills of walled sulphur
Were blown into a flame.—When, meteor-like,
Bursting away upon an arching track,
Wide as the universe, again it scaled
The dusky regions. Long the heavenly hosts
Had deemed the globe extinct, nor thought of it,
Save as an instance of almighty power.
Judge of their wonder and astonishment,
When far as heavenly eyes can see, they saw
In yon blue void, that hideous world appear,
Showering thin flame and shining vapour forth

O'er half the breadth of heaven! The angels paused,
And all the nations trembled at the view.

“But great is He who rules them! He can turn
And lead it all unhurtful through the spheres,
Signal of pestilence, or wasting sword,
That ravage and deface humanity.

“The time will come when, in like wise, the earth
Shall be cut off from God's fair universe;
Its end fulfilled.—But when that time shall be,
From man, from saint, and angel, is concealed.” P. 52—57.

We must be more brief in our notice of the remaining “parts” of the poem. Part the Third is written in heroic couplets, and opens with an invocation to the harp of “Imperial England.”

“Come thou old bass—I loved thy lordly swell,
With Dryden's twang, and Pope's malicious knell.”

We should recommend Mr. Hogg, however, to omit in the next edition of his volume, this and the three succeeding couplets, as very ill according with the character of the poem, and altogether impertinent. The argument of the book is briefly summed up in the following lines—

“Sing of the globes our travellers viewed, that lie
Around the sun, envelop'd in the sky :
Thy music slightly must the veil withdraw,
From lands they visited, and scenes they saw ;
From lands where love and goodness ever dwell,
Where famine, blight, or mildew never fell ;
Where face of man is ne'er o'erspread with gloom,
And woman smiles for ever in her bloom ;
And then must sing of wicked worlds beneath,
Where flit the visions, and the hues of death.”

In this canto the reader sensibly perceives himself to be *near-*ing the earth again. Celia already seems transformed into a gude of material mould, and the poet, his pinions failing in that planetary atmosphere, assumes more of the appearance of an Aeronaut. The stiff and stately regularity of the rhyming couplet is well adapted to this alteration of movement; and, indeed, the judicious variation and felicitous choice of rhythm throughout this poem, make it evident that a distinct untransferable character, and a peculiar power of expression attach to the different forms of versification, apart from the purpose for which they are employed, and constituting their adaption to particular subjects, while they show that Mr. Hogg is well acquainted with his business as a versifier.

There are passages in this part of his work, however, of no ordinary merit; and we think it probable that with many the

whole canto will be the favourite one. It is more didactic than the rest, and contains some fine strokes of satire, and some beautiful sentiments. The idea of the planet Venus, as

“The land of lovers, known afar,
And named the evening and the morning star,”

is very happy. The warlike sphere “that wades in crimson
“like the sultry sun,” detains our poet too long, though it is made the subject of some fine descriptive passages. We can make room, however, only for the following very striking lines, which are introduced as illustrative of the idea, that “there are prisons in the deep below.”

“O! it would melt the living heart with wo,
Were I to sing the agonies below;
The hatred nursed by those who cannot part;
The hardened brow the seared and sullen heart;
The still, defenceless look, the stifled sigh,
The writhed lip, the staid despairing eye,
Which ray of hope may never lighten more,
Which cannot shun, yet dares not look before.
O! these are themes reflection would forbear,
Unfitting bard to sing, or maid to hear;
Yet these they saw, in downward realms prevail,
And listen'd many a sufferer's hapless tale,
Who all allowed that rueful misbelief
Had proved the source of their eternal grief:
And all th' Almighty punisher arraigned
For keeping back that knowledge they disdained.” P. 86.

We think our readers will concur with us in ascribing no ordinary character to such poetry as this.

The conclusion of the third part leaves Mary “within the grave alone.” The poet concludes,

“Here I must seize my ancient harp again,
And chant a simple tale, a most uncourtly strain.”

Part the Fourth is, accordingly, in the varied measures of the modern metrical romance, and forms an appropriate sequel to the wondrous tale. The opening of it describes the terror and confusion which prevailed at Carelha, when Mary was first missing. Her maidens knew

———“The third night of the moon in the wane.
They knew on that night that the spirits were free;
That revels of fairies were held on the sea:
And heard their small bugles, with airy some croon,
As light'y they rode on the beam of the moon.”

Her breathless form is at length found prostrate on the sward,
 "as if in calm and deep devotion." Her death-like appearance
 is beautifully described; but

"All earthly hope at last outworn,
 The body to the tomb was borne."

We will not forestall the sequel, but leave our readers to satisfy
 their curiosity by perusing the volume for themselves; only just
 remarking that the effect of her mysterious return "at the hour
 of the ghost one sabbath night," the exclamation of her lady mo-
 ther, who instantly recognises the foot of her daughter, but checks
 herself with

"The grave is deep, it may not be!"

And their meeting, when the door of the hall is opened, are in
 the most picturesque style of romantic adventure, and exquisitely
 touching.

"That mould is sensible and warm,
 It leans upon a parent's arm.
 The kiss is sweet, and the tears are sheen,
 And kind are the words that pass between;
 They cling as never more to sunder,
 O! that embrace was fraught with wonder!"

Our limits warn us to conclude this article; and we have said
 enough to show our estimate of Mr. Hogg's poetical genius.
 We rely upon him to justify our praise by his subsequent pro-
 ductions. If we have in any measure overrated his abilities,
 it has not been owing to our having any private acquaintance
 with the man, or any partiality to the author, save that partiality
 which we may be pardoned for feeling, in meeting with a produc-
 tion so delightfully adapted to the wildest roving of our untamed
 fancy, and distinguished at the same time by so high a tone of
 purity and moral feeling.

An Ode to Superstition closes the volume. It is in the Spen-
 serian stanza, and is interesting, not only on account of its in-
 trinsic merit, but as developing some of the peculiar traits and
 sentiments of the author's mind. We should have been glad
 to have entered at large into the subject in its relations to poetry,
 as we deem it one which has not obtained adequate attention, but
 we must reserve our remarks for another occasion. Mr. Hogg
 has meritoriously abstained from eking out his volume with notes,
 but a brief explanation of some local references, and of a few Scot-
 tish or provincial words, would have been very acceptable to his
 southern readers.

ORIGINAL.

REVIEW.

The State of Innocence and the Fall of Man, described in Milton's Paradise Lost, rendered into prose, with historical, philosophical, and explanatory notes. By a gentleman of Oxford. 8vo. Trenton. Pp. 450.

The Ass on Parnassus; and from Scotland Ge Ho! Comes Roderick Vich Neddy Dhu, Ho! Ieroe, Marmion Feats, Neddy, Jeremiah and the Ass, &c. &c. Cantos of a poem entitled, What are Scotch Collops. By Jeremiah Quiz. Philadelphia, 1815. 18mo. Pp. 108.

The Mirror of the Graces, or the English Ladies' Costume, combining and harmonizing taste and judgment, elegance and grace, modesty, simplicity, and economy, with fashion in dress: and adapting the various articles of female embellishments to different ages, forms, and complexions, to the seasons of the year, rank, and situations of life; with advice on female accomplishments, politeness, and manners: offering also the most efficacious means of preserving Beauty, Health, and Loveliness. By a lady of distinction, who has witnessed and attentively studied what is esteemed truly graceful and elegant, among the most refined nations of Europe. (Second American Edition, coloured plates.) New-York, 1815. 18mo. Pp. 250.

WE laud the gods that none of these books are of native American growth—we are equally grateful that we are under no obligation to read any of them through; nevertheless, we intend to review them for the purpose of enabling our readers to judge, from this specimen, of the taste and judgment which are frequently displayed in selecting foreign works for republication from the American press. This shall be done in as brief a manner as possible,

The first work is a translation of the whole of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, into plain prose. This idea of *transposing* and turning Milton's "English heroic verse without rhyme" into ordinary prose, is not less original, and rather more whimsical than that of the poetical lawyer, who has turned the legal prose of *My Lord Coke* into rhyme. The effect of it is exceedingly strange. To give some notion of it we extract the version of Belial's famous speech. Book II. l. 120.

"I should be much for open war, O Peers,
As not behind in hate, if what was urg'd," &c.

"I should, O Peers, be very much for open war, (as not the least behind in hate,) if what was the main reason insisted upon to persuade me to it, did not dissuade me from it, and seem to cast an ill-boding conjecture upon the success of the whole; when he, who excels most in valiant deeds, suspicious of the event, builds his courage upon despair, and considers utter dissolution as the scope of all his aim, after some fatal revenge. First, what revenge? The towers of heaven are always filled with armed watch, which takes off the possibility of all access; nay, the legions of the holy angels do often encamp upon the bordering deep, or with darkened wings scout far and wide," &c. &c. p. 77.

The encounter between Satan and Death, in the second book, a passage familiar to all the readers of poetry, is very oddly, though seriously travestied. In the original, Milton's Hero, as he has been called,

"Satan stood
Unterrified, and like a comet burned."

The *transposer* will not leave the fallen Prince of the air even the solitary virtue of courage.

"Satan," says he, "stood *terrified*, and incensed with rage, and burned like a comet that serves the length of Ophiucus in the Arctic sky, and from his horrid hair is believed to shake war and pestilence. Each at the other's head levelled his mortal aim, their fatal hands intending no second stroke; and they cast such a frown at one another, as when two black clouds, full of thunder, come rattling

on over the Caspian Sea, then stand front to front, until the winds blow a signal for them to join their encounter in the midst of the air. So these mighty combatants frowned, insomuch, that hell grew darker !”

The pure and balmy air of Paradise, which breathes such a vernal sweetness in Milton’s lines,

—————“ And of pure, now purer air
Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires
Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
All sadness but despair ; now gentle gales,
Fanning their odoriferous wings, disperse
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
Those balmy spoils,” &c.

is thus contaminated as it passes through the misty atmosphere of paraphrase :

“ Now gentle gales disperse natural perfumes, sweets which they fan from flowers, and betray from whence they stole them. Satan entertained these rich perfumes who came to their bane, though better pleased with them than Asmodeus was with the smoke of the burnt fish that drove him, though he was so much enamoured that he destroyed seven of her husbands, from the wife of Tobias, and sent him from Media into Egypt, where the angel Raphael bound him fast.”

After these short specimens of this curious paraphrase, we fancy our readers will be ready to exclaim with Mr. Dangle in the Critic, “ Egad, the interpreter is the harder to be understood of the two.”

As a subject of critical speculation, it might be amusing enough, and perhaps instructive, to compare this singularly absurd book with the original, without any other view than to form some estimate of the very great share which rythm, and the poetical collocation of words and phrases have, in making up the aggregate effect of poetry. As to any other purpose, it is altogether without use or value.

The notes, which are pretty numerous, are of a piece with the text. We insert a couple of them for the sake of their oddity. In p. 116. we are told that Mæonides was

“Homer, an ancient and celebrated poet among the Greeks, the wittiest man that ever lived, who had none to imitate, (except Moses, from whom he took his best thoughts,) was never matched by any that came after him except now by Milton, and a pattern to all poets, philosophers, and historians, to this day. He wrote the wars of Troy in twenty-four books, called the *Iliads*, and the dangerous voyages of Ulysses, in the *Odysses* in as many.”

Again, p. 321.

“Columbus, from his own knowledge in geography, and from the information of an old sailor, Alphonsus Santrius, whom he saved in a shipwreck, discovered America under the name and aid of Ferdinand, King of Spain, A. D. 1492. But it was first discovered about 300 years before, A. D. 1170, by Madoc, a valiant prince, and son of Owen Guinneth, King of Wales, as is related by Lynwric, Ap Grano, Galyn Owen, Peter Martyr, Humphrey Lloyd, David Powell, Sir John Price, Richard Hackluyt, &c. which was further confirmed by the reverend Mr. Morgan Jones, chaplain of South Carolina, who lived four months with the Doeg Indians, and conversed with them in the old British language. Lastly, that Prince Madoc was buried in Mexico, appears by the epitaph on his monument lately found there. See the Gloucester Journal and Daily Post,” &c.

“So much for Buckingham.”

We shall not detain the reader long with “The Ass on Parnassus;” he has no business whatever on Parnassus—his brayings are exceedingly disagreeable. Not that his being “writ down an ass,” excludes him from the privilege of browsing on the mountain: old Homer has a whole drove of asses, and no one ever dreamt of molesting them, except two or three scurvy French critics, who were soundly lashed for their offence, by Boileau. Sancho’s honest Dapple, too, has a corner in every affectionate heart; and then there is Sterne’s Ass, and another very amiable and sentimental beast, who is kept for a play mate by Coleridge and the lake poets. But this fellow is of quite a different breed,

To drop metaphors, the Ass on Parnassus is a most miserable parody, in the style of Walter Scott, very stupid, and very vulgar. It is, moreover, intended to be severe on some persons in England, with whom we have not the honour of any sort of acquaintance, nor, indeed, can we form a conjecture as to their names or characters, though every help is given to dull comprehensions, by italics, and initials, and all

Those easy marks which ask but vulgar eyes,
While darker wit speaks only to the wise.

We are anxious to be rid of this dull and disagreeable subject, and shall therefore leave it, after a single extract, which we know is by no means the worst, and being taken at random, stands a fair chance of being the very best passage in the book.

“ Now L—g—n, H—t, O—e aye, and R—s,
With M—ll—r, in their rear
Approaching are 'neath Primrose trees,
And N—y now appears !

S—r—d and J—s, that active lad,
Could not from home be found,
Each on the ready an eye had,
Their wheel kept moving round.

The shop throng-full of gatherers,
Scotch Collops, S—r—d, Quiz,
The general cry,
As round did fly
The wheel, wiz, wiz, wiz.

The next volume which chance has thrown in the way of our criticism is better, but still bad enough.

An editorial preface informs us that it was written by a lady who has passed several years in an intimate acquaintance with the manners and fashions, not only of the highest ranks in England, but also of most of the other European courts ; and the same high pretensions are kept up through the volume.

This may possibly be the fact; in spite of its absurdity, there is no saying but it may have been actually written by an antiquated Lady Caroline, or a Right Honourable Dowager. But, judging from internal evidence, we should have no doubt that it is the composition of some smart body of a milliner about London, who has picked up her notions of fashionable life from plays and modern novels, joined to a little occasional observation from behind her own counter, and a little occasional practice at dancing-school balls. Having a soul above her profession, she heroically renounces the needle for the pen, and assumes, upon paper, that rank and style in high life, from which, though (in her own opinion) formed to grace the highest circles, she has been hitherto excluded by malicious fortune.

This self-created Peeress is extremely delighted with her imaginary dignity : though, not being altogether at her ease under it, she generally overacts the part ; much in the same manner as we occasionally see on the stage, the fine gentleman personated by some dingy porter-house blood, who thinks nothing more wanting than a fantastical scarlet coat, and a chapeau bras, to transform him into Charles Surface, or Sir George Airy.

No untitled name is admitted into her courtly pages ; they are filled with anecdotes of " Count M——, one of the most accomplished and handsome young men in Vienna, when I was there ;" and of " the Princess de P——, whom I remember seeing at the court of Naples go through the *minuet de la cour*, with so eminent a degree of enchanting elegance, that there was not a person present who was not in rapture with her deportment." Then again " at Paris, the first foreign court where I was presented, there was the young and charming Countess de M. my model for Parisian elegance. But at the court of Madrid, the most agreeable woman I met was the daughter of Conde de P., the tall and slender Donna Vittoria. At the court of the Braganzas I met with a far different Belle, the young widowed Duchess di A. At the court of Naples our ambassador, one evening at a party, presented me to the celebrated Marchesa di V. At Vienna, the Baroness Saxe W. became my friend," &c. &c.

This shabby republican system of ours will never do—we are really quite ashamed of it. Forty years hence some of the belles

of the present generation may amuse their grand-daughters, with stories of their having flirted with General Scott, and danced with Captain Warrington; but how flat will it all be compared with such an anecdote as this—

“The young Archduke C——, of A——, an incognito visitant with the Prince de V—— F——, was so charmed with the dancing of her highness (whose partner was the renowned General Marchese di M——) that, in his heroic manner, he exclaimed to me ‘Ah, Madam, that is more interesting than the Phyrhic dance—it reminds me of the beautiful movement of the sun and moon in the heavens!’”

No, this shabby republican system certainly will not do. How can we ever attain to any thing like elegance and fashion, as long as a lady is allowed to set up for a belle, without either a title or a set of jewels? For, as our authoress justly observes,

“Clear Brunettes shine with the greatest lustre when they adopt diamonds, pearls, topazes, and bright ambers. While the fair beauty may not only wear these with advantage, but also exclusively claim as her own, emeralds, garnets, amethysts, rubies, onyxes, &c. &c. Cornelian, coral, and jet, may be worn by either, but certainly produce the most pleasing effect on the rose and lily complexion.

“If the clavicle or collar bone be too apparent, either from accidental thinness or original shape, the defect may be remedied by letting the necklace fall immediately into the cavity which the ungraceful projection affords.”

But if a young lady unfortunately has a projecting clavicle, and no necklace of emeralds, garnets, amethysts, rubies, onyxes, topazes, bright amber, cornelians, or pearls, to drop into the cavity, what is to be done? In truth, there is no help for it, and she must be content to “cover up her neck completely with a handkerchief and frill.”

There is, it seems, a great deal of mystery in the morality of dress and ornament, and an abundance of very nice distinctions, which, we are sure, could never have occurred to a vulgar rustic beauty. Your French women, who make abundant use of rouge and white painting, according to her ladyship, are hideous caricatures, “disgusting objects, and nothing but selfish vanity

and falsehood of mind could prevail on a woman to enamel her skin with white paint." But then she is equally clear that,

"A little vegetable rouge tinging the cheek of a delicate woman, who, from ill health, or an anxious mind, loses her roses, is perfectly excusable. This is so slight and innocent an apparel of the face, that I cannot see any shame in the most ingenuous female acknowledging that she occasionally rouges."

Enough of this. We are weary of hunting such small deer. "We cannot drop our swords on wretched kernes." These volumes were not selected for any particular demerit of their own, but taken at random as a specimen of the English trumpery which is occasionally reprinted for the benefit of the American public. We could very easily have enlarged the list with a whole catalogue of trashy novels from the Minerva press, and of the trumpery productions of Dibdin, Cobb, Dimond, and the whole tribe of living dramatists, who manufacture their plays to show off a popular actor with just as mechanical a spirit as his tailor makes him a new dress—writers, whose highest effort of wit is a pun, and whose greatest ambition is to produce a striking stage effect. Far worse than these are the nauseous and detestable comedies of the "wits of Charles' days," and their immediate successors, which are often reprinted here as altered, and performed on the English, and (we blush to add) on the American stage*—comedies, in which the most gross, heartless, and disgusting profligacy is poorly compensated by a smartness of dialogue, and an occasional sprinkling of tavern wit. To these we might add the Scandalous Chronicles of London and Paris, the Anecdotes of Carlton House, Memoirs of Talleyrand, and secret histories of the Bonaparte Family. These precious anecdotes are, for the most part, altogether without authenticity, and if they are true, are such as ought not to be told; they communicate no valuable information, and are only fitted to corrupt the taste, to familiarize the mind with depravity, and to fill

* We intend no reflection on the managers—the evil lies deeper—

"The drama's laws, the drama's patrons give,
For they who live to please, must please, to live."

the imagination with pestilent images of gross sensuality and monstrous vice.

We cannot believe there is any spontaneous demand for publications such as these. It cannot be that the taste of our reading public is so far depraved as voluntarily to "feed and batten on this barren moor," while the wide and rich field of genuine English literature spreads all its treasures before them.

If, indeed, it be so, then it is the duty of all, whose character or station gives weight to their opinions, to exert their whole influence in directing the public taste to purer sources of literary gratification.

We cannot as yet claim the proud title of a learned nation, but there is no people on earth where reading is more general, or the influence of books more direct and powerful on the mass of the community. How important, then, is it, that nonsense and profligacy should be made to give way to good taste and morality!

We may treat our native productions with indulgence, as long as their fault is folly and not vice. Many attempts must be made in literature before great excellence is obtained. Thousands of acorns must be suffered to fall to the ground and waste, to insure a vigorous growth of oaks. But certainly there is no necessity for thus harbouring and naturalizing the very refuse of foreign literature.

In truth, there is no sort of excuse for it. There are very many excellent old standard books in science, in poetry, in history, in divinity, in every branch of human knowledge, which have never been reprinted here, and are therefore not easily to be procured. Nor are we by any means desirous of excluding the literature of the day. If the more active and fortunate of the literary merchants (as the late Mr. Dennie was wont to call the booksellers) monopolize the works of Scott, Byron, or Edgeworth, their brethren need not consider themselves driven to the necessity of retailing the garbage of Grub-Street. There is scarcely a number of this magazine which does not contain a review of some new work which might bear republication, to the profit of the bookseller and the benefit of the public. For instance, instead of an "Ass on Parnassus," the printer might have selected, according to his taste and habits of business, some of the works of Horsley—*qualis et*

quantus vir—the Speeches of Fox, Pitt, or Windham—or the excellent history of Mitford; or, if he chose a lighter kind of literature, the *Paradise of Coquettes*, among the happiest productions of the school of Pope—or one of Shee's poems, gorgeous, indeed, beyond the rules of just taste, but of real merit, and great practical use—or the *Excursion* of Wordsworth, obscured by a strange mystical morality, yet full of eloquence and nature—or perhaps one of the delightful little pieces of Hogg, the *Ettrick Shepherd*, or, lastly, the noble and original dramas of Joanna Baillie.*

There is another class of books, which, when they are good, are generally very popular—we mean voyages and travels; and these are printed in England in so sumptuous a style, that they are, for the most part, completely locked up from the American reader. The bookseller who compresses one of these stately and expensive quartos into a reasonably priced octavo, confers a substantial benefit on literature; and there are several recent works of this kind, of great value. We need only mention the *Journal of Hobhouse*, the companion of Lord Byron; the last journey of the unfortunate Park; Capt. Flinder's *Voyage of Circumnavigation*; Eustace's *Classical Italian Tour*; and the *Oriental Memoirs of Governor Forbes*.

We take no pleasure in dilating upon the blemishes and deformities of our country, and therefore gladly leave this unpleasant subject. The evil is sufficiently apparent, and we trust that the remedy is equally so. Let all who have at heart the cause of good learning—we mean *good* in the broadest sense of the word—let all such unite in habitually discountenancing vitious and worthless publications. Let them remember that they are the legitimate guardians of the public morals and the public taste. *Caveant ne quid detrimenti respublica capiat.*

* The British reviewers have all united in extolling Madame de Stael as "the first woman of the age." If ever, in the unaccountable mutations of worldly things, the empire of criticism should move westward, and be transferred to this side of the Atlantic, we trust that Madame de Stael will be deposed, and the crown of female genius bestowed upon Joanna Baillie.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

THE conductors of the Quarterly Review never omit any opportunity of venting their spleen and spite against every thing American. If this were confined to the regular course of political discussion, it might be borne with good humour; but they seem to go out of their way to search after occasions for maligning our national and individual character. At one time, in the midst of an article of Greek criticism, you find a sneer at the Kentucky militia, or a "Transatlantic general;" then again, in a grave discussion on the reformation of the criminal code, you are surprised with an ironical digression, advising the selling off the English pick-pockets to the United States, as proper materials for American citizens. As we cannot find it in our hearts to impute such inveterate and malignant hostility to any large portion of the scholars or wits of Great Britain, we doubt not that most of this scurrility proceeds from the chief editor, Mr. Gifford, alone, who thus intrudes the effusions of his own waspish petulance among the lucubrations of those able, learned, and liberal-minded men, who occasionally contribute to this valuable miscellany.

The Quarterly Review, for January, 1815, contains a copious and able analytical review of the travels of our countrymen, Lewis and Clarke. It is in substance pretty much the same with the review of these travels, with which a correspondent has enriched some of the former numbers of this magazine; except that, as usual, it is illustrated by curious digressions, and interlarded with sneers and jokes on American customs, and "the American language," together with some occasional misrepresentations of facts.

We trust that, in repelling this or any other insolent assault, we shall not be suspected of a wish to keep alive the angry feelings of national hostility.

The reviewer, anxious to give to America as little of the credit of the expedition as possible, is determined that the original plan

of travelling across the continent, in its broadest part, should be English, although the execution was left to Americans. "Fifty years ago," says he, "*our countryman*, Carver, formed this plan. The scheme was to ascend the Missouri, discover the source of the Oregon, or river of the West, and proceed down this river to its mouth—precisely what Lewis and Clarke have accomplished. It would not have misbecome the American Journalists if they had bestowed upon their able and enterprising forerunner the commendation which he anticipated and desired." We do not very well see how the credit of Lewis and Clarke, as hardy, adventurous, and observing travellers, could be lessened by the formal admission that the plan was not their own, this being an honour to which, indeed, they never made any sort of claim. However, it is still an American plan, for it happens that *our countryman*, Carver, was born in Connecticut, and never visited England until he was above thirty.

"Had the expedition," proceeds the reviewer, "been executed under the auspices of the British government, it would have been fitted out with characteristic liberality; draftsmen and naturalists would have been attached to it, &c. There could be no want of draftsmen and naturalists in the United States, and young men of liberal pursuits are never likely to be wanting in enterprise. The fault, therefore, rests with those who directed the expedition, and is probably imputable to the spirit of an illiterate and parsimonious government."

We have a kindly feeling of relationship toward all reviewers, being, in truth, ourselves, of the half-blood and are, therefore, seldom disposed to be severe when a critic falls into some palpable blunder from neglecting to read the book which he reviews. In the present instance there is no such excuse; the reviewer has evidently read the narrative very attentively, and yet, in the first pages, he might have seen that the expedition *was* fitted out with naturalists and draftsmen, and that these volumes contain nothing more than the journal of the travellers' adventures; but that another part of the work, relating to natural history and science, is now preparing for the press by a scientific gentleman, and will be published separately; in the same manner as Baron Humboldt has divided his travels into two distinct publications, the one narra-

tive, the other scientific. We are glad, however, to see the confession, that there "can be no want of draftsmen and naturalists in America." This shows that our character abroad has risen a little.

After a number of jokes on the American language, it is remarked that "the country is what the Americans call *handsome*," that is to say, what a Londoner would call a *nice country*, or, in the style of Bond-street, *very fair*. How it would be expressed in the elegant Doric dialects of Lancashire, Yorkshire, Somersetshire, or Cornwall, we are unable to inform our readers.

The reviewer then proceeds to comment, with a little exaggeration, and a good deal of drollery, upon the bad taste of those uncouth names which have been bestowed upon some of our rivers :

"Of all people who ever imposed names upon a newly-discovered country, the Americans have certainly been the most unlucky in their choice: witness, Bigmuddy River and Littlemuddy River, Littleshallow River, Good Woman River, Little Good Woman Creek, Grindstone Creek, Cupboard Creek, Biscuit Creek, Blowing Fly Creek, *cum multis aliis* in the same delightful taste. When this country shall have its civilized inhabitants, its cities, its scholars, and its poets, how sweetly will such names sound in American veræ !

"Ye plains where sweet Bigmuddy rolls along,
And Tea-Pot, one day to be famed in song,
Where swans on Biscuit and on Grindstone glide,
And willows wave upon Good Woman's side !
How shall your happy streams in after time
Tune the soft lay and fill the sonorous rhyme !
Blest bards, who in your amorous verses call
On murmuring Pork and gentle Cannon-Ball ;
Split-Rock, and Stick-Lodge, and Two-Thousand-Mile,
White-line, and Cupboard, and Bad-humour'd Isle !
Flow, Little-shallow, flow ! and be thy stream
Their great example, as it will their theme !
Isis with Rum and Onion must not vie,
Cam shall resign the palm to Blowing-fly,
And Thames and Tagus yield to great Big-Little-Dry."

Of all people upon earth, the English ought to be the last to joke on this subject. When we were colonies, our English go-

vernors, geographers, and commissioners of land offices, conspired to fill our land with the most poor and sneaking names which ever disgraced a fine country. Since we have set up for ourselves, we have felt the necessity of having a few brave sounding appellations ; if for no other purpose, at least to round off the periods of 4th of July orations, and to swell the thunders of patriotic songs. Accordingly many sonorous and musical, Indian, or old names have been revived. New-York Island is Manhattan again ; old Hudson has resumed the jurisdiction of the North River ; Passaic has got rid of his nickname, and Housatonnick will soon banish the memory of Stratford River for ever. But many others are for ever lost—full many a most musical combination of syllables has been drowned past recovery, in Onion River, Muddy Creek, and Buttermilk Falls, while others are buried at Point-no-Point and Crom Elbow. Canada is full of instances “of the same delightful taste ;” witness Four Corners, Ten-Mile River, *cum multis aliis*.

Nor have the English voyagers and travellers improved one jot in this respect in later years. Just after reading the article on Lewis and Clarke in the Quarterly, we happened to take up a magnificent quarto volume of Voyages of Discovery in the South Seas, and along the coast of New Holland ; and we were so struck with the uncouth absurdity of some of the nicknames, that we were induced to extend our researches a little further, and soon made up a long list of English names, bestowed, within the last forty years, upon newly discovered coasts, rivers, and capes, fully equal to anything of Captain Clarke’s invention. The greater part of these are so completely established that they may be found on any minute map or chart of those parts of the globe. Though all inexpert of numbers, we could not withstand the temptation of trying how these true-born English appellations would “slide into verse and hitch into a rhyme.” Haply hereafter some bard, ambitious of the fame of Scott and Southey, may aspire to sing the toils and wanderings of the illustrious Cook, and thus, in varied measure, most sweetly will he commence his epic strain :—

Thee, Cook, I sing, whom from old England’s shore
To Porpoise-point, the ship Endeavour bore,

In that far clime, where Cape Fairweather smiles,
 And flowrets deck old Termination Isles;
 Where, robed in constant storms, Foulweather frowns,
 While gayest foliage sweet Cape Suckling crowns:
 Yet, ah! too weak I feel my faltering hand
 To paint thy wanderings in that savage land.
 Oh, could I seize the lyre of Walter Scott,
 Then might I sing the terrors of Black Pot;
 Black River, Black Tail,
 Long-nose, Never-fail,
 Black Water, Black Bay,
 Black Point, Popinjay,
 Points Sally and Moggy,
 Two-headed and Foggy,
 While merrily, merrily bounded his bark
 By Kidnapper's Cape and old Noah's Ark,
 Round Hog's Island, Hog's Heads, and Hog's Eyes,
 Hog Bay, and Hog John, Hog's Tails, and Hogsties.

Or thee, great Southey, could I roll along
 Like thee, the tide of never-ending song,
 And in Dom-Daniel verse—nor blank, nor rhyme—
 Tell the wild wonders of that magic clime
 Where Foggy Cape high rears its misty brows,
 And zoneless Graces haunt the Cove of Sows;
 Where the proud river, Turn-again doth flow,
 (Erst Turn-again, now the Sir George Prevost,*)
 Then could I follow Cook, for many a mile,
 From Wager Inlet to Postillion Isle,
 And in my verse's ever-rippling flow
 Still string along, in many a goodly row,
 The wonders of his way:†

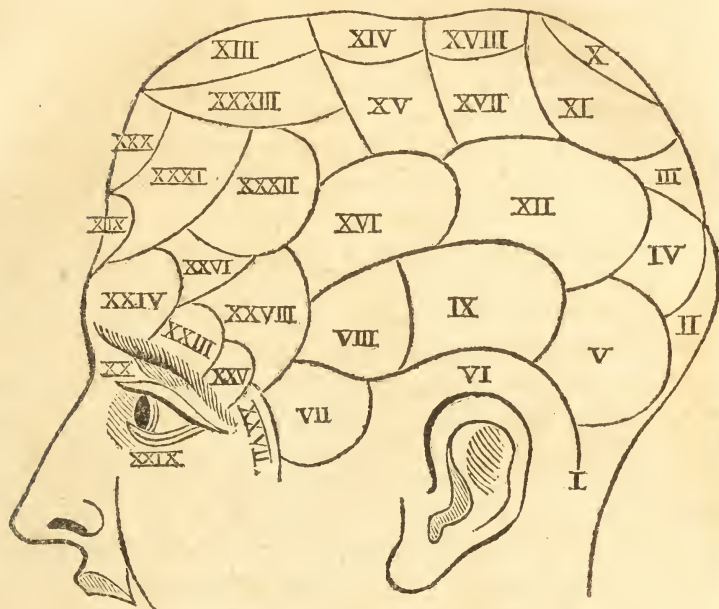
* We could not refrain from anticipating the compliment which our future geographers will unite in paying to this great commander, by appropriately bestowing his name on a fine river which runs most rapidly, and "*runs*, and as it *runs* for ever will *run* on!"

† Among other wonders we take the liberty of making an echo reach two thousand miles—quite an every-day occurrence compared with the wonders of the Curse of Kehama.

How through Comptroller's Bay
 Unto Flat-Table Hill,
 Rising continual in loud acclaim,
 Was heard the echoed and re-echoed name
 From all that tatooed rout
 Of Tootee, Tootee,*
 Toot, Toot, Toot,
 A thousand, thousand voices in one shout
 Called Tootee.
 From Dutchman's Hole to Dutchman's Lump,
 Thump, Thump,
 The overpowering sound
 From Cat's Nose, to far Cat's Tails
 Rang around.
 Cape Upright, too, like some proud obelisk,
 Frowned o'er the wave, whilst still with echo brisk,
 Cape Prince of Wales
 Through all its shores
Ich Dien roars.

Then Madoc's copper sons thronged to Ram's Head,
 Rejoicing to behold, at last arrived,
 Their cousins Welsh, by Merlin long foretold;
 Sagacious seer, whom vulgar legends say
 Alive, by jealous fairy, was entomb'd;
 But whom discovery late, of laureat bard,
 To Shallow-water's shore hath traced what time
 Adventurous Madoc thither steered his course.
 There lie his bones, fast by the Young Nick's Head,
 Beneath the Mayor and Alderman's dark cliff.

* Captain Cook's name was so pronounced by the savages. Here the future poet will doubtless extract fifty pages of Cook's Voyage to fill out his notes to a goodly size.

Gall and Spurzheim's System of Craniology.

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DR. GALL'S System of Craniology has, for some time, attracted very general attention on the continent of Europe. It has lately been introduced into England by Dr. Spurzheim, where it has

found many friends and disciples ; among others is Dr. 'Tilloch, the learned editor of the Philosophical Magazine.

The general doctrine is this : it is assumed that the brain is the organ of consciousness, and the medium of all the intellectual faculties, and thence, says Gall, it follows that these faculties, both in their latent and their evolved state, may be traced to the several parts of the encephalon, &c. By the examination and comparison of many thousand skulls, it is thought that the residence of the various faculties and propensities have been ascertained ; courage, for instance, dwells in a certain corner of the brain, and the exercise of the faculty is merely the development and exertion of that particular portion of this organ which is formed to that end. Charles II. was not a sensualist from want of moral restraint or exuberance of animal strength, but solely in consequence of possessing the organ of animal passion in an uncommon degree. Crimes are occasioned by deranged or vitious organization, and we ought to consider the diseases of the brain, like those of the rest of the system, some curable and others incurable. Thus, the inspection of the skull will indicate the natural faculties of the man, and the degree of their development.

We have never had any sort of respect for this doctrine, which degrades the mind to a piece of mechanism, and attributing every mental phenomenon to physical organization, indirectly denies all moral government, together with all moral improvement after the organs are fixed, and makes every action, good or bad, the result of physical necessity. It is, besides, full of minor absurdities. A man may have the organ of cruelty strongly developed, but this is no impediment to an equal development of the organ of benevolence, and thus is produced a benevolent cut-throat. Or the organ of thieving may be combined with that of piety, and thus you have a most sincere, pious, thief.

But we consider the whole theory as completely knocked on the head by a late valuable collection of cases by Sir Everard Home, which demonstrate, in the most decided manner, that the possession of the whole of the brain is not necessary to sensation or perception ; that almost any part of it may be removed without material change in this respect, and that even the whole mass may be destroyed without the loss of sensibility ? Still, this hy-

pothesis may be of use in classifying a vast number of facts and observations, which may serve to point out some general fixed connexion between the physical structure and the mental powers, although we cannot allow the system of material fatalism which has been reared upon it.

As it has excited very general attention in Europe, we have endeavoured to condense into as narrow a compass as possible the principal points of the system of Gall, as improved by Spurzheim.

Dr. Spurzheim's late work on Craniology contains the map of the human skull, which is prefixed to this article: this, together with a sort of gazetteer of the residences of the various faculties of the human mind, will give the reader a more clear idea of the system than volumes of description.

The figures indicate the local situation of the *organs* or *functions*, and a greater or less enlargement of the part is considered by Gall and his disciples as indicating more or less energy in that function.

The degree of enlargement may be readily determined by a comparison of two or three skulls.

Propensities.

No. 1. Is the organ of physical love, or animal passion, called by Gall "*amativeness*." The larger the organ the greater the propensity, and it is manifested by the thickness or elevation of the back of the neck.

2. The organ of parental affection, denominated in the Craniological nomenclature *philoprogeneritiveness*. It is an elevated point at the centre of the occiput, is much larger in females than in males, and is even apparent in young girls. Gall discovered this organ on examining monkeys, which are very fond of their offspring. Some animals are very negligent of their young, others as remarkable for affection: and contrasts between the skull of a cuckoo and dove, and of a fox and a dog, are used to strengthen the argument. A few women have been found destitute of this organ, which is a sure indication of predisposition to infanticide. In twenty-five cases of child murder by the mothers, the organ was always defective.

3. The organ of *inhabitiveness*, or love of country. This is illustrated from comparative anatomy. There are two varieties of rats, one inhabits cellars, and the other garrets, and their skulls indicate these localities; also eagles, larks, &c. &c.

4. Organ of *adhesiveness*, or attachment. This faculty includes patriotism, national and local attachment.

5. Organ of *combaticiveness*, or courage.

6. Organ of *destructiveness*, or cruelty. It is a horizontal ridge in the skull, passing immediately above the ear. This is very powerful. Gall examined the skull of an apothecary, who turned hangman, merely to indulge his love of cruelty; of rich merchants who became butchers, and of others who paid butchers for the permission of killing cattle. Some robbers always murder—persons are often seen who delight to torture animals and destroy tables, chairs, glasses, &c. This part is very marked in the skulls of Mitchill, Hollings, and Sharpe, the murderers, Bellingham, the assassin of Percival, and Mad. Ampere, who killed her mother and two sisters.

7. The organ of *constructiveness*, or of the mechanic arts, is a small elevation above the temple, generally parallel with the cheek and jaw bone.

8. *Covetiveness*, or thieving. There are strange instances of the power of this native propensity. Priests and judges have had it. Saurin, of Geneva, was noted for it; respectable physicians have often stolen from their patients, and afterwards sent back their plunder; a dying man stole the snuff-box of his confessor, and idiots often have the propensity to a great degree.

9. Organ of *secretiveness*, or cunning, found in liars, hypocrites, intriguers. It runs in almost continuous ridges from the temples to the occiput.

Sentiments.

10. Organ of self love, or pride, on the central summit of the head.

11. Organ of approbation or vanity, and love of popularity.

12. Cautiousness. This organ appears in the breadth, approaching to squareness of the posterior part of the head, and is very distinctly marked in women.

13. Benevolence. All persons noted for benevolence and meekness have a peculiarly high elevation on the centre of the forehead, just at the commencement of the hair. Horses having a vertical ridge between the eyes are gentle; if not, they kick. Dogs with this feature are mild, without it they bite, &c. &c.

14. Veneration, or the principle of religion, is situated in the front-top of the head. When it is prominent, and the posterior part of the head projects, it produces more than piety; it makes an inquisitor. A true christian preacher has the forehead very large, posterior part small.

15. Hope. Where this predominates too much, the subject is credulous and enthusiastic.

16. Organ of *ideality*, or imagination. It is an expanded projection, rising over the temples, as in the heads of Dryden, Milton, and Shakspeare, and bust of Homer. In Locke and Demosthenes it is wanting.

17. Organ of righteousness, or the sentiment of right and wrong.

18. Organ of *determinativeness*, or firmness. He who has this organ, when once resolved, may be depended upon in every necessity. Observe persons who argue much, and "even though vanquished, will argue still," you will find the organ prominent; where it is disproportionate it indicates stubbornness.

The Intellectual Powers.

19. A ridge over the nose and eyebrows, at the base of the forehead, indicates brilliant men, or persons of knowledge, men of fact. It is termed, in Craniological language, the organ of *individuality*, as it remembers facts, learns and retains things, but forgets dates. It is most developed in Frenchmen, who always begin a discourse with the fact, never with the cause.

20. Organ of form, or discrimination of forms, the faculty essential to artists.

21. The organ of size, and 22 the organ of discrimination of weight.

23. Organ of colours. Some men having perfect vision have no sense of colour; it is manifested by an elevated circle over

the eyebrows, which gives the face a gay aspect. Women excel in colouring ; so, too, do Frenchmen.

24. Organ of space. It measures space and distance, judges of symmetry, and gives notions of perspective. It consists of two elevations over the eyebrows, at their inner end. Astronomers, geographers, voyagers, and travellers, have this organ highly developed, as in Sir Isaac Newton and Captain Cook. Others are often very deficient, as Dr. Gail himself, who often forgets the residence of his own patients.

25. The organ of order is an elevation at the outer extremity of the eyebrows. It induces habits of regularity and system. Cleanliness also belongs to the order.

26. Organ of time. Strongly marked in chronologists, and sometimes in old women.

27. Organ of number, or of mathematics. It consists in the external angle of the eyebrow being lower and more full than the internal. It is well developed in Newton, Euler, the late Mr. Pitt, and the arithmetician, Jedediah Buxton. Negroes are deficient in this faculty.

28. Organ of music. This organ gives the forehead a square appearance, forming an angular ridge from the temple to the top of the forehead, the eyes being slightly depressed inward.

29. Gall observed that persons with large prominent eyes, especially with a swollen circle below them, as in Milton, Locke, and Voltaire, had good verbal memories. This, it seems, is caused by the development of the organ, which pushes the eye-balls forward.

The Reflective Powers.

30. Organ of comparison. Men of fact have the lower part of the forehead prominent over the eyebrows, but men of analogy and parable have a kind of inverted pyramid at the top-front of the forehead ; popular preachers have this part developed.

31. Organ of casualty, or investigation. It appears in the artist and ingenious mechanic. All excellence, in any art, is indicated by it. Dryden, Milton, Shakspeare, Locke, and Mr. Pitt, had it. Philosophical speculation is more confined to the centre.

It is not necessary to the faculty that the whole forehead should be prominent ; the mere front is sufficient. If the upper part of the forehead be prominent, or an elevated ridge traverse it horizontally, it is called by Gall the organ of metaphysics, but his pupil, Dr. Spurzheim, who has refined upon his theory, considers the lateral prominences as indicative of the relation between cause and effect, "while the centre elevation compares, the side ones reflect on cause and effect."

32. Organ of wit. It is situated in the lateral part, and should be prominent over the eyes, as appeared in Sterne, who is painted with his finger on this organ.

33. Organ of imitation. It was discovered by Gall, on examining the skull of a great player who had a deep furrow on the top of his forehead—the bust of Shakspeare has this organ strongly marked.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF

DR. BOYLSTON.

It is a legitimate ground of national exultation, that, while in other countries those new inventions and improvements which add to the comforts, or mitigate the ills, of life, commonly make their way slowly against the opposition of prejudice and individual interest ; here they are scarcely known before they become universal. Among hundreds of instances of various kinds which might be given, we need only to mention steam navigation, the practice of vaccination, the improvements of the criminal code, the penitentiary system, and the modern practice in cases of insanity. It is remarkable that this has always been, in some degree, a national characteristic ; and one of the most curious facts of our colonial history is, that the practice of inoculation, for the small pox, was introduced into common use in this country from the east, at a time when in Europe, and especially in England, it was confined to very narrow limits, and generally viewed with suspicious dislike. Though the history of this invention is familiar to the antiquarians of Massachusetts, yet, as it is much less generally known elsewhere than it deserves to be, I have drawn up from

various sources* a sketch of the life of Zabdiel Boylston, that liberal and enlightened physician, to whose zeal and courage in the cause of humanity, our country is chiefly indebted for this early introduction of the practice of small pox inoculation.

Zabdiel Boylston was born at Brookline, Massachusetts, in 1684. He never enjoyed the advantages of a learned education, but after acquiring a considerable stock of miscellaneous knowledge from private instruction, studied medicine under the care of Dr. Butler, a respectable physician and surgeon of Boston. In a few years he acquired the reputation of great skill in his profession, rose into extensive practice, and accumulated a fortune very considerable for those times. In 1721, when the small-pox desolated the town of Boston, and filled the whole country with alarm and terror, Dr. Cotton Mather, a man of extensive knowledge and general curiosity, pointed out to the physicians of Boston, an account of the practice of inoculation for small-pox, as used in the east, contained in a volume of the transactions of the royal society. This communication was received with great contempt by the whole of the faculty, who had probably come to the resolution of the physicians in Moliere, always to follow the ancient practice, whether good or bad; *essere in omnibus consultationibus ancienni advisi aut boni aut mauvaisi*; with the single exception of Dr. Boylston. Although this practice was unexampled in America, and not known to have been introduced in Europe, he immediately inoculated his own son, a child of six years of age, and two servants. Encouraged by the success of this experiment, he began to extend his practice. This innovation was received with a universal clamour of invective and opposition. The physicians of the town gave their unanimous opinion against it, and the selectmen of Boston passed an ordinance to prohibit it. A Scotch physician, Dr. Douglass, a man of narrow mind and malignant passions, particularly distinguished himself by his abuse of Dr. Boylston, whom he denounced as a bold, ignorant, and most dangerous quack. But supported by a strong conviction of the great utility of this invention, and the firm support of several liberal and intelligent clergymen, he persevered; and in the course of the years 1721 and 1722, inoculated with his own hand

* Mass. Historical Collections, Holmes' Annals, Elliott's Diet. Allen's Biograph. Diet.

247 persons ; thirty-nine more were inoculated by others, and of the whole number, (286,) only six died. During the same period of 5759, who had the small-pox the natural way, 844, nearly one seventh, died. Still, however, Douglass and his partisans continued to inflame the public against their benefactor by virulent publications and furious declamation. They argued that his practice was nothing more than wilfully spreading contagion, a crime equivalent to that of poisoning—that as the disease was a judgment from God upon the sins of the people, all attempts to avert it would but provoke him the more ; and, forgetting that the argument would extend to any exercise of their own profession, they even contended, that as there was a time appointed unto every man for death, it was impious to attempt to stay or to avert the stroke. Religious bigotry, being thus called into action, in addition to the feelings of personal malignity, so exasperated many of the ignorant against Dr. Boylston, that attempts were threatened against his life, and it became unsafe for him to leave his house after dusk. Time and experience at length came in to the aid of truth, opposition died away, and at last the rancorous Douglass reluctantly declared himself a convert to the new practice, without, however, having the magnanimity to confess the merit of Dr. Boylston. Boylston had the satisfaction of seeing inoculation in general use in New-England for some time before it became common in Great Britain.

In 1725, he visited England, where he was received with the most marked attention from the learned and scientific of the metropolis. He was elected a fellow of the royal society, and contracted an acquaintance and friendship with many distinguished men, particularly with the pious and learned Dr. Watts, with whom he corresponded during the remainder of his life. Upon his return he continued at the head of his profession for many years ; he yet found time for literary and philosophical pursuits, and contributed several valuable papers to the transactions of the royal society. He died March 1st, 1766.

His only publications, beside his communications to the royal society, are “ Some account of what is said of inoculating or transplanting the small pox, by the learned Dr. Emanuel Timonius and Jac. Pylarinus,” a pamphlet, Boston, 1721, and “ An historical account of the small-pox, inoculated in New-England,” &c. London, 1726.

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

HINT FOR A ROMANCE.

From the Morning Chronicle—Dec. 8, 1814.

[From the initials, and the prefatory lines, it appears that the author of this fragment is Moore, the poet.]

THE following sportive bagatelle was penned some years ago by the most distinguished amatory and Anacreontic writer of the present day.

THE LAMP OF ST. AGATHA.

Sanctos restinguere fontibus ignes.—Virg.

“Till the lamp in the cell of St. Agatha is extinguished, never can the house of Malvezzi be at peace.”—Such, said the guide, were the prophetic words which the hermit of the mountain uttered before he died.—He was a man of strange and mysterious habits, and many were the wonders which he performed in his cave. He could dress a talisman (say the legends of those times) as expertly as Messahallah, Albohazen, or any other Arabian impostor.

Like the great little Albert he could teach a serpent to speak Greek, and make a salamander say his prayers like Porphyry. When he lay upon his bed of rushes expiring, just before the last gleam of life was out, his eyes seemed to glow with more than mortal animation, and he pronounced these words, with a voice not of this world:—“Till the lamp in the cell of St. Agatha is extinguished, never can the house of Malvezzi be in peace.”

“Here,” said the guide, pointing to some fragment of stone, which rudely peeped forth from a wilderness of weeds, “here are the ruins of the abbey, which adjoined the castle of Malvezzi; and here was the cell of St. Agatha, where the fatal lamp lay burning. Near a century had elapsed from the period of the hermit’s prediction, and still the house of Malvezzi was convulsed by bloody dissensions. Father against son, and brother against brother, conflicted with unrelenting ferocity, and murder was almost sated with its victims?”—“But did they not remember the prophecy of the hermit?” said the youthful stranger, who appeared most interested in the tale, and to whom the guide particularly addressed himself.—“But did they not remember the prophecy of the hermit?”

said the youthful stranger.—“They did,” replied the guide, “and still the lamp was unextinguished. In vain was it exposed to the winds and rain; it would hiss to the shower, and quiver to the blast; but it would not go out.—No, it burned brighter than ever! Ill-fated family! When were your sorrows to slumber!

“It was on the last evening of the year 1450, which composed a century from the period of the hermit’s death—vespers were just concluded, and the abbey was still lighted up. The unfortunate young Malvezzi and his followers had been offering their thanks to the Deity, that he had suffered that day to pass over them without blood.—The marquis lingered last in the abbey, and was pacing pensively toward the gates, when a female form rushed rapidly by him, and, gliding along the aisles, disappeared through the subterraneous wicket.—‘How interestingly beautiful!’ said Malvezzi to himself, scarce repressing his astonishment, while he stole a glance at this unknown, over a fragment of the wall of the cell.—She stood beside the lamp, and raised her eyes to heaven.—They had a mingled expression of pity and exultation; and while they softened with regret for the past, they seemed to brighten with a hope for the future. While Malvezzi gazed with breathless expectation, he heard a solemn peal of music floating along the aisles above.—The organs of the abbey were touched by some invisible hand; and it seemed the sweet voice of heaven breathing peace to the wounded spirit of the unfortunate.—The female extinguished the lamp, and vanished?”—“Extinguished! but how?” said the youthful stranger.—“She,” said the guide, “She * * * *

T. M.

SAGACITY OF THE CANINE SPECIES.

[From the French.]

AMONG my literary performances, says a living French writer, M. Dupont Nemours, (a gentleman well known in the United States,) I have a peculiar partiality for my *Philosophie del’ Univers*. I wrote the first sketches for it during a period of horror, for the amusement of an excellent friend, a man not less celebrated than unfortunate, to whom natural philosophy owes important discoveries, and modern chemistry its existence—to the meritorious and truly noble Lavoisier.

In that work, which I shall never cease to correct and improve while I am capable of observing, reading, and writing, I have said a good deal concerning the dog, his sagacity and his manners. Subjoined are a few anecdotes, out of a thousand which I could relate

in proof of what I have there advanced. There are few of my readers who could not easily add others of the same kind.

SULTAN.

The old pedestrians who frequent the Luxembourg, will recollect a sturdy *Quidnunc*, who was called the Abbé *Trente-mille-hommes*, whose real name neither I nor many others ever knew, and who received that nickname on account of the extraordinary firmness with which he adjusted the rights and interests of all the crowned heads in Europe, by means of 30,000 men, whom he caused to be levied at pleasure in this or that state, to cross rivers and mountains, to take cities, and win battles. As a pupil of the great Turenne, he was not fond of numerous armies; he never desired more than 30,000 men.

With this military turn, it is no wonder that the Abbé *Trente-mille-homes* should have been fond of being abroad. Early in the morning he was in the garden, breakfasted at the *Caffé de la Grande Porte*, dined at the keeper's lodge at *La Portes des Carmes*, drank in the evening a bottle of beer, and ate, in company with his dog, six biscuits at the *Porte de l'Enfer*; and never quitted the garden till he had been twice warned by the keeper that it was time. If it rained, he took up his abode with one of the three keepers, where he read the newspaper over and over again, and made profound comments on the articles they contained, which, when he had no other auditors, he would address to his faithful dog.

The abbé died. His dog, named Sultan, of middling size, of a reddish gray colour, and of the wolf breed, would not follow any other master, though several friends of the abbé would have taken care of him. The garden, which had long been his haunt, continued so still; in fine weather he took up his night's lodging upon the benches, and in foul weather underneath them. To the troop of politicians he manifested the same attachment as before; he followed them in their deliberate walks, he stopped at their accustomed stations, attentively surveyed the figures which they made in the sand, and was treated by those who took coffee with a mouthful of bread and butter, by the beer-drinker with a biscuit, which he would catch when thrown to him with admirable dexterity, and with a few fragments by other guests.

At the same time Sultan was not so inseparable from the Luxembourg as to refuse invitations to dinner, which he often received, after it was found that such civility gave him pleasure. The usual form of the invitation was—"Sultan, will you come and dine with me? Some, indeed, couched it in politer terms, and said, "Sultan, will you do me the honour to dine with me?" If he was not pre-engaged, he would return the invitation with the

most flattering caresses; in the contrary case, he made a slight inclination, and immediately placed himself by the side of the person by whom he was already asked. He followed them step by step, bounded joyfully out of the garden, ate his meal with great appetite, performed a thousand antics, and made himself an agreeable companion. After the cloth was removed he waited a short time very contentedly, and then politely requested to be let out: if his host delayed to open the door, he first began to sigh, and at length grew angry. Many attempts were made to detain him, but he always escaped, and would never afterwards go near those who, under the mask of kindness, endeavoured to enslave him.

A person, who very likely might have been fond of Sultan, but who had not sufficient delicacy to be aware, that a generous mind is not to be won by compulsion, once ventured to tie him. Sultan became furious, gnawed the cord to pieces, bit the person who had thus confined him, and ran off as fast as he could. Never did he afterwards meet this faithless friend, but he reproached him with violent barking for his treachery, and turned away from him with contempt.

THE TURNSPIT.

About 45 years since, two dogs performed the office of turnspit in the *Collège du Plessis*. Both were perfect masters of their business. They never let a joint of meat scorch; they knew from the smell when it was done, and gave notice of this to the cook by barking.

Their work was no hardship to them; they took their turns at it; but with some difference, as the number of days are unequal, but that of the fast days equal. The cook's favourite was on duty every Monday and Wednesday; whereas his comrade's days were Sunday, Tuesday, and Thursday. Friday and Saturday were holydays for both.

When once accustomed to this arrangement, they adhered to it with the utmost regularity. Men themselves submit cheerfully, and as a matter of course, to existing laws, so long as no violation of them is allowed by the higher powers.

One Wednesday, the dog whose turn it was, not being at hand, the cook would have employed the other which had been at work the preceding day, in his stead. The latter, indignant at the injustice of this proceeding, snarled, ran away and crept into a corner. The cook followed. The dog growled more furiously and showed his teeth. The cook fetched a stick, on which the animal sprung up, ran out of the house, and posted away to the *Place Cambrai*, where he found his comrade at play with other companions of that quarter. He flew at him, pushed him away, drove him before him all the way home, brought him to the feet of the

cook, and then looked calmly at him, as though he would have said—"Here is your dog—it is his turn, and not mine."

THE LAME DOG.

M. Pibrac, an eminent surgeon, who was alive shortly before the revolution, one evening found near his house a very fine dog which had broken its foot, and was howling most piteously. M. Pibrac sent a servant to bring him to his house, where he set the injured foot, bound it up, and took care of the animal till he was cured. During, and after the cure, the dog expressed the utmost gratitude; and his benefactor conceived that he had secured his affection for ever. But the dog had another master, and with this species old attachments are so predominant, that, in general, they cease only with life. As soon as the patient was able to run, he set off and did not return. M. Pibrac almost repented of his kindness. "Who would have thought," said he, "that a dog could be ungrateful?"

Five or six months had elapsed, when the dog once more appeared at his door, and caressed M. Pibrac in the fondest manner. He was glad to see the runaway again, and would have taken him into the house. Instead of following him, the dog pulled him by the coat, licked his hands, and looked to one side, as if desirous to show him something. It turned out to be a bitch of his acquaintance, who had met with a similar accident to that which had befallen himself, and whom he had brought to his benefactor, that the latter might do as much for her as he had done for him.

THE SHOE-BLACK'S DOG.

A shoe-black, who used to take his station before the entrance of the *Hotel de Nivernois*, had a great black poodle, which possessed the extraordinary talent of procuring custom for his master. This animal would dip his large woolly paw in the kennel, and tread with it upon the shoe of the first person that passed by. The shoe-black lost no time in offering his stool, with the invitation—"Please to have your shoes cleaned, sir?"

As long as he was engaged the dog sat quietly by his side. It would then have been useless to bedaub the shoes of another passenger; but no sooner was the stool unoccupied than he played the same trick as before. This sagacious dog and his master, who was always ready to oblige the servants at the hotel, became advantageously known in the court-yard and kitchen, whence their fame spread from mouth to mouth, till at length it reached the drawing-room.

A wealthy Englishman, who happened to be there, was desirous of seeing the dog and his master. They were called. He liked

the dog so well that he wished to buy him, and offered first one, and afterwards fifteen louis d'ors. The shoe-black was dazzled by the fifteen louis d'ors, and likewise somewhat fluttered by the distinguished company into which he was ushered. The dog was sold and delivered; the following day he was conveyed in a post-chaise to Dover, where he embarked with his new master, and arrived safe in London.

The shoe-black meanwhile bewailed the loss of his four-footed companion, and bitterly repented what he had done. How immoderate then was his joy, when, on the fourteenth day, the dog came running to his old station, with dirtier paws than ever, and began with his wonted skill to bring custom to his master.

He had taken notice of the road from Paris to Calais; he had observed that the chaise was here exchanged for the packet, and that a third carriage proceeded from Dover to London. Most of these coaches performed the same journey back again. The dog had returned from his new master to the coach-office, whence he followed perhaps the same vehicle that had carried him to London, and was now going in the contrary direction to Dover. The packet conveyed him over again to Calais, and from that town he followed the diligence back to Paris.

Sultan I knew myself. He often did me the honour to dine with me, as I never laid the least restraint upon his liberty. He staid longer with me than any other person, because he knew that the door would be opened for him at the first intimation.

A fellow pupil of the *Collège du Plessis*, reminded me of the turnpits.

Several of my colleagues in the Institute, who knew M. Pibrac, have assured me of the truth of the story respecting him.

I was myself an eye-witness of what passed before the door, and in the hotel, of the excellent Duke de Nivernois. The circumstances are recollected by all the inhabitants of the *Rue de Tournon*.

POETRY.

PARADISE OF COQUETTES.

[In a former number (vol. 5. p. 204.) we have inserted a review of this highly polished and brilliant poem. We now add a few additional extracts.]

The coquette's repining soliloquy after the ball, is thus told:

'How did I hope to vex a thousand eyes!
O glorious malice, dearer than the prize!
Yet well was taught my brow that pride serene,
Which looks no triumph where no doubt had been;
That easy scorn, all tranquil as before,
Which speaks no insult, and insults the more;
And with calm air, the surest to torment,
Steals angry Spite's last torment, to resent.
Why was the triumph given? Too flattering joy!
Frail hour which one frail minute could destroy!
He came—oh Hope! he hastened to my seat;
I saw, and almost dream'd him at my feet,
Close by my side a gay attendant slave;
'The glance, which thousands sought, to none he gave;
Scarce bow'd to nodding bevvies when we walk'd,
Smil'd when I smil'd, and talk'd, and laugh'd, and talk'd.
Held my light fan with more than woman's grace,
And shook the tiny zephyr o'er my face:
Why did I heedless trust the flattering sign,
As if no fan he e'er had broke but mine!
Ah, simple fool!—yet wherefore nurse the smart?
'The bauble he may break, but not my heart.'

She goes on in a tone of bitter mortification at her rival's success—

'When to the supper-hall we mov'd along,
Why was I doom'd to face her in the throng!
With what provoking kindness did she stand,
And loose her arm from his to press my hand,
And beg with well-feign'd sympathy to know,
Of headaches which I felt three months ago.
I smil'd with looks that all my soul convey'd;
Oh had they but the power which bards have said!
What tho', as if unweeting of my shame,
The little Marquis all obsequious came,
Mid giants venturous gave his arm to guide,
Less by the head, and rear'd him by my side

With brilliant finger made to be ador'd,
 And gallant thumb that daring cross'd the board,
 The ice and jelly graceful gave to sip,
 Eternal nothings dimpling from his lip.
 Till then I knew not fops could have oppress'd,
 Nor felt how hard to laugh without a jest.'

' Grave flattering fools have sworn she has a mind,
 And doat on wonders which they never find.
 But sure the Colonel could not so be caught,
 He woos no lessons but where love is taught.
 If some smart thing from Flavia fall by chance,
 Who sees not half the point is in her glance ?
 And tho' her apophthegm be light as air,
 Red are her lips, and oh what wisdom there !
 Who but must laugh when round her pedants sit ?
 Can cheek so blooming need the aid of wit ?
 Ah happy toilet, where, with equal grace,
 She lays the colours on her mind and face ;
 Sees brighter reason in each blush arise,
 And learns to *look* most beautifully wise.'

There is a delicate and sober purity in the following contrasted picture :

' How happier she, who in love's tranquil bower,
 Clasps the sweet prize of conquest, not the power ;
 Who, while one gaze her charms to all prefers,
 And one warm heart returns the warmth of hers,
 Heeds not tho' crowds to half her beauty chill,
 Should deem some flirt of fashion fairer still ;
 Who the light chain by wedded dames abhorr'd,
 Which many a year has bound her to her lord,
 Wears like some bridal ornament of state,
 Nor thinks a husband is a name of hate ;
 But hails his calmest smile, and still can hear
 His sober gallantries with glowing ear.
 Her not the toilet's endless fret can tease,
 Who pleases one, and seeks but one to please ;
 She, if her happy lord but gaze with pride,
 Wears what he loves, and thinks no gem denied ;
 And if, compliant with his wish, she roam
 To the gay tumults which endear her home,
 Mid brighter fashions, and that pomp of waste,
 Which glittering fools misname, and call it—Taste.
 Tho' not a jewel her simple hair have crown'd,
 While lavish diamonds fling their beams around,

Can smile serene, nor feel one envy burn,
 And sleep without a sigh on her return.
 She, if her charms, or chance, around her bring
 Half the gay triflers of the crowded ring,
 Now soft with one, and now with one all gay,
 As the free tones of careless converse play,
 Can share the Captain's laugh, nor fear the while
 Lest angry Generals frown at every smile :
 Ah, not like her, who, half afraid, half bold,
 Proud of new slaves, yet loath to lose the old,
 When cruel fortune gathers round her throne,
 Whom singly she had seem'd to love alone,
 Must anxious manage every look and speech,
 And deal the cautious tenderness to each.
 Yes, ye tir'd band, whom never respite saves ;
 Ye slaves, still toiling 'mid your train of slaves !
 Yes, there are joys, even vanity above—
 Ambition, conquest, what are ye to love !

The third canto begins in apologies for the 'guileless changefulness,' of woman.

'Ye watchful sprites, who make e'en man your care,
 And sure more gladly hover o'er the fair,
 Who grave on adamant all changeless things,
 The smiles of courtiers and the frowns of kings !
 Say to what soft texture ye impart
 The quick resolves of woman's trusting heart ;
 Joys of a moment—wishes of an hour—
 The short eternity of Passion's power.
 Breath'd in vain oaths that pledge with generous zeal
 E'en more of fondness than they e'er shall feel,
 Light fleeting vows that never reach above,
 And all the guileless changefulness of love ;
 Is summer's leaf the record ? Does it last
 Till withering autumn blot it with his blast ?
 Or frailer still to fade e'er ocean's ebb,
 Grav'd on some filmy insect's thinnest web,
 Some day fly's wing that dies and ne'er has slept,
 Lives the light vow, scarce longer than 'tis kept ?
 Ah ! call not perfidy her fickle choice !
 Ah ! find not falsehood in an angel's voice !
 True to one word, and constant to one aim,
 Let man's hard soul be stubborn as his frame ;
 But leave sweet woman's form and mind at will,
 To bend and vary and be graceful still.

DOMESTIC LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

DR. J. JACKSON, of Boston, has published *A Eulogy* which he lately delivered on the character of John Warren, M. D. President of the Mass. Medical Society. It is neatly and perspicuously written; the praise is high, yet always discriminating, and there is none of that vague exaggeration which so frequently disgusts us in compositions of this class.

The following is a summary of the principal facts which he relates.

Dr. John Warren was the son of a respectable farmer in Roxbury, Mass. He was born July 27th, 1753, entered Harvard College in 1767, where he was graduated A. B. in 1771. He passed two years (at that time the customary period) in the study of medicine, with his brother, Dr. Joseph Warren, a man then eminent for his skill in medicine, but now remembered as the patriot and soldier. In 1773, he commenced the practice of his profession in Salem, where he soon gained reputation and extensive employment. With his patriotic brother, he warmly espoused the cause of liberty; and on the day following the battle of Bunker Hill, resolved to enter into the service of his country. Guided on his way by the blaze of Charlestown, he repaired with his arms and knapsack to head-quarters, at Cambridge. On the road he met the tidings of his brother's death, but in the universal confusion which prevailed, it was impossible to ascertain for several days whether the report was true.

The state of torture he endured during this anxious interval, was, in the words of his own private diary, "such as none who have not felt, can form any conception of." In the warmth of his zeal he had resolved to enter the ranks as a private, but his professional merit was known, and he was immediately appointed hospital surgeon; in this capacity he accompanied the army for two years, was in the campaign on Long-Island, and in the battles of Trenton and Princeton. In 1777 he was appointed superintending surgeon of the military hospitals at Boston, and continued in this station until 1783, uniting private practice with his public duties.

In 1780 he began a course of private lectures on anatomy, which was the first ever formally delivered in New-England.

Several bequests for the foundation of medical professorships in Harvard College, had been made, and at the close of the war Dr. Warren, at the request of the corporation, formed a plan of a medical school, which was adopted, and he was appointed to the chair of anatomy. He was probably more self-taught than any man who had taken such an office within the two last centuries, never having had the benefit of personal instruction from any scientific professor. But every difficulty vanished before his zeal, industry, and talents; he delivered his lectures for twenty-six years without interruption or assistance, until 1809, when his son was associated with him. In the meanwhile his practice in Boston became very

extensive and lucrative, and he twice proffered the resignation of his professorship, but was dissuaded from his purpose by President Willard. In the hurry of business, he yet found or made time for social and public duties, and even for literary labour. He was not ostentatious in his publications; but his *Essay on the Mercurial Practice* is pronounced worthy of high estimation among philosophers and practising physicians.

For more than thirty years he was continually, and unremittingly, employed in his professional and public labours. "Probably no man in America," says Dr. Jackson, "has gone through so much business, I will not say in the same time, but even in the longest life. He died after a short illness, in April, 1815.

In private life he was singularly estimable and exemplary.

The most striking feature of his intellectual character was the great and apparently intuitive rapidity of all his mental operations. He was skilled in all branches of medicine, but especially eminent in surgery. His rare eloquence as a lecturer will not soon be forgotten; his voice was harmonious; his utterance distinct; his delivery full of animation; his language perspicuous and choice—above all, he was warmly interested in his subject, and anxiously solicitous to interest and inform his hearers.

Rev. L. Beecher's *Address on behalf of the Society for educating young men for the Ministry*. This small pamphlet, intended for a local and particular purpose, is worthy of general circulation.

It consists of a short statement of the general deficiency of religious instruction, among all sects in the United States, comprising much very interesting information; and concludes with an earnest, solemn, impressive address on the importance of speedily educating a sufficient body of competently learned clergy.

Fielding Lucas, Baltimore, has lately published *The Art of Colouring and Painting Landscapes in Water Colours, accompanied by ten engravings; from the best authors*. By an Amateur. It forms a beautiful thin octavo volume. The author has selected and arranged, in a methodical manner, the most valuable rules and hints on the subject of drawing, and landscape painting, which are to be found in the best approved European writers. Both in his rules and examples, his chief object has been to point out the simplest methods of producing the particular effects. He treats the subject under the following heads. An explanation of technical terms, together with elementary instructions—preparation of the paper, &c.—choice of a subject—drawing the outline—shading in Indian ink—coloured drawings—laying on the gray or aerial tint—painting sky—drawing from nature—different mixtures of colours—method of leaving out the lights in water colour drawings—explanations and remarks on the plates. The plates consist of a landscape in outline, the same in preparation, and the same in colours; a rich warm-sunset subject in preparation, and then in colours; and lastly, three coloured landscapes, being a quiet silvery moonlight; a snow scene; and a pic-

turesque night-scene on the sea coast, to display the effect of fire. The engraved title page is adorned by a very pretty coloured vignette, drawn and engraved by Strickland of Philadelphia. Take it altogether, as to the subject, the style of execution, and of embellishment, this forms, we should think, a useful—certainly a most pleasing volume, and one of the handsomest ever published in this country.

William Wirt, Esq. of Richmond, Virginia, is preparing for the press, a *Life of the late Patrick Henry*, the great Orator of Virginia. We look forward to this publication with much interest. The acknowledged genius and brilliant eloquence of the biographer, naturally raise high expectation, while the subject is not only a noble one itself, but is also calculated to excite great curiosity.

Thomas Day, Esq. will shortly commence the publication of *Reports of Cases in the Supreme Court of Errors of Connecticut*. These reports are published in pursuance of a late law of the State; they commence with June Term, 1814, the decisions of each term, (of which there are two in a year,) making one 8vo. number, of 100 to 150 pages. Mr. Day has long been known as a learned and perspicuous legal writer and commentator; and the court, whose decisions he reports, is composed of nine able and learned judges.

We have lately received two pamphlets published in November last, by the American Antiquarian Society. One of these is a communication from the president to the society, on the object and best modes of promoting the interests of the institution, the other an anniversary address delivered by Abiel Holmes, D. D. October 24th, 1814. The purpose of this society is to explore, collect, and preserve the history, antiquities, and topography of the American continent.

It is the third institution of the kind established in the United States. The eldest is the Massachusetts Historical Society, at Boston, established in 1794, the next that of New-York, begun in 1804; this was formed in 1813, and its library and cabinet are deposited at Worcester, Massachusetts. The president is Isaiah Thomas, Esq. the venerable author of the *History of Printing in America*, a work which certainly entitles its author to a high rank among American antiquarians. He has laid the foundation of the library of this society, by presenting to it his own collection of history and American publications, valued at 4,000 dollars. The society has since received many donations, among which are about 900 volumes, being the remains of the library of the Mather family, probably the most ancient collection in the United States, except that of Gov. Winthrop, which is divided between the New-York library and the Boston Historical Society. Dr. Holmes's address is devoted to the vindication and panegyric of the minute study of our own history and antiquities; which task he performs *con amore* with much zeal and ability, interspersing many pleasing illustrations, drawn from our domestic annals.

We are decidedly of his opinion on this matter. This is a very important study, whether we regard it in reference to the aid which it affords to the useful labours of the politician, the political economist, and the philosophical speculatist, or with a view to its influence on national character, and its effect in exciting and diffusing local and patriotic attachments, and all those kind sympathies which bind us to our native soil by cords of love.

To attain accuracy, it is necessary to be sometimes minute, and minuteness may lead to solemn trifling, nor is it easy to draw the line between them; yet this kind of trifling is at least always innocent, and we think Dr. Holmes has fully vindicated the right of the American antiquarian, "to spell out inscriptions in old graveyards, to pore over musty books that have long been concealed in garrets; to be transported at the discovery of an old manuscript; to hold long dialogues with Indians; to explore, to the bottom, any mounds of earth that have a sepulchral, or military, or mystic appearance; to dig up subterranean walls, the design or occasion of which no man living can tell; to carry off any misshapen stone which may haply prove to be an Indian relic, if not even an idol; to stare leisurely at any edifice which appears to have stood a full century; to ask any pertinent questions, however improper or rude they may be deemed by others; to have the right of preëmption of any American *antique*, and, in general, (excepting petty larceny,) to do whatever the antiquaries of the old world have done from time immemorial."

D. B. Warden, late American consul at Paris, whose work on consular establishments was noticed in our last number, has completed a new work *On Citizenship and Naturalization in Ancient and Modern Times*; which he intends shortly to publish in this country. It treats in distinct chapters of the causes of emigration—of the right of emigration—of the effect of residence abroad—of Jewish citizenship—of Carthaginian—Grecian—Roman—American—of citizenship in Venezuela—in France—England—Holland—Russia—Spain—Germany and Norway—Denmark and Sweden—Poland—Italy—Prussia—Switzerland and Geneva—Turkey, and parts of Asia.

It is said to be a work of deep research, and having been written in Paris, where the great public libraries afford every facility to inquiries of this sort, it probably affords a more complete view of that subject than any of the essays on this subject which have appeared in this country, however valuable they may be in other respects.

Conrad, Philadelphia, and Eastburn, Kirk, & Co., New-York, have republished in one 8vo. volume, *The Elements of Agricultural Chemistry*, by Sir H. Davy. Though this volume does not, like the former labours of its celebrated author, make new additions to the stock of human knowledge, it is full of information. In his former works, Davy appeared as a conqueror, extending the bounds of his empire; here he assumes the character of a legislator, regulating and arranging what was before subdued. As it is not the province of this department to examine or analyze foreign books reprinted here,

we shall only observe, that of the eight lectures which compose this volume, the first is general and introductory; the second gives an outline of physical science, so far as the general powers of matter influence vegetable life; the third discusses the organization of plants, and the chemical properties of their substance; the fourth is employed on soils, their constituent parts, analysis, uses, and improvement; the fifth on the atmosphere, and the functions of vegetation; the sixth and seventh on vegetable and mineral manures; and the last on burning, irrigation, and fallowing, and the rotation of crops. An appendix details an extensive course of experiments, made for the purpose of ascertaining the comparative value, as to produce and nutritive quality, of the grasses and other plants, which are used as food for animals. The lectures are written in a perspicuous style; they are popular, and at the same time scientific.

E. Earle, Philadelphia, has in the press *An Essay on the Character and Writings of St. Paul*, by Hannah More. The talents of this excellent and accomplished woman are still unimpaired by age, and the present work is every way worthy of her former writings. In her review of the life, labours, and doctrine of the apostle of the Gentiles, she views christianity not as a system of speculative excellence, but as of moral activity; while in her admirably-drawn character of Voltaire she gives a striking picture of an unwearied energy of mind devoted to very different purposes.

E. Earle has also in the press, *Roderick, the last of the Goths*, an epic poem, by Robert Southey. And Gen. Sarazin's *Account of the War in Spain and Portugal*.

Longworth, New-York, has published, in one 18mo. volume, Cunningham's pleasing little tale, *The Velvet Cushion*, with a few theological notes by an American editor.

Howe & Deforest, New-Haven, have published *An Introduction to Algebra*, by Jeremiah Day, Professor of Mathematics, Yale College, in one vol. 8vo. of about 300 pages. This very respectable volume is the first part of a course of mathematics, adapted to the method of instruction in the American colleges, which Professor Day is now engaged in preparing for the press. This first volume is, of course, chiefly compilation. The author's great object in abridgment is the saving of time and labour to the student, by bringing into one view what he would otherwise have to seek in many volumes. Free use has been, therefore, made of the works of Newton, Maclaurin, Saunderson, Simpson, Euler, and Lacroix; the selection has been principally guided by a view to practical utility.

The remainder of the intended course of mathematics will consist of Plain Trigonometry, including Analytical Trigonometry and Logarithms---Mensuration---Navigation and Surveying---Conic Sections---Spherical Geometry---and lastly, Fluxions.

Wells & Lilly, Boston, have lately published *Reports of the Circuit Court of the United States for the first circuit, vol. 1st*. This circuit

is held by Judge Storey, and includes the States of New-Hampshire, Massachusetts, and Rhode-Island.

Waite & Sons, Boston, propose to print Mitford's excellent history of Greece.

S. & T. Armstrong, Boston, have published *New-England's Memorial*, a new edition with many original notes. Also an additional volume of *Sermons by the Rev. Dr. Emmons*, of Massachusetts.

They propose to publish *A Text Book in Geography and Chronology for the use of Schools and Academies*, by the Rev. John L. Blake, A. A. S., member of the N. Y. Hist. Society.

Etheridge, of Charleston, Massachusetts, has published the first volume of *Gregory's Dictionary of Arts and Sciences*; it will be comprised in 3 quarto volumes. It is well printed, and the engravings are good.

We observe that the *eighth* American edition of *Paley's Moral Philosophy* is advertised by West & Richardson, Boston.

Cummings & Hilliard, Boston, have published *A Synopsis of the Genera of American plants, according to the latest improvements of the Linnæan system*. By Obadiah Rich.

They propose to print *Hubbard's History of New-England*, one of the most curious records of what may be termed our ancient history.

Lately published at Providence, Rhode-Island, *American Naval Biography*, compiled by Isaac Bailey, Esq. one vol. 12mo.

A prospectus has been issued of a work to be called *Historical and Geographical Tracts on Louisiana*, presenting a succinct view of its settlement, progress, revolutions, and present state; the character and manners of the inhabitants; the variety of its soil, climate, and animal, vegetable, and mineral productions; with maps illustrative of its natural physiognomy, its geographical configuration, and relative situation; by William Darby and Louis Bringier. To be comprised in two volumes 8vo. of from 3 to 400 pages each. They will contain a large map of Upper and Lower Louisiana, 12 miles to an inch, a great part drawn from actual survey; a physical map, exhibiting the relative position of Louisiana, and a map of the seat of war in that country, presenting a detailed view of the operations of the fleets and armies.

The price will be *twenty-five dollars* for the whole work, payable on delivery.

FOREIGN LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

Border Antiquities of England and Scotland, comprising specimens of architecture and sculpture, and other vestiges of former ages, accompanied by descriptions, together with illustrations of remarkable incidents in border history and tradition, and original poetry, by Walter Scott.

The *Border Antiquities of England and Scotland* will be comprised in sixteen parts, forming two handsome volumes; and will, when finished, contain one hundred engravings of the most interesting subjects of antiquity still remaining in the "BORDERS," or connected with them by history. Mr. Walter Scott's researches in, and complete acquaintance with, Border customs and manners, history and tradition, will enable him to enrich the work not only with his illustrations, but also with much original poetry. An introductory Historical sketch, and complete indexes will likewise be given.

A Voyage round Great Britain, undertaken in the year 1813, and commencing from the land's-end, Cornwall, by Richard Ayton, with a series of coloured views, illustrative of the character and prominent features of the coast; drawn and engraved by William Daniell, A. R. A.

The design of this voyage is to give a descriptive account of the coast, and of every object worthy of observation in its vicinity; of the towns, harbours, &c. and the general character and appearance of the shore round the island.

The work will consist of fourteen numbers, forming one large volume in imperial quarto.

The History and Illustration of Salisbury Cathedral; constituting a portion of the cathedral antiquities of England; or a historical, architectural, and graphical illustration of the English cathedral churches, by John Britton, F. S. A.

British Gallery of Pictures, in two series; the first series, or small engravings, comprises engravings of the whole of the Marquis of Stafford's collection of pictures, arranged according to schools, and in chronological order, with remarks on each picture, by W. Y. Ottery, Esq. F. S. A. The second series, or large engravings, consists of engravings of the finest paintings of the old masters, selected from the most admired productions of Raffaello, Giulio Romano, Andrea del Sarto, Correggio, Parmigiano, Baroccio, Tiziano, Giorgione, Annibale Caracci, Domenichino, Guido, Salvator Rosa, Rubens, Poussin, Claude Lorraine, Teniers, Ostade, Rembrandt, Gherard Dow, Paul Potter, Cuyp, &c. Engraved by Tomkins, Cardon, Schiavonetti, Scriven, Agar, Wright, Warren, Scott, Medland, and other eminent engravers. Accompanied with descriptions, historical and critical, by Henry Tresham, Esq. R. A.

The Architectural Antiquities of Great Britain, by John Britton F. S. A. The work comprises two hundred and seventy-eight engravings, with a history and description of each subject.

Lately published in London, *The Original Journal of the Second Mission of Mr. Mungo Park into the Interior of Africa, in the year 1805.* Transmitted by him to the Colonial Secretary of State. Together with the Authentic and *Interesting Particulars*, communicated in Isacco's Journal of a Voyage undertaken in search of Mr. Park. To which is prefixed a biographical memoir of Mr. Park, from documents communicated by his family. In one vol. 4to. uniform with Mr. Park's former travels, with a map and other engravings.

Shakspeare's Himself Again, or the language of the poet asserted; being a full, but dispassionate, examen of the readings and interpretations of the later editors.

The whole comprised in a series of notes, *sixteen hundred* in number, and farther illustrative of the more difficult passages in his plays, to the various editions of which, the present volumes form a complete and necessary supplement.

The Essayes of a Prentise, in the Divine Art of Poesie. Imprinted at Edinburgh, by Thomas Vautroullier, 1584. Cum Privilegio Regali, 4to.

The Poems of King James VI. of which the present volume contains the First Essays, though in point of merit they do not rank very high, will always be considered curious and interesting, not only on account of the high rank of the author, but as exhibiting a specimen of what he regarded the essence of poetry and criticism. A Memoir containing Strictures and Observations on the Work, and Remarks, explanatory of the "*Revlis and Cautelis to be obseruit and eschewit in Scottis Poesie*," will be prefixed.

Meteorology.—Researches about Atmospheric Phenomena. By Thomas Forster, F. L. S.

This edition contains a series of plates illustrative of Mr. Howard's nomenclature of the clouds and other atmospheric phenomena. The want of such a nomenclature has rendered all descriptions of atmospheric appearances unintelligible or indistinct. This attempt to lay down some general rules for observers may be found advantageous to the painter and engraver.

A Short Account of Experiments and Instruments, depending on the Relations of Air to Heat and Moisture. By John Leslie, F. R. S. E. Professor of Mathematics in the University of Edinburgh. 1 vol. 8vo. with a Plate.

Practical Directions for learning Flower Drawing. By Patrick Syme. Illustrated by beautiful coloured drawings, and outlines of flowers, royal, 4to.

This work will be found one of the most complete treatises on this branch of drawing, whether for the beauty of the drawings, the methodical arrangement of the directions, or the clear manner in which they are conveyed.



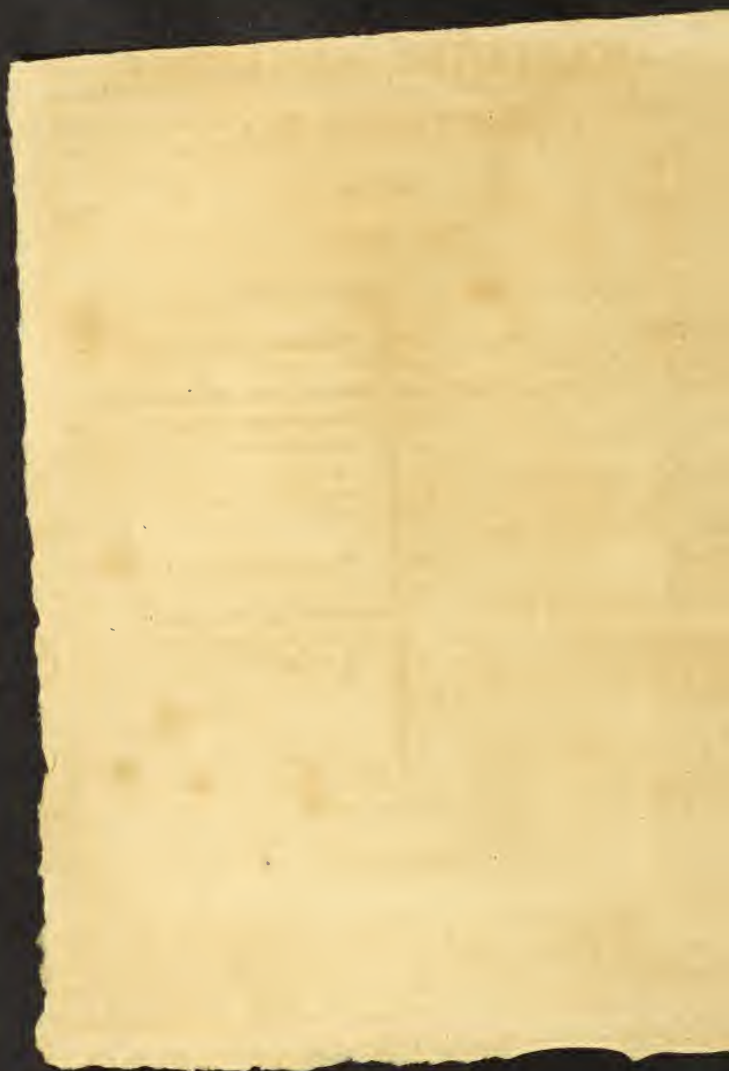


Andrew, del. & sculp.

GEN^L. JON^D. WILLIAMS

— Engraved for the *Analectic Magazine* — Published by M. Thomas —





ANALECTIC MAGAZINE.

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The Miscellaneous Works of Edward Gibbon, Esq. with Memoirs of his Life and Writings, composed by himself; illustrated from his Letters, with occasional Notes and Narrative, by the Right Hon. John, Lord Sheffield. A new Edition, with several Additions. In 5 vols. 8vo.

[From the Quarterly Review.]

AMONG the prodigious improvements which, during the last half century, have taken place in British literature, none is more conspicuous than the appearance of three historians, the least of whom may be entitled to rank with the first writers of antiquity.

This island, though from the spirit, the vigour, and the intelligence of its inhabitants, ever fruitful in memorable events, and from the mixed nature of its government, ever prone to those civil commotions, which more agitate the passions and call forth the powers of eloquent and impassioned narrative, than transac-

actions with foreign enemies, had been distinguished rather by the number and the bulk, than by the elegance and finished composition of the volumes, which constitute its historical library. The noble historian, indeed, of one most interesting period, will never be read by any man of taste and feeling without the most lively emotions : more than intimately acquainted, even identified with the transactions which he records, of the clearest head, the warmest heart, the sincerest probity, the most unaffected piety, with an intuition into the views of men never surpassed, and a faculty of delineating characters perhaps never equalled, Lord Clarendon will always remain the pride and delight of Englishmen who "love the language of the heart." But the narrow period which his history embraces, the peculiar and fugitive, though picturesque system of manners which he describes, and, above all, that air of an advocate which, in despite of his integrity and himself, the irresistible bias of party compelled him to wear, while they leave him in possession of all, and more than all the praise which belonged to his archetype Thucydides, would, perhaps, even by his own suffrage, permit the describers of entire dynasties and empires, when illuminated by genius, and informed by elaborate investigation, to assume higher niches in the temple of historic fame.

After an interval of little less than a century, when the written dialect of the northern and southern parts of this island had been nearly assimilated, we have had the satisfaction of beholding from those opposite quarters the rise and full splendour of three historical luminaries, who, in different ways, and on different subjects, have at least attained to an equality with their greatest rivals in antiquity. Of these, Hume, the most contracted in his subject, is the most finished in execution—the nameless, numberless graces of his style ; the apparent absence of elaboration, yet the real effect produced by efforts the most elaborate ; the simplicity of his sentences, the perspicuity of his ideas, the purity of his expression, entitle him to the name and to the praises of another Xenophon. Robertson never attained to the same graceful ease, or the same unbounded variety of expression ; with a fine ear and exact judgment in the construction of his sentences, and with an absence of Scotticisms truly wonderful in one who had never ceased to converse with Scotsmen, there is, in the sentences of this historian, something resembling the pace of an animal disciplined by assiduous practice to the curb, and never moving but in conformity to the rules of the manège. The taste of Hume was Greek, Attic Greek ; he had, as far as the genius of the two languages would permit, concocted the very juice and flavour of their style, and transfused it into his own. Robertson, we suspect, though a good, was never a profound, scholar ; from the peculiar nature of his education, and his early engagement in the duties of his profession, he had little leisure to be learned. Both, in their several ways,

were men of the world: but Hume, polished by long intercourse with the best society in France, as well as his own country, transferred some portion of easy high breeding from his manners to his writings; while his friend, though no man was ever more completely emancipated from the bigotry of a Scots minister, or from the pedantry of the head of a college, in his intercourse (which he assiduously courted) with the great, did not catch that last grace and polish, which intercourse without equality will never produce, and which, for that reason, mere scavans rarely acquire from society more liberal or more dignified than what is found in their own rank. Mr. Hume in the best company was treated alike as a man of birth and of letters.

In the meridian of the reputation of the two former, and without forming himself upon either of their models, arose a young Englishman of feeble frame and of irregular and neglected education, who, with the defect of a style less chaste and simple, surpassed both them and all preceding historians in the extent and variety of his researches, and produced a work which, from the dignity of its subject, the amplitude of its range, and the lofty tone assumed and maintained by its author, has no rival in ancient or modern times.

Great, indeed, would have been the pride of Britain in such a constellation, had its brightness beamed with a benignant aspect on the best interests of mankind! But, to the unspeakable grief of the friends of revealed religion, the event has been far otherwise, and the posthumous publication of some free and confidential correspondence has disclosed a painful truth, long before suspected, that, while Hume and Gibbon were avowed infidels, their friend and rival, a minister of a reformed church, could endure to spend his days in the public exercise of a religion, of the truth of which he doubted, at best; and regarding the common tie of genius, elegance, and similar pursuits, as more than sufficient to unite those whom the great bar of profession of faith and unbelief ought, for ever, to have disjoined, could receive into his bosom the bitterest enemies of that revelation which he was commissioned to teach and to maintain.

In an age which claims, beyond all that went before it, the prerogative of reflecting and judging for itself, mankind are as much led by names and authority as ever, and the examples of such writers, none of whom had the common inducement to profligacy for wishing revelation an imposture, has, among the higher ranks of society, at least in this country, produced, to a certain degree, that unhappy prejudice against the religion of their forefathers, which, about the same period, the alliance of wit and genius with infidelity, had operated in France. It has been urged, that if men of the profoundest research, of approved probity and good faith, with no inducement from any apprehension of consequences to believe

revelation a falsehood, have nevertheless doubted concerning it, some *εποχή* or suspense of judgment may at least be indulged to those who possess neither the same leisure nor faculties for inquiry, and, provided their lives do not impugn the precepts of religion, they may be excused in declining to labour after a faith which, after all, it may not be in their power to attain. On the contrary, let its evidences be defended with what subtlety soever by the prejudices of profession, or by the anxiety of interest, this does not raise the same antecedent presumption in its favour, which the conduct of its virtuous and disinterested adversaries has excited against it.

History is a vehicle peculiarly adapted in an age like the present, to the purpose for which it has been studiously applied by Gibbon. Infidelity does not there present itself in its old and repulsive garb of propositions, syllogisms, objections, and replies; it makes no formal claim on the time and attention of the reader; it steals upon hours devoted to amusement and relaxation: by inimitable and ever-successful art, it engages taste and elegance on the side of religion; displays, in all the pomp of gorgeous eloquence, the attractions of the heathen ritual, its alliance with statuary, architecture, and song, and celebrates, however falsely, its mild and tolerant spirit, which, uniting under its gentle and comprehensive protection, a thousand modes of faith and worship, scarcely* withheld its toleration from one dark and fanatical superstition; and that because it was itself intolerant. From this superstition, the object of mixed detestation and contempt to a polished and philosophical people, a new mode of fanaticism is represented as having sprung, more pernicious than its parent, inasmuch as the one, from the nature of its institutions was national and exclusive; whereas the other, after bursting forth with incalculable force and rapidity, in no long period of time established itself on the ruins of every religion professed in the civilized world. The progress and final success of this religion, after an oblique and passing hint at its claim of a divine origin, is next attempted to be accounted for by the operation of second causes: the faults and follies of its professors, their unskilful controversies, fictitious miracles, intolerant zeal, and mutual persecutions, are placed in the strongest and most invidious point of view, and the unwearied reader is, with matchless dexterity, conducted to the intended conclusion—that all these abuses are parts of the system, and that, therefore, such a system could not have come from God.

Such is the delinquency which, with all our respect for the genius and learning of Mr. Gibbon, we are compelled to impute to him as a historian; a delinquency which, were we honest infidels

* It is not true that the Jews were altogether exempt from persecution, properly so called, under their Roman masters.

ourselves, would in our estimation be little diminished. For even then we should be compelled to disclaim this insidious and dishonest mode of warfare. We should say—You have never met your enemy front to front, you have never attempted to argue the cause upon its merits: you cannot be ignorant (or if you are, we are compelled to pronounce you an incompetent judge of the subject) that, in addition to the internal evidence in favour of this religion—its purity and moral excellence, which it is impossible to deny—there has been urged in its behalf a vast body of external testimony, to which we are compelled to acknowledge, that nothing similar, at least nothing similarly supported, occurs in the pretensions of any other mode of superstition. You must be aware, that by skilful arrangement of facts and testimonies, by acute and powerful argument, and by all the aids of scholastic erudition, these evidences have been so embodied and so enforced as to carry conviction to the understandings of many enlightened and disinterested men: Christianity is not the superstition of a dark and uninquiring age. Have you refuted—have you attempted to refute, by fair and direct ratiocination, one, even the weakest of these arguments? Can it be proved that you have ever seriously weighed them? Have you even diligently perused the volume in which all these extraordinary things are contained? If you have not, as honest men and fair disputants, we cannot receive you as an ally. Were we indeed perfectly indifferent about the means, we should hail and applaud your success. It is true that you have shaken the faith of many in the christian imposture; but such accessions to the cause of infidelity are of no more value than they were heretofore to that of superstition: they believed, they knew not why—they doubt as they believed. You sneer, you hesitate, you insinuate—you expose failings and follies, prove that confessors may be weak and controvertists absurd, and for such understandings, it must be acknowledged that the means are adapted to the end; but in these modes of refutation we, even we, are unable to acquiesce. The same arts of controversy might be retorted upon ourselves; and though one of our own corps once maintained that ridicule is the test of truth, we have since been assured that by this rule it is as easy to confute truth as error. And if natural religion itself rested on the wisdom and consistency, the purity and the tolerance of its votaries, what must be the event? You have called your idol, Voltaire, a bigot, an intolerant bigot—by what harsher name could you have noted the persecutor of Servetus? Who was more intolerant than Marcus Aurelius, who more fanatical than Julian? Yet in a pagan you conceive these qualities to be capable of uniting with every virtue but their opposites; in a christian they are alike destructive of all. On an attentive survey of our own species, we have been taught that persecution and in-

tolerance are parts of human nature, and it is the province of philosophy, divine philosophy, to purge the heart of these foul defilements. You seem to think that, if not confined to the Jewish and Christian superstitions, such enormities are at least inflamed by them. In attacking christianity, let us not become the advocates of polytheism, nor forget that, under its most plausible and attractive forms, human victims (while the sacrifice of the meanest animal never polluted a christian altar) were occasionally offered to their gods. Of all the inventions by which the religion of nature has been superseded, the religion of the gospel, notwithstanding all the incredible things which it requires to be believed, is the mildest, the purest, and the least injurious to the liberties and the interests of mankind. For your oblique and disingenuous mode of assailing christianity, we are at a loss to account. The mild administration of the laws of your country left you nothing to dread from the most direct and open exposition of your sentiments. The age of Woolston is past. In your instance there was no valour in being honest; and, for the martyrdom of opinion in a worse cause, you have most inconsistently and unhappily braved it. In defiance of an age and country surpassing in delicacy, perhaps in virtue, all which went before it, you have polluted your pages; you have injured your reputation, by the unnecessary and disgusting exhibition of all the filth which your knowledge of antiquity enabled you to rake together.

Such are the accusations which an honest deist might justly prefer against the History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. To us, as christians, these offences are aggravated by higher considerations. They have, however, received their chastisement, and though not precisely such as might have been wished, yet powerful enough to show, under all the disguises of scorn and contempt, that they had inflicted some agonizing feelings on the author.

With this great and polluted work, however, we are no otherwise in contact at present, than as the publication of Mr. Gibbon's posthumous works enables us to account for its excellencies and deformities, by tracing under his own direction the progress of a powerful and ill-directed mind from ignorance to credulity, and from credulity to a cool, contemptuous, and incurable scepticism.

The original matter contained in this impression is at once so curious, and so little exceptionable, that it would require some ingenuity to conjecture for what reason it was suppressed in the former edition. Out of this mass we select the following hints, which may serve to ascertain the turn and progress of the author's mind, while, in a course of severe and systematic study and reflection, he was forming in himself the powers of a philosophical historian.

"Historians, friends to virtue?—Yes—with *exceptions*."—(Alas! what historian ever formed so deplorable an exception as himself!)—"Henry III. (of France) studied politics with an Italian Abbé—Vanity of that science—Ignorance why we *have* acted, how we *shall* act, how others *will* act—Our sense, eloquence, secrecy assisted by the confidence of others—Example of Henry III. his inactivity, his violence—Of Henry IV.—The proper time for changing his religion—How very nice—If too soon, the Catholics would be suspicious, if too late, grown desperate—Effect of civil wars upon the minds of men—A general ferment of fanaticism, discord, and faction—Two singular exceptions—Montaigne in his retirement—Henry IV. on his throne—He loved and trusted mankind—How different from Charles II.!—Religious wars—Persecution inspires union, obstinacy, and at last resentment."—(Is not resentment the first feeling instead of the last?)—"A sect becomes a party—Why christianity suffered so long?"—(Had he expanded the last hint how differently would this interesting subject have been treated at this early period from the two famous chapters!)—"Connexion of religion and politics—The leaders seldom free from enthusiasm, or the followers from ambition—The ruling passion very rare—Most passions confined to times, place, persons, circumstances—Patriotism seldom even a passion—Ambition generally mixed with other passions—Often subservient to them—When pure, as in Cæsar, Richelieu, must succeed or perish—Avarice perhaps the only ruling permanent passion.

"The popish worship like the pagan? Certainly—Huetius's Ode will serve either for Mary or Diana—But this resemblance probably without imitation.—Reason.—1st. Images, ornaments, garlands, lights, odours, music, affect the senses of all men—are found in the worship of the Indians, Chinese, Americans, &c. 2d. Images opposed while the Pagans subsisted—Received as soon as they were extinct.—Freedom of thought—1st. Infallible authority allows not the mind fair play—May be just and happy, but is a yoke—Faith of the Pagan, light and easy—of the Christian, binding and comprehensive—of the Papist, variable."—(This we do not understand.)—"Plutarch, Tillotson, and Bellarmine. 2d. Authority of doctors—A voluntary slavery under the name of reason—The ancient sects—Professed philosophers, how bigoted. 3d. Authority of our own system—Men of imagination dogmatic."—(A curious and profound remark.)—"True freedom and scepticism—Ease and pleasantries—Bayle and a student of Salamanca—A freethinker may be rational or wild, superficial or profound—However, the road is open before him and his sight *clear*."

If the word "*clear*" be understood in its usual sense, the remark is not true. His sight indeed may be unobstructed by external objects, but the sense itself may be defective. This was Mr. Gibbon's own case. As a portion of the history of a great mind, the progress and aberrations of which we are anxious to trace with exactness, it is a misfortune that the foregoing extracts want a date;

they speak a language sufficiently explicit, but we are anxious to learn when they spoke it. The hints, however, from which they are abstracted, are not the mere memoranda of a reader; they are pregnant with original reflection; they contain the germ of a plant which, when arrived at maturity, may indeed drop a poison from a fair and specious fruit, but the trunk is majestic, and the branches vigorous and elastic. How different from the dry details which have been so lately disclosed from another quarter!

Who does not feel an anxious interest in the reflections of Milton "long choosing and beginning late his mighty work?" A portion of the same interest will surely be experienced in perusing the following sentences written in the camp near Winchester in the year 1761.

"Am I worthy of pursuing a walk of literature which Tacitus thought worthy of him, and of which Pliny doubted whether he was himself worthy? The part of a historian is as honourable as that of a chronicler or compiler is contemptible. For which task I am fit, it is impossible to know, until I have tried my strength; and to make the experiment I ought soon to choose some subject of history which may do me credit, if well treated, and whose importance, even though my work should be unsuccessful, may console me for employing too much time in a species of composition for which I was not well qualified. I proceed therefore to review some subjects for history, to indicate their advantages and defects, and to point out that subject which I may think fit to prefer. The History of Richard I. of England and his Crusade against the Saracens is alluring."

It was thus that King Arthur had nearly allured Milton from the Paradise lost.

With Mr. Gibbon's character, as his own biographer, the public is already acquainted: but in the present edition of his posthumous works, the *Life* has been very properly reprinted, that it may be compared with the curious and original journal of his time and studies at a most interesting period of his life. It is, perhaps, the best specimen of *auto-biography* in the English language.—Descending from the lofty level of his history, and relaxing the stately march which he maintains throughout that work, into a more natural and easy pace, this enchanting writer, with an ease, a spirit, and a vigour peculiar to himself, conducts his readers through a sickly childhood, a neglected and desultory education, and a youth wasted in the unpromising and unscholarlike occupation of a militia officer, to the period when he resolutely applied the energies of his genius to a severe course of voluntary study, which, in the space of a few years, rendered him a consummate master of Roman antiquity, and lastly produced the history of the decline and fall of that mighty empire.

There are few scholars who in their later days look back on their early academical life without some portion of melancholy fondness and regret. Mr. Gibbon spent fourteen months in Magdalen College, Oxford, to which he had been sent at a premature age, and without a due portion of preparatory learning; and he may fairly be excused if he felt none of those regards, if he expresses none of those regrets. We cannot doubt his veracity, though we must impute something to his prejudices; but the picture of his academical life, which he displays in a most eloquent and elaborate invective against his mother university, is truly portentous. Without a guide to direct his studies, without a friend to fix his principles, without a rival to excite his emulation, an ardent and inquisitive mind, weary of vacuity, and disgusted by indifference, drove him, at the age of little more than fifteen, into the bosom of the church of Rome.

The astonishing reformation, which in point of institution and of discipline has since taken place in that university, leaves us at liberty to comment with freedom on a representation which is nothing less than a panegyric on the present habits of the place. This appears to have been the turning point of Mr. Gibbon's life and character. Had his active and elastic understanding, at the moment when it first began to expand itself, been furnished with an increase of force by compression, had he been taught the art of induction on the principles either of Aristotle or of Locke, and, above all, had his attention been directed to the New Testament, and to the great body of evidences on which its authority rests; had he been taught to distinguish the genuine miracles recorded in the gospels, the simplicity, the originality of the evidence in their favour, the benevolent and important ends for which they were wrought, together with the unaffected dignity and independent power of their author, from the best attested and most striking wonders of the christian church in the succeeding centuries, he would not have been at a loss to draw the broad line of separation between the two, nor would he have complained "that after so recent experience the world were not habituated to the hand of the divine artist."

Neglected, as he was, and left to the consequences of his own desultory inquiries, it is most evident that, at a time when he had never systematically studied the gospels, or the evidence of the gospel miracles, he entered, with the fervour and curiosity which were natural to him, on the study of ecclesiastical history under the worst master who could be found. This was Dr. Middleton, the acute and malignant adversary of all claims to miraculous powers in the primitive church. But this impulse was strengthened by the force of a violent recoil. His undisciplined and untutored genius had reasoned itself into a temporary submission to all the

demands which the church of Rome presumes to make on the faith and reason of her votaries ; and it was not till after a violent struggle, and by the help of a rapidly strengthening understanding, that he was enabled to discard the absolute authority of the church, and the doctrine of the real presence. Thus emancipated, however, from the obligation of believing on authority, he was well prepared to pass the line, and, under the influence of such a guide, to refuse his assent to reasonable evidence. A declared catholic, however, was no longer a proper inmate for Magdalen College, and the son of an English protestant gentleman must at all events be cured of popery. For this purpose the method employed by his father, who appears to have been a capricious and ill-judging man, resembles the unskilful process in medicine by which a painful disorder, after being dislodged from the extremities, is thrown upon the vital parts. Young Gibbon was placed under the care of Mallet, the publisher of the works of Bolingbroke, a deist at best—but probably something more and worse. Now this was “worshipful society.” But the young man, still adhering, with the pertinacity of a confessor, to his catholic principles, was, after some months, removed into the family of a Swiss minister, where he beheld christianity under a third modification, poor, and gloomy, and squalid, devoid of what he accounted either the decent and gentlemanly indifference of the church of England, or the gorgeous and imposing exterior of that of Rome.

Before we proceed to verify this short statement by extracts from his *Life or Journal*, let us be permitted to pause for an instant, and to reflect on the irreparable injury inflicted on a great genius, and through him upon the christian world, by such an education. Whatever pain such a thought may cost in the retrospect, there are those to whom it will be profitable to reflect, that on the institutions and discipline of their own foundations will always depend this tremendous possibility, that out of the herd of their pupils may arise a genius which, according to the direction he *there* receives, is to become a blessing or curse to his species, a Bolingbroke, a Hume, a Gibbon, or a Beattie, an Addison, or a Boyle.

It is not given to ordinary talents to be extensively mischievous, and another century may elapse before the same inattention will be productive of the same consequences. But for consequences, however remote and unforeseen, broad and wilful negligence must always be responsible, and, when we take into the account the widely ramifying nature of consequences, more especially such as flow from the energies of misdirected genius circulated and perpetuated by the press, that must be a light or a hard nature which is not appalled by the consideration.

To counteract the poison of Mr. Gibbon's writings, a most in-

judicious method was taken by the advocates of the religion which he had insulted—his talents were decried, his accuracy was questioned, his erudition was arraigned. This conduct recoiled upon themselves: for to the vigour, the splendour, the universality of his genius, the great work which he had so fondly prostituted, bore unequivocal testimony, while the *Journal of his Studies*, which is now for the first time given to the public, attests with equal clearness, the industry of his researches, and the compass and originality of his information. On one subject, and on one alone, the native candour of his mind was stained with prejudice originally contracted by the unhappy circumstances of his education, and gradually exasperated into obstinacy and hatred. There was, indeed, a difficulty in conducting the warfare against an enemy like Mr. Gibbon, which would have perplexed abler men than the best of those who encountered him. The artifices of his style and manner, the nicety of distinguishing between irony and serious assertion, of ascertaining when he was speaking in the person of an adversary, or when in his own, together with the impossibility of removing that general effect and impression which, independently of any specific conclusion, almost involuntarily adheres to the mind after the perusal of his history, while it placed him out of the reach of fair and legitimate reasoning, hindered his readers from perceiving that, after all, no doctrine had been confuted and no fact disproved. But the great artifice which runs through the whole work is that of making christianity responsible for all the crimes and all the absurdities which, in succeeding times, (and those, too, times of increasing barbarism,) had been made to adhere to it.—The unfairness of such a procedure may best be shown by an illustration.—In some remote and elevated region a pure and copious spring bursts forth, which, receiving many accessions, and passing over many strata in its course, is sometimes defiled by torrents and sometimes poisoned by mineral impregnations: a chemist proceeds to analyze the waters of this stream in the midst of its course, and instead of discovering, as his art, if honestly employed, would have taught him, that, adulterated as it is, a portion of the parent fountain runs through the whole, and is capable of being separated in its original purity, leaves it to be inferred from an artful and partial analysis that the source itself is polluted.—Such was Mr. Gibbon's conduct toward the religion of the gospel.

Of Mr. Gibbon's *Life*, which, through the zeal of his noble friend, has long been in the possession of the public, we shall make no farther use than by an occasional comparison with his *Journal*, in which he has happily recorded the process of his studies, and, with one exception, of his opinions, at that critical period which determined the character of his future life. We say

with one exception, for though, at this early period, without any systematic inquiry into the evidences of christianity, he evidently declined into a settled disbelief of all revealed religion; yet in his Life, where every other, even the minutest shade of difference is marked with precision, and even in the rough sketch of his thoughts and studies, which he appears otherwise to have drawn with great simplicity from day to day, this unhappy change is left to be inferred, partly from the character of the books which he read, but principally from oblique and disingenuous hints, which prove nothing but that, at that early period of reflection, he had contracted, from timidity, from uncertainty, and perhaps from want of candour, that characteristic and sarcastic manner, which has robbed him of the fairer fame to which the general probity of his nature might have led him to aspire—that of an open and generous enemy of revelation.

To those who are still disposed to give credit to Mr. Gibbon for his affected though oblique comparison of his own progressive emancipation from prejudice and popery, with that of the acute and subtle Chillingworth, we recommend the following argument, which appears to have operated powerfully upon *his* mind against the arguments for transubstantiation.

“I still remember my solitary transport at the discovery of a philosophical argument against the doctrine of transubstantiation: that the text of scripture which seems to inculcate the real presence is attested only by a single sense—our sight; while the real presence itself is disproved by three of our senses—the sight, the touch, and the taste.”

Chillingworth would not thus unskilfully and illogically have confounded the evidence of sense, as applied to testimony, with its application to the original object. Happily, however, or, as some of our readers may think, unhappily, this doughty argument prevailed, and the result was, “that the various articles of the church of Rome disappeared like a dream, and, after full conviction, on Christmas-day, 1754, I received the sacrament in the church of Lausanne. It was here that I *suspended my religious* inquiries, acquiescing with implicit belief in the tenets and mysteries which are adopted by the general consent of catholics and protestants,” or, in other words, carrying with him into his new profession of religion one of the most pernicious principles belonging to that which he had abandoned, namely, implicit submission to authority.

It was at Lausanne, however, and during this period, that Mr. Gibbon, placed under the directions of a well-meaning man, whose powers and attainments he soon outstripped, became a severe and habitual student, conscious of his own genius, and probably anticipating the high distinction to which he afterwards attained. He had passed his fourteen months of indolence and vacuity at Oxford

without a knowledge even of the Greek alphabet: under M. Pavillard he not only remedied that defect, but, by pertinacious study, laid the foundation of a critical knowledge of that language which his labours and his prejudices afterwards turned to so good and to so bad account. Here too he entered on the study of mathematics, which he discontinued for a reason which, perhaps without knowing it, was common to Warburton and himself. "As soon as I understood the principles, I relinquished for ever the pursuit of the mathematics, nor can I lament that I desisted before my mind was hardened by the habit of rigid demonstration, so destructive of the finer feelings of moral evidence, which must however determine the actions and opinions of our lives." That rigid demonstration, of which the object is mathematical certainty, incapacitates the mind from estimating the innumerable shades of probability, from moral certainty down to the lowest conceivable possibility, is an opinion more specious than solid. The practice of mathematical investigation tends to strengthen the reasoning faculties in general, and, though the habit of requiring certainty may lead the reasoner to undervalue moral evidence, it can by no conceivable process incapacitate him from comprehending it. Almost all the best judges of moral evidence, and particularly the great modern advocates for the evidences of christianity, have been mathematicians, and happy would it have been for Mr. Gibbon and his admirers, had his "finer feelings" of this species of induction led him to form an acquaintance with their writings. His acquaintances, however, and the exercises of his understanding at this period, were of another sort: in the society of a Swiss minister,* who was scarcely a concealed infidel, Mr. Gibbon acquired some dexterity in the use of his philosophical weapons; but he was still the slave of education and prejudice. Soon after, however, these chains appear to have been removed by a hand which, about twenty years later, was equally successful in breaking the chains of education and prejudice which had fettered a whole nation:—the world is pretty well acquainted with the success of that experiment.

"Before I was recalled from Switzerland, I had the satisfaction of seeing the most extraordinary man of the age: a poet, a historian, a philosopher, who has filled thirty quartos of prose and verse, with his various productions, often excellent, and always entertaining. Need I add the name of Voltaire?—A decent theatre was fitted up (by Voltaire) at Monrepos, &c.—My ardour, which soon became conspicuous, seldom failed of procuring me a ticket. The habits of pleasure fortified my taste for the French theatre, and that taste has perhaps *abat-*

* This must be understood not of M. Pavillard, but another minister of the same church—a man of much higher attainments, and much less sincerity.

ed my idolatry for the gigantic genius of Shakspeare, which is inculcated from our infancy as the first duty of an Englishman."

Alas! the same taste abated his reverence for some more serious things, which, with all our national admiration of Shakspeare, are, we trust, and long will be, inculcated as the first duties of Englishmen. The following confession is at once ingenuous and important:

"The rigid course of discipline and abstinence to which I was condemned (at Lausanne) invigorated the constitution of my mind and body: pride and poverty estranged me from my countrymen. One mischief, however, in their eyes, (we may add in our own,) a serious and irreparable mischief, was derived from the success of my Swiss education: I had ceased to be an Englishman: (had he chosen to speak out, he would have added—a christian.) At the flexible period of youth, from the age of sixteen to twenty-one, my opinions, habits, and sentiments, were cast in a foreign mould; the faint and distant remembrance of England was almost obliterated: my native language was grown less familiar, and I should have cheerfully accepted the offer of a moderate independence on the terms of perpetual exile."

We insert here an abstract from a very curious letter, written about a year and a half after Mr. Gibbon first left England, in order not only to show what was the state of his religious opinions at that period, but after how short a disuse a young man of the most tenacious memory could have adopted a foreign idiom, and have lost his mother tongue. It will also account for another fact, namely, the stately uniformity of his historical style. It was not only wrought for a great purpose by long elaboration, but the materials of it were formed out of a language which had long ceased to be vernacular to the writer.

"I am now a good protestant, and am extremely glad of it. I have in all my letters taken notice of the different movements of my mind, entirely catholic when I came to Lausanne, wavering long time between the two systems, and at last fixed for the protestant. I had still another difficulty. Brought up with all the ideas of the church of England, I could scarcely resolve to *communion* with presbyterians, as all the people of this country are. I at last got over it, for *considering* that whatever difference there may be between their churches and ours in the government and discipline, they still regard us as brethren, and profess the same faith as us—determined, then, in this design, I declared it to the ministers of the town, who having examined me, permitted me to receive it with them, which I did Christmas-day," &c.

A comparison between this piebald jargon and some of the magnificent sentences of the *Decline and Fall*, would afford a signal triumph to external testimony over the probabilities of internal evidence. "From mere inequality," said Dr. Johnson, "what can be inferred?" Embracing distant periods of the same life, we may dare to ask the same question concerning dissimilarity.

Were it not that in strong minds decayed and almost extinguished affections are capable of sudden and violent resuscitation, and intermitted acquirements easily and completely restored, who would have suspected that this extraordinary youth should, on his return to his country, become a great, though not an easy writer, in that language which had so nearly perished from his recollection; that, after "the faint and distant remembrance of England had been almost obliterated," the glow of patriotism should be kindled in his breast, and that, during the many years of his last exile, he should cherish the laws and civil institutions of England with all the fondness of a man who had never quitted its shores.

But we turn to his *Journal*, which commences in the year 1761, and embraces about two years, during which the writer was resident at his father's house, and in the midst of the engagements of a country life and the duties of a militia officer, was pursuing a diligent and systematic course of study, the objects of which he has accurately recorded.

In the ardour of these pursuits, carefully and distinctly recorded by himself, it is very material to observe, that he only read St. John's Gospel, and one chapter of St. Luke, in the original Greek. This appears to have been the sum of his scriptural studies, at a time when his opinions on the subject of revelation were settling for life, and for the result of which he claims the same credit which is allowed by him to the acute and indefatigable, the deeply read and scriptural Chillingworth. After such an investigation, preceded by little more than the pious instructions of the nursery, and the common details of christianity, which he had casually picked up at the parish church of his family, or from the discourses of his Swiss tutor, did this man, who brought all the powers of his understanding to minor inquiries, who weighed every doubt, stopped short at every difficulty, and never quitted the most abstruse subject till he had mastered it, think himself entitled not only to reject all revealed religion in a mass, but, as if the matter were already decided among all but a few ignorant and interested bigots, contemptuously assign it a place among other absurd and antiquated superstitions, which had had their day and were forgotten. Now this is the proper ground of Mr. Gibbon's delinquency as an ecclesiastical historian and controvertist. It was not incompetence only, but voluntary incompetence, and that on the most important of all subjects. It was, therefore, dishonesty: and to this cause

is probably to be assigned that spirit, not of levity and scorn only, but of the bitterest rancour, with which he rarely fails to speak of christianity. Secretly conscious of his own unfairness, he hated, because he had injured, a religion which, had it been supported by no external testimony, would, from its own intrinsic excellence, have been entitled, at the hands of every honest and moral man, to tenderness and respect.

With all his confidence, however, in his own powers, Gibbon was evidently appalled by the burst of public indignation with which, in the midst of all the applause excited by their learning and eloquence, the first volumes of his elaborate history were received. He appears to have reckoned upon the indifference of one part of his countrymen to his infidelity, and of another to his indecencies—happily for the faith and morals of England, at that period, he was mistaken. He had, indeed, the consolation and the triumph of some feeble antagonists; but he would secretly despise the baseness of some private correspondents, who, to flatter his genius, betrayed the cause of religion. The unfaithfulness of some of these was disclosed in the first edition of his posthumous works; and the reputation of Robertson, in particular, has been “shot dead,” by a single letter. Mr. Hayley, a poet, a layman, a man of the world, and a devoted admirer of the historian, had honestly remonstrated with him on his treatment of christianity, while the principal of the University of Edinburgh, the first clergyman of the national church of Scotland, speaks with cool derision of some persons (alluding to Mr. Hayley) as “outrageously christian.” The present publication bears testimony to the fidelity of Dr. Vincent; but we are extremely indebted to the noble editor for a letter from the well-known author of the *History of Manchester*, which is every way characteristic and worthy of the writer. This ingenious, learned, fanciful, and positive man, was too honest to compliment away his faith, either to taste or friendship; and the following manly remonstrance which has, hitherto, as it appears, from oversight, lain neglected among Mr. Gibbon’s papers, dissolved a connexion, which genius, perhaps equal genius, and similar pursuits, had once cemented between the writer and himself, of whom, in such a cause, the one was too spirited to withhold reproof, and the other too proud to endure it.

“You never speak feebly except when you come upon British ground, and never weakly, except when you attack christianity. In the former case you seem to want information; in the latter, you plainly want the common candour of a citizen of the world, for the religious system of your country. Pardon me, sir, but I cannot bear, without indignation, your sarcastic slyness upon christianity, and cannot see, without pity, your determined hostility to the gospel.

"These, however, are trifles light as air in my estimation, when they are compared with what I think the great blot of your work. You have there exhibited deism in a new shape, and in one that is more likely to affect the uninstructed million, than the reasoning form which she has usually worn. You seem to me like another Tacitus, revived with all his animosity against christianity, his strong philosophical spirit of sentiment—and you will have the dishonour (pardon me, sir,) of being ranked by the folly of scepticism, which is working so powerfully at present, among the most distinguished sceptics of the age. I have long suspected the tendency of your opinions: I once took the liberty of hinting my suspicions—but I did not think the poison had spread so universally through your frame. And I can only deplore the misfortune, and a very great one I consider it, to the highest and dearest interests of man, among your readers. I remain with an equal mixture of regret and regard," &c. &c.

Let the manly indignation, the wounded and afflicted friendship, expressed in the last letter, be compared with the courtly baseness, for it is nothing better, of that which, unfortunately for the writer, immediately follows.

"I cannot forbear expressing my thanks to you for the very great pleasure and instruction I have met with in your excellent work. I protest to you, I know of no history in our language written with equal purity, precision, and elegance of style. I presume you have heard that offence is taken at some passages that are thought unfavourable to the truth of christianity. I hope you will proceed to finish your plan, and gratify the eager wishes of the public to see the whole of your work. May I ever hope for the honour of seeing you at this place? It would give me the most real pleasure. I am, with the truest regard, &c.

"JOS. WARTON."

Of his two ecclesiastical correspondents, which did the author of the *Decline and Fall* despise, and which respect?

On the style and spirit of Mr. Gibbon's own letters it were vain to comment. They rank in the first class of epistolary composition, equally honourable to the head and heart of the writer. Ease, vigour, spirit, and the very soul of friendship, pervade the whole. On the subject of religion they maintain a general silence, which was obviously the effect of indifference; and on another subject they contain nothing that would put a vestal to the blush. On one or two occasions, however, enough is disclosed to show, that with the proofs of revelation, Gibbon rejected the probabilities of natural religion. Born with a constitution naturally incredulous, he had refined it into a systematic rejection of almost every thing beyond the reach of the senses; and this state of the understanding, after the example of his school, he dignified with the name of philoso-

phy. In this spirit, death appears to have been contemplated by him with sullen acquiescence, as the physical law and end of his existence: and, by a dreadful consistency, the *Memoirs of his Life*, written very near its termination, close with the following horrible sentence:

“In old age, the consolation of hope is reserved for the tenderness of parents, who commence a new life in their children, *the faith of enthusiasts, who sing hallelujahs above the clouds*, and the vanity of authors, who presume the immortality of their name and writings.”

This is sufficiently explicit—all religious hope is the faith of enthusiasts! Such are the comforts which philosophy administers in the decline of life. But were death, as these men pretend, really the end of human existence, it might yet be inquired, who was the wiser man, he who had disarmed it of its terrors by the hope of a joyful immortality, or he who, in contravention of the general understanding and feelings of mankind, had made it to differ from the extinction of a brute, no otherwise than, as the one was accompanied by anticipation and the other not—that is, to differ infinitely for the worse?

The former publication of his *Memoirs*, and the present one of his more artless and contemporary *Journal*, have enabled those who had heretofore contemplated Mr. Gibbon in the distant and dignified character of the historian, to form a nearer and more familiar estimate of his character as a scholar and a man. He was at once a severe student, a man of pleasure, and a man of fashion. Without profession, without the cares of a family, and with a noble friend, who relieved him from the burden of his own private concerns, he divided the day between the labour of reading, reflecting, and composing, and the relaxation of elegant and polished society. Though bred a country gentleman, his constitution rendered him incapable of athletic sports, or even vigorous exercise; and at that early and active period of life, when his equals were pursuing the boisterous diversions of the field, young Gibbon was anxiously settling some point of ancient chronology, or laboriously working his way through the difficulties of the Greek language.

With talents, in every respect but one, of the highest order, he was the artificer of his own vast erudition; and he was one of the favoured few who, in point of mere attainments, may seem to have been eventually benefited by a neglected education. The calumnies of his enemies, with respect to the originality of his researches, may safely be despised. With a degree of perseverance never, perhaps, equalled in the compilation of a single work, he systematically pursued his way through that ocean of literature which intervenes between the second and sixteenth centuries of

the christian era. By nature and by cultivation endowed with the most exquisite and classical taste, he endured, though not without many a sarcastic sneer, the pomp and tumour of the Byzantine, and the figurative sententiousness of the Arabic historians. He had embarked on a voyage of discovery and experiment, more comprehensive and more difficult than had ever been undertaken by any single adventurer, and he had made up his mind to the toils and discouragements which awaited him. He read with great rapidity, and in his earlier years of study, (a practice which may be commended to the imitation of every systematic student,) he abstracted and reasoned upon whatever he read: he records, (and we give him full credit for the anecdote,) that he devoured a hundred pages of Cluver's *Italy*, a closely printed folio, abounding with Greek quotations, in a single day. Of original literature he had not a tincture, nor, with accurate versions of their oriental writers at hand, would he have been improved by it. Though born and partly educated in England, the French language, which he wrote with an ease an elegance never attained by him in the dialect of his native country, must finally be regarded as his vernacular idiom. He loved its facility, its clearness, its fitness for conversation, while the peculiar associations which connected its first acquirement with the interesting period of early life, commended it to the affection of his maturer age. For the habits of that highly polished and lively people, he early imbibed a similar attachment; and, in attending to those oblique and ironical hints of which he was so fond, it is not difficult to discover, that, on his return, accomplished and elegant, and fastidious, to his native country, he felt not a little of the remaining Teutonic character and the manners and conversation of all but the highest ranks in England. Yet with a happy inconsistency, he loved her constitution and government; he discerned that the perfection of civil wisdom might be found where perhaps the last grace and polish of life was wanting; and in an arduous struggle, the American war, he supported, by a silent vote in parliament, (for nature had withheld from him the gift of oratory,) the interests of government against her revolted colonies.

The strong epicurean tendency of his constitution led him to abhor change as the greatest of political evils, and, upon this principle, sometimes in jest and sometimes in earnest, he was wont to defend whatever was established, because it was so. He considered the progress of christianity as a disturbance of the quiet and established rights of paganism; and the reformation, though he allowed, to a certain extent, its beneficial influence on mental freedom, as another invasion of the quiet and settled claims of popery. His serious (if in such a writer it be possible to discover what is serious and what is not, but his apparently serious) and strong par-

tiality for Mahommedism, was a singular phenomenon. Insulting and discarding christianity for the follies and inconsistencies of its professors, which, at worst, were no more than a recoil of human passions upon its genuine influence, he could endure, nay, he could applaud the Mahommedan imposture, though slaughter, devastation, and military fanaticism, were parts of its constitution. But the secret (a secret, perhaps, to himself) was, that the objects on which those terrible qualities were exercised, happened to be Jews and Christians, against whom intolerance itself was to be tolerated, and every license was lawful. In his insidious attacks upon the gospel, he had reckoned too securely upon the apathy and indifference of his countrymen; but shocked and confounded, as he owns himself to have been, by the consequences of his mistake, he put forth all his powers of sarcasm, irony, and vindictive scorn, on his indiscreet and unfortunate adversaries. In him, the man and the writer (it is no unusual inconsistency) were two different creatures. Affectionate, and even piously attentive, to relatives, who could contribute little to his entertainment, and nothing to his emolument, constant in unequal friendships, and grateful to fallen greatness, it is impossible not to pronounce him, so far, an amiable man.

It is difficult to discover how it came to pass, that a man who delighted in the conversation of chaste and accomplished women, and whose correspondence with friends, even of his own sex, is wholly untinged with pruriency of imagination, should, in the great work on which his reputation was embarked, have had so little regard for the public and himself, as to pour out such torrents of ancient indecency. It is no apology for this insult upon the public morals, (a systematic and persevering insult of many years' continuance,) that the poison was confined to his notes, and enveloped in the cover of a dead and difficult language. It did more mischief than his infidelity: it addressed itself to the imagination and the passions of an age which needed not to be inflamed by intellectual incentives—to the youth of our great schools and universities, who, captivated by the seductive charms of his text, would be farther attracted by the learned semblance of his notes, to descend to the polluted margin, where they might decypher Greek, and drink in vice and profligacy by the same effort. We had once formed the impracticable resolution of expunging the offensive passages, of both descriptions, from our copy of the *Decline and Fall*. The ribaldry, indeed, of the notes might, by a due degree of perseverance, have been expelled, and a blotted page might have well been atoned for by the comparative purity of what remained: but the sneers and sarcasms, the hints and allusions, the sly, depreciating associations and comparisons of the text could by no art or effort be removed.

Quinque palæstritæ licet hæc plantaria vellant,
Haud tamen ista filix ullo mansuescit aratro.—PERS.'

So incorporated, indeed, are these vices with the very texture and tissue of the work, that it would be as easy to extract, thread by thread, the offensive and hideous figures sometimes interwoven into a piece of ancient tapestry, as to detach those parts from Gibbon's History, and leave any thing but the *trama figuræ* behind. This maturity in intellectual vice, he appears to have attained only in his later days. In his Journal, written at three-and-twenty, he speaks of the impurities of Juvenal in a manner which shows his imagination, and the principle, at least, of his morals, to have been yet untainted. It is edifying, however, to observe, that having abandoned the gospel, the gospel abandoned *him*; and that he is driven to the defence of his immoralities upon a principle which proves how much better a casuist is the meanest christian than the greatest philosopher.

"The reproach of indecency has been loudly echoed by the rigid censors of morals—I am justified in painting the manners of the times." (What! by such distinct exhibitions as necessarily prompt to vice!) "The vices of Theodora form an essential feature in the life and character of Justinian, and the most naked tale in my history is told by the Rev. Mr. Joseph Warton, an instructor of youth." (What is disgraceful to the one can be no excuse for the other.) "But my *English* style is *chaste*, and all licentious passages are left in the obscurity of a learned language."

They should have been left in the obscure and forgotten volumes from which Gibbon's pernicious industry drew them forth. Such, however, is the consistency of a philosopher! and such was in his old age the morality of a man who, in his early years, had the grace to describe the New Aretin as "blackguard buffoonery, which would be thrown by with disgust, did it not attack religion with the most shocking indecency!" How little did the young and virtuous writer apprehend that this shocking portrait would one day become a striking likeness of himself!

With such powers of entertainment and mischief as Gibbon possessed, it was matter of serious complaint when his first volumes appeared, that the cause of revelation and of morality should have fallen into such hands as those of Travis, Chelsum, and Davies. At that period Dr. Horne could have displayed the same lively wit which had rendered Hume and his partisans ridiculous; Horsley could have stretched forth that mighty arm which laid prostrate the heresies of Priestley, and Paley could have employed that faculty of irrefragable argument which has since placed the evidences of christianity on a basis never to be shaken. The last,

indeed, in one masterly chapter of a work dedicated to general morality, bestowed a severe and dignified castigation on the unfairness of the infidel philosopher; but he acknowledged, while he declined, the difficulty of a direct encounter, merely because there was no tangible argument with which to grapple, and because it was "impossible to refute a sneer." But while the proper champions of revelation were silent, our historian of the Decline and Fall received the hardest and most painful stroke from a weapon, like the sword of Harmodius and Aristogiton, entwined with myrtle, in the hand of a panegyrist, and in some respects of an auxiliary. No man was equally qualified with Porson to estimate the merits and the vices of Gibbon. Distant and opposite as their habits and manners were, distant and opposite, indeed, as those of a gentleman and a hog, they had, notwithstanding, many points of resemblance. With the common (we do not mean the ordinary) qualifications of wit, acuteness, industry, Greek, the absence of religion, and a sovereign contempt for dull men, who presumed to interfere with them, they met like two well-matched critics, prepared, by turns, to encounter, to admire, to panegyryze, and to abuse each other. The singular but equitable combination of feelings on the part of the Greek Professor, produced a short critique on the historian and his great work; so discriminating and judicious, so mixed and compounded of sweet and bitter, so flattering to the author, and so humiliating to the man, that, as the work from which it has been detached is not in every hand, we may be pardoned for subjoining it.

"Mr. Gibbon's industry is indefatigable, his accuracy scrupulous, his reading, which is sometimes ostentatiously displayed, immense, his attention always awake, his memory retentive, his style emphatic and expressive, his sentences harmonious, his reflections are just and profound; he pleads eloquently for the rights of mankind and the duty of toleration: nor does his humanity ever slumber unless when women are ravished, or the christians persecuted. He often makes, when he cannot readily find, an occasion to insult our religion, which he hates so cordially, that he might seem to revenge some personal injury. Such is his eagerness in the cause, that he stoops to the most despicable pun, or to the most awkward perversion of language, for the pleasure of turning the scripture into ribaldry, or of calling Jesus an impostor. Though his style is, in general, correct and elegant, he sometimes draws out "the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument." In endeavouring to avoid vulgar terms he too frequently dignifies trifles, and clothes common thoughts in a splendid dress that would be rich enough for the noblest ideas. In short, we are too often reminded of that great man, Mr. Prig, the auctioneer, whose manner was so inimitably fine, that he had as much to say upon a riband as a Raphael.

"A less pardonable fault is that rage for indecency which pervades the whole work, but especially the last volumes; and, to the honour of his consistency, this is the same man, who is so prudish that he does not call Belisarius a cuckold, because it is too bad a word for a decent historian to use. If the history were anonymous, I should guess that those disgraceful obscenities were written by some debauchee, who, having from age, or accident, or excess, survived the practice of lust, still indulged himself in the luxury of speculation, and exposed the impotent imbecility after he had lost the vigour of his passions."

When it was remembered that in early life the moral sense of Gibbon was pure and virtuous, that the vice here reprehended grew with his years, and that, in the mean time, he was gradually oppressed by a peculiar distemper, which, though not the effect of debauchery, probably reduced him to the state here described, it is impossible not to acknowledge the penetration, it is difficult to blame the spite, by which this just and cutting rebuke was dictated.

But the ultimate cause of the evil lay still deeper; principles and practice, operating alternately as cause and effect, are generally observed to corrupt each other. The understanding of Mr. Gibbon was first perverted—his imagination was next debauched—and lastly, his respect for himself and for mankind was destroyed. There is an ancient Greek writer whose works, had they found a place in Mr. Gibbon's library, might possibly have directed him to the following passage: *Διοτι γνωριες τον θεον ηχ ως θεον εδοξασαν, η ευχαρισησαν, αλλ' εματαιωθησαν εν λοις διαλογισμοις αυτων, και εσκολισθη η ασυνελος αυτων καρδια —Διο και παρεδωκεν αυτες ο θεος εν λαις επιθυμiais αυτων εις ακαθαρσιαν.**

Though the infidelity of Gibbon was, doubtless, in a great degree, a creature of the heart, yet a single defect in a noble understanding may have contributed to produce it. With taste, invention, imagination, and memory, in greater perfection than those qualities are for the most part singly bestowed upon men, Mr. Gibbon's reasoning powers were not of the first order. Quick in apprehending, and eager in exposing, single flaws and defects in evidence, he appears to have been incapable of comprehending a great and complicated body of proofs, external and internal, such as must have been weighed with care and candour before a man is entitled to reject the gospel, and much more so before he is justified in attempting to unsettle the faith of others. But his offences have been visited upon his own head by a partial privation, at least, of those posthumous honours, to which, in despair of a better immortality, he eagerly aspired; and it is to the honour of the English nation, that genius and erudition, such as those of Gibbon, have not been able to preserve his memory from reproach, or,

* Romans, i. 21.

what to him would have been more galling, from compassion. For a season, indeed, like his neglected or forgotten predecessors, he might subvert the faith of the shallow, and the morals of the young ; but he is an English classic who now begins to sleep upon the shelf : and Paley has more readers than the infidel historian. On the whole, as a champion who sallied forth to the destruction of what he deemed the equal bigotry and fanaticism of all religions, his arm was unquestionably powerful, his lance sharp and glittering ; he may have successfully transpierced many pernicious superstitions ; he may have chased before him many and hideous phantoms of the middle ages ; but when he attacks the basis of christianity, he tilts against a rock, and his bruised and pointless weapon recoils upon himself.

To the noble and highly respectable editor of these volumes we have in the last place to express our obligations for a collection no less pure and inoffensive than it is, in its different parts, learned, acute, and elegant. But perhaps we are not acquainted with the full extent of these obligations. Perhaps, (and the character of Gibbon entitles his memory to no exemption from such a suspicion,) *perhaps* we have to be grateful alike for what has been withheld and for what has been bestowed. It is not improbable that in this edition his friend may have exercised toward his remains a kind severity, which he wanted the virtue to exercise upon himself. It is scarcely to be believed that all his stores of poison, moral and intellectual, had been exhausted on his great work. After a discharge, however copious, an understanding and imagination like his had the power of reproducing such secretions with great rapidity :—should this conjecture have any foundation, we entreat, we adjure, Lord Sheffield, as a lover of the best interests of mankind, not to think his duty discharged by the suppression of such evils, without their extinction. After his decease his bureaux may be rifled by some needy and unprincipled wretch, who, with ostentatious and interested impiety, may draw forth the last dregs of Gibbon, which are now perchance quietly settled upon their lees. In Italy, where the nudities of ancient statuary are endured by both sexes, there are, however, some groups of the most exquisite workmanship, on subjects so abominable, that even the lax morality of that country has condemned them to a strict concealment—had they been the work of Praxiteles himself, they ought to have been broken to pieces.

The Descent of Liberty, a Mask. By Leigh Hunt.

[From the Eclectic Review.]

PREFIXED to this little Poem is a discourse "On the Origin and Nature of Masks." Mr. Hunt is not inclined to fetter so lively and airy a composition in the bonds of a too strict definition; he considers it as

"A mixed drama, allowing of natural incidents as of every thing else that is dramatic, but more essentially given up to the fancy, and abounding in machinery and personification, generally with a particular allusion." p. xxiv.

Milton's *Comus* he considers as the best, indeed, but, at the same time, the least specific work of its kind. Perhaps, common readers will have their idea of a mask best formed by being referred to that in Shakspeare's *Tempest*.

Mr. Hunt's piece is of a much more extensive and varied nature; extremely gorgeous in its pageants, rich in its imagination, and delightfully romantic and fanciful in its diction. To some readers, indeed, the diction may appear as too much an imitation of our old poets; but to us, any thing that brings them to recollection is charming. Neither can Mr. Hunt be called, properly, an imitator; he has imbued himself richly with the wild fancies and picturesque language of those good old bards, but he has, at the same time, his own manner.

The subject, as the reader will guess by the title, is the return of Liberty and Peace to the earth, after the downfall of Bonaparte; and we think the political purport now and then peeps rather too broadly through the fancy of the piece. Shepherds are introduced as having heard, for some days, sweet music in the air, a

"New sound,
The first, of any comfortable breath,
Our wood has heard for years."

Hence, they augur some glad change at hand, some relief from the enchanter who has so long been the curse of the "weary land."

"I know not why,
But there is such a sweetness in the touch
Of this mysterious pipe that's come among us—

Something so full of trilling gladness,
 As if the heart were at the lip that fill'd it,
 Or went a rippling to the fingers' ends,
 'That it forebodes, to me, some blessed change." P. 8.

Of this music and of their conjectures they resolve to inform
 old Eunomus,

"Who used to set
 So rare a lesson to the former court,
 But now shuts his sorrows in this corner." P. 8.

"How has he suffered?
 Both his sons gone—the first one by his death
 Breaking the mother's heart, the second now
 Torn from his bride, and dead too as they say." P. 10.

This Eunomus, and his daughter-in-law, Myrtilla, are charmingly described; and, at the request of the latter, put forth in a sweet song; a spirit announces the coming of Liberty. The destruction of the enchanter is then shown in an ærial pageant, and the twilight, which before had lain upon the face of the whole country, vanishes. Spring descends to prepare the earth for the approach of Liberty; and perhaps we could not quote any thing more characteristic of the author's lighter and more playful style, than the description which is given of her flowers.

"Then the flowers on all their beds
 How the sparklers glance their heads!
 Daisies with their pinky lashes,
 And the marigold's broad flashes,
 Hyacinth with sapphire bell
 Curling backward, and the swell
 Of the rose, full lip'd and warm,
 Round about whose riper form
 Her slender virgin train are seen
 In their close-fit caps of green:
 Lilacs then, and daffodillies,
 And the nice-leav'd lesser lilies,
 Shading like detected light,
 Their little green-tipt lamps of white;
 Blissful poppy, odorous pea,
 With its wings up lightsomely;
 Balsam with his shaft of amber,
 Mignonette for lady's chamber,
 And genteel geranium,
 With a leaf for all that come;
 And the tulip, trick'd out finest,
 And the pink, of smell divinest;

And as proud as all of them
Bound in one, the garden's gem,
Heartsease, like a gallant bold,
In his cloth of purple and gold." P. 28—29.

We return to earth, and we are delighted with the innocent fancies of Myrtilla.

"You've heard me, Sir,
In my young fancy picture out a world,
Such as our present-timed, unfinal eyes,
Knowing but what they see—and not even that—
Might gather from the best of what's before them,
Leaving out evil as a vexing thorn,
Whose use they know not;—

2d. Shep. Such a world, you say,
This change appears?

Myrt. I do, it seems to me,
In its fresh whisper, and delighted eye,
And all this burst of out-o'-door enjoyment,
Just like a new creation.—Spring and Summer
Married, and Winter dead to be no more.
Was ever so much horror, at the best,
Follow'd by such a time—change, wondrous change,
In what has busied all your talk by the way,
And with it all this luxury—flowers, blossoms,
And heaps of leafiness on every side,
About and overhead, with beams between,
And quick-voic'd birds that steep the trees in music,
Green fields and crystal waters, and blue skies,
With here and there a little harmless cloud
That only wants a visible cherub on it
To ride its silver—happy human beings
O'ertaking us meantime at every step
With smile that cannot help itself, and turning,
As they pass quick, with greeting of the day,
Exchanging blessedness:—Oh Sir, oh father,
There's such a look of promise all about us,
A smile so bidding, something that almost
Seems to say yes to what the tip-toe heart,
Hanging on Nature's neck would ask of her,
Even to the raising of a buried joy,
That I could fancy—but—forgive me pray,
For talking of those things." P. 31—33.

We must give one more touch from the earthly part of the poem. It has something in it exquisitely touching. Philaret, the husband of Myrtilla, returns almost unhop'd-for from the

wars ; and, on hearing of the kindness of his wife, during his absence, to his old father, breaks out into the following expressions of tenderness :

“Did she do so? Did you do thus my best
And tenderest heart—my wife?—May heaven for this,
If only this, bring out that cheek again
Into its dimpled outline—Heaven for this
Cool the dear hand I grasp with health and peace,
Bless thee in body and mind, in home and husband—
And when old age reverencing thy looks
In all it can, comes with his gentle withering,
Some thin and ruddy streaks still lingering on thee.
May it, unto the last, keep thee thy children,
Full-numbered, round about thee to supply
With eyes, feet, voice, and arms, and happy shoulders,
Thy thoughts, and wishes, looks, and leaning stocks,
And make the very yielding of thy frame
Delightful for their propping it.—Come, come,
We will have no more tears.”—P. 35, 36.

Liberty at length descends ; and the four “spirits of the nations,” the Prussian, Austrian, Russian, and English genii successively enter, and are welcomed by her in appropriate speeches. Peace is then invoked by some of the spirits of Liberty, who introduces, with a profusion of sweet songs and gorgeous imagery, Music, Painting, and Poetry. Then enter, with appropriate pageantry and attendants, Experience and Education. After this, Peace invokes Ceres in the following simple and beautiful song.

THE FOURTH SONG OF PEACE.

O, thou that art our queen again
And may in the sun be seen again
Come, Ceres, come,
For the war's gone home,
And the fields are quiet and green again.

The air, dear goddess, sighs for thee,
The light-heart brooks arise for thee,
And the poppies red
On their wistful bed
Turn up their dark blue eyes for thee.

Laugh out in the loose green jerkin
That's fit for a goddess to work in,
With shoulders brown,
And the wheaten crown
About thy temples perking.

And with thee come Stout Heart in,
 And Toil, that sleeps his cart in,
 And Exercise,
 The ruddy and wise,
 His bathed fore-locks parting.

And Dancing too, that's lithèr
 Than willow or birch, drop hither,
 To thread the place
 With a finishing grace,
 And carry our smooth eyes with her." P. 63, 64.

We cannot but add the trio and chorus in which Ceres is welcomed.

"TRIO AND CHORUS."

"All joy to the giver of wine and of corn,
 With her elbow at ease on her well-fill'd horn,
 To the sunny cheek brown,
 And the shady wheat crown
 And the ripe golden locks that come smelling of morn.

Stout Heart. 'Tis she in our veins that puts daily delight;

Toil. 'Tis she in our beds puts us kindly at night;

Exercise. And taps at our doors in the morning bright,

Chorus. Then joy to the giver, &c.

We'll sling on our flaskets, and forth with the sun,
 With our trim-ankled yoke-fellows every one:

 We'll gather and reap

 With our arm at a sweep,

And oh! for the dancing when all is done;

Exercise. Yes, yes, we'll be up when the singing bird starts;

Toil. We'll level her harvests, and fill up her carts;

Stout Heart. And shake off fatigue with our bounding hearts,

Chorus. Then hey for the flaskets," &c. P. 67, 68.

"CHORUS OF A FEW VOICES MALE AND FEMALE."

"And see to set us moving, here is Dancing here,
 With the breezes at her ankles, and her winsome cheer,
 With her in-and-out deliciousness, and bending ear;

 Nay trip it first awhile

 To thine own sweet smile,

And we'll follow, follow, follow to thee, Dancing dear." P. 67.

The pageants are here on a sudden interrupted by the hasty entrance of "a sable genius with fetter-rings at his wrists, a few of the links broken off." He has been disturbed by dreams of still impending evils, but is sent away reassured by the promises of Liberty. The poem closes with the goddess's "wisest contrast," the pageants of true and false glory.

Such of our readers as measure merit by length, breadth, and thickness, will think that we have dwelt too long on this unpretending volume; but we feel it necessary to apologize to our more imaginative readers, for so soon letting it out of our hands. It has given us infinitely more pleasure than many a handsome quarto from more fashionable pens. Indeed, we know not that a thing of such continued and innocent fancy, so finely mixed up with touches of human manners and affections—a poem, in short, so fitted for a holyday hour on a bright spring morning—has ever come under our critical cognizance.

Notes on a Journey through France, from Dieppe through Paris and Lyons, to the Pyrenees, and back through Thoulouse, in July, August, and September, 1814; describing the Habits of the People, and the Agriculture of the Country. By Morris Birkbeck. 8vo.

[From the Monthly Review.]

MR. BIRKBECK is a tourist of no common sort: since he explores subjects which the ordinary visiters of France would pass over unnoticed, and, in a short compass, has placed before us the actual state and condition of the French people. We recognise in him the true statistical and agricultural observer; who, leaving architecture, antiquities, the fine arts, and the fashions and frivolities of our neighbours, to be displayed by others, directs his chief attention to the soil, husbandry, and produce of France, and to the condition, resources, industry, and habits of the people of the country: taking merely a slight view of the metropolis, which is with most rambles the principal object of attraction. He appears to have been very diligent and fortunate in his inquiries; and perhaps the temper of mind with which he conducted them contributed not a little to his comfort and success. "On entering France," he observes at the end of his journal, "I endeavoured to lay in a stock of good humour which might last the journey;

and I am happy to say I succeeded. This is the grand secret of travelling, as it is of living; the better your temper the greater your enjoyment." This is a hint which no person who projects a ramble into a foreign country ought to overlook; and he who travels among strangers should leave at home his repulsive manners, (if he be so unfortunate as to have any,) and school himself into that true politeness and good humour which will dispose all whom he may meet to oblige him. From the facility with which Mr. B. collected the information of which he was in pursuit, others will learn the importance of a stock of this kind.

Landing at Dieppe, (July 11, 1814,) after a pleasant voyage of thirty-six hours from Brighthelmstone, Mr. B. proceeded immediately on the chief objects of his research: but, before he takes notice of the miserable ploughs and harrows of the French farmers, and of their courses of cropping, he adverts to a circumstance which we are sorry to find confirmed by his report; viz. that "the arguments of the English, for the abolition of the slave-trade by the French, have no weight on their side of the water." He represents that our zeal is viewed by our neighbours as proceeding not from humanity but from interested motives, and consequently as a source of jealousy with them.

Rouen, on account of its cotton manufactory, being the Manchester of France, is duly explored by this statistical observer, but his stay is not protracted. He soon diverges into the country on a visit to a small farmer, inquires the price of labour, and discovers that poultry is so very important an object of French farming, that the consumption of it in France is equal in weight to that of mutton; of which last, however, not so much in proportion is consumed in France as in England. He mentions, also, in this excursion, that he observed, on a sheep-walk, a boy collecting fresh sheep-dung for the use of the dier, who employed it in dying cotton red. Do our diers of cotton resort to this material?

From Rouen, Mr. B. proceeded to Louviers, which is famous for its fine cloths; and the quality of which, it is remarked, proves the skill of the manufacturer, and the excellence of his implements. Evreux and Passy are also visited; and on the 21st he reached Paris. Having, however, been a week in the capital, Mr. B. still offers none of the usual observations on buildings, statues, and pictures, and for the present passes over Paris with this concise remark:

"We find things here not of a piece; public profusion and private frugality; a brilliant government and a plain people. The people wiser, and of course better than their rulers; this, I imagine, is a common case; but they generally differ only in degree, the character

the same. 'This *opposition* of character I do not comprehend, but I suspect the work is not quite finished.'

The Rambouillet flock being more an object of curiosity with Mr. Birkbeck than the Gallery of the Louvre, he soon waited on M. Tessier, the inspector of the national flocks, and was gratified by the politeness of his reception :

"He showed us," observes Mr. B. "specimens of wool from the Rambouillet flock, from the shearing of 1787 to that of 1814. The quality of the original stock was very good, yet there is an evident improvement from year to year in the early part of the series ; probably from selection. There appears no great difference in the latter years. There are many specimens of two, three, and even five years' growth. It is remarkable that the wool of five years' growth, though more than twelve inches long, preserves a fibre of equal fineness throughout : this circumstance confirms M. Tessier's report of the healthy condition of the animal. One specimen of two years' growth is extremely curious. The sheep, with his first years' fleece on his back, was dipped in Indigo die ; his wool received the colour, and, what is most curious, though exposed the whole year, has retained it perfectly : one half of the fibre is a beautiful blue ; and the other, which grew after the immersion, a snowy white. I have heard of clothiers dyeing their wool in the grease. Has that substance a tendency to render the colour permanent ?

"M. Tessier conducted us to his flock at Isy, a league from Paris ; they are Merinos, of good quality both in wool and carcass ; 450 ewes, ewe lambs and rams, which are kept in three parcels. They are housed from 8 in the evening to 7 in the morning ; and from 11 in the forenoon to 4 in the afternoon, in summer. Their hours of feeding of course are from 7 to 11 in the morning, and from 4 to 8 in the evening. As the cool weather advances, the day-housing is gradually dispensed with. They are in good and healthy condition.

"The practice of sheltering their flocks at noon, during the summer, is universal. It is very refreshing to the sheep, and affords them protection from the flies. Where buildings are commodiously situated, I would recommend it to the attention of English flock-masters.

"M. Tessier hires the whole of the keep of this flock. He pays 62*l.* 10*s.* sterling to the farmer for the sheep pasture of his farm, which consists of the borders, fallows, and stubbles ; stocking at his own discretion. He buys Lucerne hay for four winter months ; perhaps 40 tons on an average of seasons, at about 40*s.* per ton ; making the expense of keep 142*l.* 10*s.* sterling. His shepherd's wages are extravagant according to our notions."

This shepherd, we are told, is a wealthy man ; and it is added that "the labouring class here is certainly much higher, on the social scale, than with us."

At fifty miles south of Paris, the tourist employs himself, as in other places, in ascertaining the quality of the soil; and he laments that though the land is good for turnips, the raising of that vegetable is not included in the course of French crops. Arrived at Moulins, he makes this general remark: "From Dieppe to Paris, I think the cultivation equal to ours: from Paris to Moulins, much worse than any part of England I am acquainted with; especially the latter part of the route."

Mr. B. is convinced that the Revolution has operated favourably for the people at large; and, though he discerns much poverty, he finds also that the habits of the people preclude the necessity of much wealth. He was at La Palisse on a fair-day; but, notwithstanding the concourse of people, little money was spent in the town, because the farmers bring their bread with them, and club for a bottle of wine, for which they pay ten sous. This economy in expenditure could not benefit the public houses.

From Roanne to St. Symphorien, the country is described as well inhabited and well cultivated; and the latter place, being in the vicinity of the populous city of Lyons, is studded with houses, the country seats of rich merchants and manufacturers. A boat conveyed Mr. B. from Lyons to Vienne, in the course of which little excursion he was much delighted with "sweet air—exhilarating mountain scenery;—the clear, and rapid, and majestic Rhone: rocks, woods, vineyards; chateaux on commanding eminences; cottages, embosomed in trees, retiring from the view; the busy traffick of the river, and prosperous villages on its banks."

At St. Urban, the traveller notices the prominent part which women take in the husbandry of France:

"In every part of France, women employ themselves in offices which are deemed with us unsuitable to the sex. Here there is no sexual distinction of employment: the women undertake any task they are able to perform, without much notion of fitness or unfitness. This applies to all classes. The lady of one of the principal clothiers at Louviers conducted us over the works; gave us patterns of the best cloths; ordered the machinery to be set in motion for our gratification, and was evidently in the habit of attending to the whole detail of the business. Just so, near Rouen, the wife of the largest farmer in that quarter conducted me to the barns and stables; showed me the various implements, and explained their use; took me into the fields, and described the mode of husbandry, which she perfectly understood; expatiated on the excellence of their fallows; pointed out the best sheep in the flock, and gave me a detail of their management in buying their wether lambs and fattening their wethers. This was on a farm of about 400 acres. In every shop and warehouse you see similar activity in the females. At the royal porcelain manufactory at Sevres, a woman was called to receive payment for the articles

we purchased. In the Halle de Bled, at Paris, women in their little counting houses are performing the office of factors, in the sale of grain and flour. In every department they occupy an important station, from one extremity of the country to the other.

"In many cases, where women are employed in the more laborious occupations, the real cause is directly opposite to the apparent. You see them in the south, threshing, with the men, under a burning sun;—it is a family party threshing out the crop of their own freehold; a woman is holding plough; the plough, the horses, the land is her's; or, (as we have it,) her husband's, who is probably sowing the wheat which she is turning in. You are shocked on seeing a fine young woman loading a dung cart;—it belongs to her father, who is manuring his own field, for their common support. In these instances the toil of the woman denotes wealth rather than want; though the latter is the motive to which a superficial observer would refer it."

In this part of the country, the farmers never house their crops of corn, but thresh or tread them out in the corners of their fields.

A glance is taken at "*church doings*" at Avignon, and something is said of the antiquities at Nismes: but Mr. B. is mistaken in supposing that the *Maison carrée* at the latter place was a pantheon. He is more in his province as an agriculturalist; and we need not question the accuracy of his note, dated Montpellier, Aug. 18.

"From Dieppe to this place we have seen scarcely a working animal whose condition was not excellent. Oxen, horses, and now mules, and asses, fat and well looking, but not pampered. This looks like prosperity. And when I add that we have not seen, among the labouring people, one such famished, worn out, wretched object, as may be met with in every parish of England, I had almost said on every farm; this, in a country so populous, so entirely agricultural, denotes real prosperity. Again, from Dieppe to this place, I could not easily point out an acre of waste, a spot of land that is not industriously cultivated, though not always well, according to our notions. France, so peopled, so cultivated; moderately taxed; without paper-money, without tithes, without poor rates, almost without poor; with excellent roads in every direction, and overflowing with corn, wine, and oil, must be, and really is, a rich country. Yet there are few rich individuals."

The information which Mr. Birkbeck had collected in this part of his tour is thus generalized by the help of a well-informed French gentleman:

"1st. The labouring class, formerly the poor, are now rich, in consequence of the national domains having been sold in small allot-

ments, at very low rates, and with the indulgence of five years for completing the payment. Thus there are few labourers or domestic servants who are not proprietors of land.

"2d. By the Revolution, every oppression on agriculture was done away; tithes, gaine laws, *corvées*, &c.

"3d. Since that time, much new ground has been brought into cultivation, and none of the old abandoned.

"4th. The modes of husbandry have improved in many districts, by the introduction of fallow crops and artificial grasses, '*Prairies artificielles*.' The general wages of labourers in husbandry 20*d.* per day, which is equal to 3*s.* 4*d.* with us, as every article of expenditure is somewhat below half the price."

We cannot notice every place which Mr. B. visited in his progress from the south of France to the Pyrenees: but we must not omit the narrative of his visit to the majestic mountain, Canigou, the chief of the eastern range:

"The first day we marched to the Herdsman's Barrack, where we lodged in a sort of Calmuck style; ten in number, including the herdsman's family, crawling into a circular hut about nine feet in diameter. The bottom was covered with broom for bedding, which, apparently, was not often changed. This hut is constructed, with some ingenuity, of blocks of granite: being circular, and contracting gradually from the base to the apex, it stands self supported. The upper part has the interstices stopped to exclude the rain, but the lower is open to every blast. Not an article of furniture except a log of fir, which separates the fire and the entrance hole (for there is no door) from the bed of broom, and a stick here and there between the stones of the wall: on these are suspended among the smoke a leathern bottle, a wallet, a powder horn, or a bag of shot, &c. When driven in by the storm we placed ourselves in close order on the log. Keeping up a blaze with boughs of pine, we smoked our cygars, and chatted, and sang a few mountain ditties, till, one by one, as night drew on, we dropped into the couch behind us, leaving the herdsman and the ladies, who kept it up till 11 o'clock. He then suddenly calls out '*Dormons*,' and starting up begins to make room by belabouring with a stick, as if he would have broken their bones, two or three poor sleeping boys, who lay a little athwart, and took more room than their share. After adjusting them, he proceeded to the rest of us, saying, '*Une place pour tous; une place pour tous*;' and so he placed us side by side, as many as could lie in one direction, and the others across, over and among the legs of the first. The night grew very tempestuous, with thunder and rain; gusts of wind frequently found their way through the door way, and carried the ashes and the live embers over us as we lay; but worse than all were the myriads of fleas, which, in spite of our host's attention to the accommodation of his guests, would allow us but little rest. Unfortunately, the storm continuing, we could not escape from the filthy hole. However, we

rose early, and had a pleasant repast of bread and new milk, before we started from the summit; and at our return, the women had provided abundance of wild raspberries, which relished well with our bread and wine.

"I am satisfied that no description can convey to the mind the grandeur, the vastness of a mountain; especially when seen in the magnificent array of its own clouds, as we saw Canigou. The day was unfavourable for distant prospects, but the majesty of the mountain was heightened by the concealment of every other object, except the neighbouring snowy summits. The peak is of difficult ascent; it is 1,440 toises (about 9,000 English feet) above the Mediterranean. A small iron cross is fixed on the highest point. I expected to have found the summit a naked crag; on the contrary, it is covered with loose fragments, the ruins, as it should seem, of a rock once higher. The high cliffs of Canigou are of that sort of granite called gneiss. There are many wild goats among the rocks, and some bears, as we were informed. The herdsmen had shot three of the former the day we arrived. Wolves are not very rare. In the winter nights they frequently prowl about the streets of Prades. The herdsman has under his care about a hundred head of cattle, cows and oxen; and a large herd of horses; which do great credit to their pasture. They are collected every night round the hut, and roam at their pleasure over these solitary regions through the day. They are the property of different people in the neighbouring communes, who pay the man for his attendance, and a small acknowledgment for the pasture to government to whom this mountain belongs. It formerly belonged to a Spanish convent; and, I believe, on that account, was not sold with the national domains."

If the Calmuck style of accommodation, which Mr. B. experienced in this excursion, was not very pleasant, the prospect of "this Sovereign of the Mountains," as Canigou is styled in a Catalonian song, must have remunerated him for all his fatigues and flea bites.

Returning by Mont Louis, Tarascon, Foix, Montauban, Maurs, and Clermont, to Paris, the traveller saw the capital a second time on Sept. 15: but here he informs us that he "prefers the country character of France to that of the city."

"In the former, the good fruits of the Revolution are visible at every step; previous to that era, in the country, the most numerous class, the bulk of the population, all but the nobles and the priests, were wretchedly poor, servile, and thievish. This class has assumed a new character, improved in proportion to the improvement of its condition. Servility has vanished with their poverty; their thievishness, an effect of the same cause, has also in great measure disappeared. But there is a selfishness and avarice, too prevalent in the general character of the people; which may be natural to their present state of society, from the virtues of industry and economy in excess. I

question if a proportionate amelioration has taken place among the Parisians, a sort of insulated nation. who know very little, and seem to care as little, about the rest of France."

Most persons who have visited France seem to agree as to the justice of the latter remark respecting the character of the Parisians. Some commendation is here bestowed on the magnificence of Bonaparte, and some censure on the littleness of the Bourbons, in attempting to disgrace him by pulling down his statues, and endeavouring to obliterate all traces of his power. Without quoting any of these political strictures, however, we shall conclude this article with observing that we have followed Mr. Birkbeck with much satisfaction through the whole of his tour; in the course of which he seems to have exhibited so faithful a picture of all that fell under his view, that the details which he has presented to the public in this small volume may be considered as real information respecting the actual state of France, in those particulars to which the author has directed his more immediate attention.

ORIGINAL.

AN ESSAY

On the classification, mutual relations, and various uses of the Physical Sciences.

[We are indebted for this essay to a gentleman whose exertions have contributed, in a very remarkable degree, to the diffusion of useful knowledge, and the excitement of a taste for scientific pursuits]

Etenim omnes artes, quæ ad humanitatem pertinent, habent quodam commune vinculum, et quasi cognatione quadam inter se continentur. Cicero.

THE term Natural Philosophy, in the full extent of its meaning, comprehends chemistry, as well as physiology, and some other topics which are generally treated of as distinct branches of knowledge. To remedy the inconvenience arising from so loose an application of the term, the whole subject of Natural Philosophy may be divided into two parts, the distinction between which rests upon the nature of motion.

The term *Mechanical Philosophy* is employed to designate those operations of nature and of art, which are accompanied by sensible motions, and in which the bodies acted upon are in appreciable masses, and move through perceptible spaces. *Chemical Philosophy*, on the other hand, includes all those changes which are effected by insensible motions; by motions in which the minutest particles of matter act on each other, and by which alterations are produced in the *qualities* of the substance which is the subject of such action. Many phenomena are of a mixed character, and partake both of mechanical and chemical action.

Under the head of Mechanical Philosophy, we find several of those sciences, the cultivation of which has most eminently contributed to the advancement of human skill, to the invigoration of the human mind, to the elevation and dignity of human nature. Within this circle were displayed the bold conceptions of Pythagoras, the vigorous and persevering genius of Archimedes, and the sagacious and manly mind of Copernicus. We here become acquainted with the noble discoveries, as well

as the singular conceits of Kepler, and the pious and resolute industry of Tycho. In this field we may trace the footsteps, and venerate the labours of Galileo and De Guerick, of Boyle and of Boscovitch. It is in this lofty region that the name of Newton is emblazoned in characters as imperishable as science ; and grateful to his intelligent followers as the kindling splendours of Aurora. It is within these fertile borders that the penetrating and perspicuous mind of Franklin was habitually employed : and it is here that we are bound to yield the tribute of respect to the colossal genius of our contemporary La Place. Finally, it is within the verge of this horizon, that we behold a multitude of other luminaries, whose mild and useful light have cast upon the mazes of worldly things, a radiance which pierces through the gloom, and enlivens the distant prospect.

In the classification of those phenomena, which fall within the scope of Mechanical Philosophy, we are greatly assisted by the clear marks of distinction which prevail amongst them. There has been little difficulty in assigning to optics, to astronomy, to electricity, to magnetism, to pneumatics, &c. each its proper bounds. The events which fall under each class are separated from the rest by characters that are easily known ; and on that account they are more readily investigated, and they have been more effectually explored. This circumstance, it appears to me, affords, to a mind disposed to regard the creation in its relation to the human understanding, as the result of benevolent intention, a strong additional motive for cherishing grateful sentiments. That an acquaintance with the laws of nature is intimately connected with our worldly comforts ; nay, to a certain extent, absolutely essential to the civilized condition, cannot be questioned. How much more conveniently this knowledge may be acquired by due attention to a classification of the objects of pursuit, and by the facility with which such a classification may be made, will be understood, and acknowledged, by all who reflect on the insuperable difficulties which would occur in the investigation of any law, if nature, instead of her wonted simplicity, had accompanied every operation with a complication of all her mysterious energies.

Every change in material things is accompanied by motion

and the most general of all phenomena, is the curvilinear motion of bodies in free space.

To Galileo, Kepler, and Newton, we are principally indebted for the discovery of those admirable laws, the knowledge of which has produced such a revolution in science, and given so high an elevation to the pursuits of the philosopher. The former of these great men, was the first to demonstrate, that when bodies descend from a height to the surface of the earth, their motion is accelerated agreeably to a fixed and unerring law, by which the spaces fallen through have a certain determinate relation to the times of descent. He showed, likewise, that a body projected in any direction, not perpendicular to the horizon, describes a parabola.

The second ascertained, by a most happy train of observations, guided by deep sagacity, that the motions of the planets are not performed in circles, but ellipses, and that there is a harmonious concurrence between the periods of their revolutions and their distances from the sun. These were highly important, though insulated, facts. But insulated they did not remain, when the profound genius of Newton had fully explored the vast phenomena of motion. He perceived, and clearly demonstrated, that all these events are the results of one great universal law. He found it operative, not only upon the surface of the earth, not merely influencing the alternate swell and recess of the ocean; he traced it to the planetary orbs, to the confines of the system; he pursued it to the most distant visible retreat of flaming comets, and proved that it pervades nature, throughout her whole material existence, as far at least as the researches of mortals can extend;—a law which, originating in the perfect will of an omnipotent being, binds together the elements of unconscious matter, and reduces all to a harmonious system. The universality of the law of gravitation has been delicately expressed by a modern poet—

The very law that moulds a tear,
And bids it trickle from its source;
That law preserves the earth a sphere,
And guides the planets in their course.

To the same patient and luminous mind, we owe those acute investigations, and those beautiful experiments, which have unfolded to our comprehension the principles of light and optics. It was Newton who first

“Untwisted all the shining robes of day,
And from the whitening undistinguished blaze,
Collecting every ray into its kind,
To the charm’d eye, educed the gorgeous train
Of parent colour.”

If it should be thought by any, that the discovery of the law of universal gravitation, and of the principles of optics, is rather to be admired as an evidence of genius than praised for its practical utility, they have only to reflect that these discoveries form the basis of astronomy, and to consider the relation of that science to the business and affairs of men. Withdraw all dependence upon astronomy, and the intercourse between foreign nations must cease. “The navigator (it has been well observed) must have recourse to it for that knowledge which enables him to conduct his bark through the trackless ocean. Small scraps of this knowledge are, it is true, sufficient for the mere pilot, yet it is necessary that some persons should pursue the study to its utmost limit, that the unlearned pilot may get that scanty pittance on which he depends for direction. The few pages of tables of the sun’s declination, which he uses every day to find his latitude, required the successive and united labours of all the astronomers in Europe to make them tolerably exact; and in order to ascertain his longitude with precision, it required all the genius of a Newton to detect the lunar irregularities, and bring them within the power of the calculator; and till this was done the respective positions of the different parts of the earth could not be ascertained. Independently, therefore, of astronomical observations, geography would be a very imperfect science. Nor is chronology less indebted to it, for, without an exact knowledge of the diurnal and annual revolutions of the earth, confusion would take place, as it formerly did, in the calendar, and the events of history would be very indefinitely settled.”*

* Professor Robinson, in *Encyc. Brit. art. Physics.*

To this science belong the theory of eclipses, and the rules for calculating their occurrence, extent, and duration; and it may be named in honour of the powers granted to man, that among the means to which astronomers resort for determining with exactness the longitude of places on the earth, is a correct observation of the eclipses, not only of the sun and moon, but those also of the satellites of the planet Jupiter. The motions of these bodies, though altogether invisible to the naked eye, have been investigated with so much precision, as to furnish data for the determination of a question upon the surface of our globe, intimately connected with the prosperity of many of its inhabitants. But although astronomy has richly rewarded the enlightened liberality of its patrons, and the noble industry of its votaries, it has by no means attained to its *ne plus ultra* of perfection. Numerous desiderata still remain, which can only be obtained by the successive and continued labours of careful and accurate observers in different parts of the world. This is an object worthy of the wisest councils of every country. Where, then, is the national observatory of the United States of America? Where are the instruments provided by our government for astronomical discovery? Can it be possible that the only scientific nation in the western world has never measured the obliquity of the ecliptic? Are we panting for military fame, and remain satisfied with having done less for astronomy than the little state of Denmark could boast of having achieved 300 years ago?

Connected with the laws of gravitation, and the motions to which it gives rise, is the consideration of those modifications of motion which result from the ingenuity and contrivances of man. This leads to an examination of the different mechanical powers; an explication of the various moving forces, and to the diversified modes in which they are applied to the wants and purposes of life. If the principles of mechanics (I mean its abstract, mathematical principles) should be considered as too abstruse for those who are not peculiarly formed for such investigations, still a knowledge of the fundamental doctrines of mechanics, and an acquaintance with the character, the *modus operandi*, of the most valuable machinery, will frequently prove of much practical value, as the means of saving expense in useless, ill-advised projects, and in furnishing hints which may be turned to advantage; and, certain-

ly, the acquisition of such a knowledge is worthy of attention, as an object of enlightened and liberal curiosity.

If a collection of neat, well-constructed models, illustrative of all the more useful machines employed in the arts, could be furnished as a part of the philosophical appurtenances of our higher schools; much valuable information would thus be easily and expeditiously afforded to students who were finishing their academic courses. Our country may, without doubt, lay claim to an honourable share of the mechanical talent of the present day. It has, within a few years, been displayed amongst us in a very interesting and important manner. But how many are there, even among the best educated, who know as little of the mechanical principles of the steam engine, as if they had never profited by its application?

Hydrostatics, or the doctrine of the pressure and equilibrium of non-elastic fluids, and *Hydraulics*, which treats of the motion of those fluids, are branches of science of no small moment, both in theory and practice. They furnish a demonstration and explanation of facts, which are highly interesting to our daily comforts. They illustrate principles, which, without the aid of positive proof, would be regarded as incredible or absurd. To these subjects are referred the theory of aqueducts, water mills, pumps for raising water, engines for extinguishing fires, fountains, jets of water, siphons, syringes, the nature of springs, courses of rivers, forms of canals, the agitation and oscillation of waves, the motion and equilibrium of ships and other floating bodies, with various considerations of an analogous nature. The doctrine of specific gravity, of so much importance in natural history and chemistry, as well as in the arts, is likewise classed under this head. The very great importance of the art of modifying the motions of water, will be manifest to every one who considers how much the welfare of a country is dependent on a skilful management of the subjects just enumerated.

The discoveries that have been made in that part of mechanical philosophy, which considers the properties of air and elastic fluids, though, comparatively, of a very modern date, are extremely curious, and they have likewise been made subservient to very valuable purposes.

Without an acquaintance with the elasticity of air, and the pressure of the atmosphere, which were first clearly exhibited by Otto, Guericke, and Robert Boyle, in the seventeenth century, we should remain ignorant of the immediate cause of many of those operations which administer to our daily convenience. Among them may be mentioned the theory of the common pump. The ancients, unable to account for the rise of the water in the cylindrical cavity of the pump, boldly ascribed it to the abhorrence which nature entertained for a vacuum. Equally unphilosophical is that vulgar opinion which ascribes this, and similar operations, to the vague principle denominated *suction*. These are known to be the effects of atmospheric pressure; and upon that pressure are we dependent, not merely for the convenience of instruments and machines, but for the continuance of life itself. The air pump, the condenser, the barometer, the hydro-pneumatic bellows, and other valuable machines, are to be considered under the head of *Pneumatics*.

To the high and elevated pursuits of the philosophical student, it likewise belongs to investigate the nature of that powerful and mysterious agent, which, collecting the materials of its awful battery within the dark bosom of the hovering tempest, fills all animated nature with apprehension and dismay. Its irresistible power, its immeasurable velocity, its vivid and dazzling coruscations, its loud and violent fulminations, with the frequent and alarming exhibitions of its might, render it, unquestionably, one of the sublimest agents of nature. Its phenomena are to be ranked among those which most readily inspire the sentiment of wonder and of fearful curiosity. To have identified this agent with that which accompanies the effects of friction upon glass and other substances; with that which produces scintillations when the covering of certain animals is rubbed; with that which serves as an instrument of support and a weapon of defence in some of the aquatic tribes; to discover the means of accumulating this agent; of confining it within artificial bounds; of mimicking its most destructive effects; to trace its operation in the phenomena of evaporation, condensation, solution, of heating and cooling; in short, to detect the influence of this wonderful agent in an infinite number of changes, which, to ordinary perception, afford no indications of its pre-

sence ; and, finally, to employ it as the means of healing the maladies of the human frame—must be regarded as among the noblest trophies of philosophy.

Nor are these all the benefits which mankind has derived from electrical discovery. I appeal to those who tremble in the open field, at the muttering thunder, but remain free from anxiety in their protected dwellings. Let Americans be grateful. He who, in the scarcely hyperbolic language of the poet,

“ Bade his bold arm invade the lowering sky,
And seize the tiptoe lightnings ere they fly ;”

he who taught us to evade the direful stroke, or render it innocuous, performed his first successful experiments in this his native land, and bequeathed to his country his usefulness and his fame.

Magnetism is a branch of mechanical philosophy closely allied, by a correspondence of properties, with electricity. More confined and limited in its relations, it would scarcely be ranked among the subjects worthy of much attention, were it not for one remarkable property of the magnet. But this single property renders magnetism of much greater importance than many sciences of prouder name ; and in point of real, practical utility, places it almost on a level with astronomy itself. Without the polarity of the needle, where were national prosperity and wealth ?

The other great branch of physical science, is *Chemistry*. It may be considered, 1st. In its relation to other branches of science : 2dly. In its application to the useful arts : and 3dly. In its connexion, in common with other parts of general physics, with the improvement of our intellectual nature.

Chemical action has been stated to be that which takes place between the minutest particles of matter, and which produces alterations in the qualities and properties, generally both external and internal, of the substances upon which it is exerted. Hence every visible change that takes place in the material world, which cannot be ascribed to mechanical action, to the effects of impulse or pressure, must be regarded as the result of chemical action. It is the object, therefore, of this science, to examine the nature of those changes ; to inspect diligently and accurately all the

consecutive events, in order to determine, under every modifying circumstance, the established order of their succession, and thence to deduce those general laws, which, when clearly understood, may be applied to the promotion of the useful arts, and the general purposes of human convenience.

To whatever part of chemical philosophy our attention is directed, we discover, at the threshold, the influence of an agent, which is more universal and powerful in its operation upon matter than any other. Not a flower can bloom, a drop of rain descend, or an animal respire, without its concurrence. According to its prevalence or its absence, the earth becomes decked with the garlands of spring and summer, or locked in the torpid embraces of frost. By the control of this agent, the clouds converge with a dark and terrific aspect, or they disperse in light and fantastic evolutions. Not even the vital urn of human existence is exempt from its influence. By its genial action, the crimson tide flows with healthful regularity. By its excessive or its deficient sway, the spirit is driven from its disorganized tenement. This agent is *heat*. Its immediate operation is generally, if not always, such as to produce those internal modifications of matter, which give it, decidedly, a chemical character. Its remote effects are sometimes mechanical, but these are ordinarily produced by the intermedium of chemical changes. Heat, therefore, is a chemical agent. And, consequently, to be able duly to appreciate the importance of chemical science, it is necessary to bear in mind, that, when, in the explanation of any phenomenon, it becomes requisite to advert to the agency of heat, we then enter the domains, and we must accordingly speak the language, of Chemistry.

In almost every department of natural history, we may perceive the advantage of chemical knowledge. The first of these advantages which it may be proper to notice, is that which results from an accurate acquaintance with the *terms* of chemistry. If an extraordinary knowledge of things contributes to the improvement of language, it is no less true, that a judicious and appropriate technical language greatly facilitates the acquisitions of science. This it does not merely by the convenience it affords to the memory, but by its stimulant effects upon the imagination.

The influence of a neat and perspicuous nomenclature, in mul-

tipling the inducements to study, has been witnessed on many occasions, and particularly in Botany. The Linnæan system, though, for the most part, confessedly artificial, has been associated with a phraseology so well calculated to explain its principles, as greatly to increase the number of its admirers, and consequently the diffusion of botanical knowledge. The logic of chemistry is still more precise and more natural. Its terms are so essentially interwoven with its doctrines, that the one cannot fail to elucidate the other. "The new nomenclature which has been introduced into chemistry," (observes Dugald Stewart,) "seems to me to furnish a striking illustration of the effect of appropriate and well-defined expressions, in aiding the intellectual powers; and the period is probably not far distant, when similar innovations will be attempted in some of the other sciences."

One of the most important departments of natural history is mineralogy. A knowledge of the various substances accessible to man, which lie buried in the earth, is essential to the prosperity of civilized nations. A taste for the pursuit of this science is rational, and furnishes its possessor with a source of much entertainment and pleasure. But, for the purpose of acquiring a knowledge of minerals, a classification of them and the adoption of appropriate names for the different varieties and species, are absolutely necessary. This cannot be done effectually without a reference to their composition. Hence chemical analysis must be resorted to. And the name of the species founded, at least in part, on the result of analyses, cannot be understood without an acquaintance with the language and the facts of chemistry. But the scientific mineralogist will not be content with barely understanding the principles of classification. He will choose to lay a foundation, by the careful study of chemical philosophy, for that skill and judgment in his investigations, which alone can render him master of his subject. It may, therefore, be fairly inferred, that, without chemistry, the naturalist would fail in this part of his labour; and it may be justly asserted, that no part of natural history has recently claimed so great a share of public attention, as the study of the useful and beautiful materials of the mineral kingdom.

If to the details of mineralogy, there is superadded, in the

mind of the student, that turn for generalization, which leads to the principles of geology, a wider scope will be afforded for the exercise of his industry and genius, and a greater demand for the application of chemical knowledge. To undertake to examine into the structure of the globe;—to attempt to ascertain, by laborious research, at what time, and in what order, the great foundations have been laid, might, at first view, seem idle if not presumptuous. Such sentiments were entertained of those who, in the infancy of science, undertook to number the stars, and to account for the phenomena of the heavens. What was then regarded as a decided misapplication of human powers, is now ranked among the subjects of their noblest exercise. The perfection of geological science may possibly unfold truths which may be rendered subservient to the benefit of mankind. So high is the opinion entertained respecting its advantages by the philosophers of Europe, that a society has been formed in one of its most enlightened nations, for the special purpose of promoting those investigations. This society has already published two volumes of its transactions, and its affairs appear to be conducted with much spirit and intelligence. Our country presents a wide and interesting field for these researches, but hitherto almost entirely unexplored.

The vegetable kingdom furnishes an inexhaustible store of instruction and delight—a garden of scientific enjoyment. But the pleasure which botany affords is much enhanced, and its usefulness increased, by connecting with it an inquiry into the qualities of plants, the nature of their various products, their usefulness as articles of food, commerce, and the arts. These accompaniments require a little of the spice of chemistry to adapt them fully to the taste of those who wish to descend beneath the surface of science, and reap the fruit, as well as to behold the flower. Connected with botany by close and natural ties, is the physiology of vegetation. By this we understand, a determination of the changes which successively occur during the growth of the plant, from the first generation of the seed to the perfection of the herb or tree; to ascertain its relations to air, water, soil, and all other ingredients which retard or promote its growth; to discover the structure of its

vessels, their uses, and the quality of their contents; to inquire into the economy of leaves and flowers; the hybernation of buds, and other analogous operations by which this animate structure is brought to maturity. This is a kind of investigation of much practical, as well as scientific importance, but it leads the inquirer directly into the beaten track of chemistry, where, without previous qualification, he will be confounded and lost.

Almost the same observations will apply to the zoölogical department of natural history. A description of the figure, colour, and dimensions; the temper, economy, and general habits of animals, constitutes (it is true) an interesting and valuable body of information: but the remarkable metamorphoses which some of these undergo, the uses to which various animal products are applied in the arts, together with considerations relative to the physiology of animal life, render chemistry not altogether foreign to this portion of the naturalist's labour. In another branch of philosophy, comprehended within the domains of natural history, chemistry is almost the only interpreter. I allude to meteorology. To make philosophical inquiries relative to the causes of the phenomena which this subject presents, may be considered as resulting from a strong and natural passion of the human mind. Winds and storms, rain, hail and snow, lightning and thunder, heat and cold, clouds, fogs, and dew, excite the attention of the most careless observer, and raise the tone of curiosity in the most sluggish mind.

"*Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas,*" is the spontaneous feeling of those who watch the changes of weather, and of season. But where are we to look for a guide in these inquiries, if the chemist did not aid us? The agency of heat is manifest in almost all atmospherical changes; but that agency is chemical. Evaporation, condensation, and distillation, are chemical operations, but nature performs them in her vast laboratory, the atmosphere, by means which can be explained only by an intimate knowledge of the laws of heat, and of the affinities which prevail among the elements of air and water.

If it appears from the views I have taken, that the doctrines of chemistry stand closely related to the objects of natural history, it can as readily be shown, that with some of the branches of

mechanical philosophy, its connexion is likewise strong and intimate.

Over the principles of astronomy, it is not now pretended that the laws of chemistry can exert any control, or that the latter can derive any advantage from the former. The day is past, when it was believed that the chemist, in order to enter in due form, and with reasonable prospects of success, upon his search after the philosopher's stone, must previously consult the stars, and become profoundly versed in the conjunctions and oppositions of the planets. This opinion is entertained only by the few, who remain the solitary repositories of the great secret.

In optics, the theoretical reasonings of the philosopher are certainly independent of chemical principles; but in the investigation of optical phenomena, it is found that the chemical constitution of the substances employed, influence, very materially, the results obtained from them. In the selection of materials for the construction of lenses and reflectors, the optician would have a more enlarged view of his subjects were he skilled in the chemical qualities of the substances he employs. The discovery of Newton, that the refractive power of bodies was nearly in proportion to the quantity of combustible matter in their composition, enabled him to form the extremely acute (though at that time apparently improbable) conjecture, that both water and the diamond might contain an inflammable principle. This has, since his time, been abundantly verified by chemical discovery; and the connexion between the two facts has enabled chemists to pursue their researches in some points with greater success.

I pass over the detail of the connective principles between chemistry and hydrostatics and hydraulics, and proceed to the subject of *electricity*.

Whatever opinion may be entertained of electricity, as it was left by Dr. Franklin and his contemporaries;—however it might be regarded in that state as an insulated branch of knowledge, worthy to be studied principally on account of its extraordinary properties;—it is certain that, at present, the student cannot pursue his electrical researches, with a view of understanding its principles in their full extent, without perceiving the necessity of making considerable attainments in chemical knowledge. It was ob-

served in an early stage of the progress of chemical experiments, that a spark when passed through a mixture of certain gaseous elements, had the power of producing chemical combinations. It was found, too, that some of the metallic compounds or amalgama, possessed the power of excitation, when applied to glass, beyond any other materials. These facts, though indicative of a connexion between the electrical and chemical laws of matter, led to no further discovery of the nature or extent of this connexion, until the world was made acquainted with the very singular results obtained in the year 1791, by Galvani, an Italian physiologist; who ascertained that the muscles of an animal recently killed might be thrown into convulsive movements, by the simple application of an electrical conductor. Different metallic surfaces produced those effects in different degrees; and the further prosecution of these experiments led, in the course of a few years, to the invention, by Signor Volta, of the Galvanic pile; and, subsequently, to that arrangement of metallic and fluid surfaces, which is denominated the galvanic battery. The application of this powerful instrument, by Sir Humphrey Davy, to the purposes of analysis, has opened the way to discoveries which have given a most unexpected and wonderful extension to our knowledge of the chemical properties of bodies. It has, likewise, fully established the importance of electricity, as an agent of great power, in effecting decompositions; and in again restoring the combinations of elementary principles. No doubt is now entertained of the identity of the electric and Galvanic influence. Hence, as the latter is produced only by the medium of chemical agents, no person, desirous of studying electricity for the purposes of science, would choose to confine himself to the merely mechanical principles of this branch of philosophy.

2dly. The useful arts. In attempting to point out the application of chemistry to the employments of life, I should not do justice to the high respect which I entertain for that ancient, most honourable, and essential occupation of man, the art of tilling the ground, if I omitted to give it the first place among those arts which have honoured chemistry with a close and intimate alliance. Agriculture is the foundation of our worldly enjoyments. It is the basis of individual happiness and of national prosperity. "Its

subserviency to the wants of mankind, connected perhaps with its sober and healthful pleasures, and the spirit of independence which it inspires, has secured to it, in every age, the first rank among the useful arts, and obtained for it in every country the patronage of those most eminent for wisdom and virtue."

The philosophy of agriculture, as of almost all other arts, is twofold ; mechanical and chemical.

Its mechanical principles relate principally, if not exclusively, to the manipulations of the operator. The theory of those changes or effects, which it is the object of the agriculturalist to produce, rests upon the basis of chemical laws. And it will be granted, by every competent judge, that the more nearly an artist can approximate to a perfect knowledge of the theory of his operations, the more likely will he be to improve his processes, and to carry his art forward toward perfection. He may by accident stumble upon rules which accord best with the deductions of science ; but it does not from thence follow, that science would not serve him as an important and useful guide. If there is any art in which improvement is desirable, it is agriculture. To produce the greatest effect by the easiest means, is an object worthy of the united efforts of human skill. It is to multiply not merely the sources of comfort and enjoyment, but the pleasures of existence. The principal desiderata in agricultural improvements, that are to be supplied by chemical research, are the following: 1st. A more intimate knowledge of the composition of soils, of every class, from the most fertile to the most sterile ; and, likewise, of those peculiarities of soil, which are best adapted to particular crops. 2d. An easier method of analyzing soils, which may be put in practice with little difficulty or expense, by practical farmers. 3d. A more correct acquaintance with the specific action, upon soils of different kinds, of all natural fertilizers, as marl, lime, gypsum, mud, salts, &c. 4th. The detection of those principles in artificial manures, which contribute most to the growth of plants. 5th. The means of combining, with the greatest efficacy and cheapness, those materials which, by fermentation, or mutual communication of qualities, furnish rich and valuable composts. 6th. An advancement in the knowledge of the vegetable structure, and of the true physiology of vegetation. 7th. A more

complete investigation of the nature of those diseases, to which plants are liable, and the means of their prevention or cure. 8th. To determine the alterations which grain and seeds undergo by age or change of climate, and the means of preventing their deterioration. 9th. A method of counteracting the effects of excessive moisture upon plants, both in their growing and dry state; and of increasing the quantity of atmospherical moisture, when deficient, by the application of substances which attract it. 10th. An improvement in meteorology, or in the philosophy of atmospherical changes in general; by which the agriculturalist may acquire a more extensive foresight of those changes. Several other subordinate considerations might be noticed, but those enumerated will be sufficient to show the importance of a diligent inquiry into the chemical laws of matter, in relation to its effects upon agricultural practice. The rapid improvement which has been made in husbandry within the last forty years, and which is still on its march, constitutes one of the most beautiful of those features of the present times which brighten the prospects of society.

Whether this progress has not been owing, in a great measure to the simultaneous revolutions in chemistry, and the surprising developments of chemical facts, which mark this period, I willingly leave to the consideration of those who are acquainted with the history of all those improvements.

Among the chemical arts that which deserves to be next named, on account of its subserviency to some of the high gratifications both of plebeians and philosophers, is the art of preparing food. Man has been styled a *cooking* animal. It is certainly a distinction upon which he may found a decided claim to superiority. The cook is a chemist of the first necessity. Though he may not be in the constant use of all the high-sounding terms of the science—though the words maceration, trituration, levigation, edulcoration, oxygenation and twenty others, are not to be found in his vocabulary, yet is he thoroughly acquainted with the operations which those terms are employed to designate.

Chemistry is defined by Dr. Black, “to be the science or study of those effects and qualities of matter which are discovered by mixing bodies variously together, or applying them to

one another, with a view to mixture, and by exposing them to different degrees of heat, alone, or in mixture with one another." Could language be found more appropriate than this, as a description of the employment and duties of the cook? Seeing, therefore, that a kitchen is, in effect, a chemist's laboratory, upon what principle of reason shall we exclude from it those suggestions in practice which naturally flow from an increasing and improved knowledge of principles. But there can be no doubt that the valuable art of the cook has already derived from modern chemistry many important lessons.

The advantages of an enlarged and correct theory will gradually find their way into the remote details of practice. Books on cookery may be published, as they ought to be, in a familiar style; but they must derive their chief value from the illustrations of men of science. The point, however, which I would now contend for is, that in the various operations of domestic economy, comprehending, not merely the daily preparations of food, but the selection of good materials;—the detection of adulterations, the preservation of these materials in good order, the arts of pickling and confectionary, the preparation of yeast and the management of fermentation, panary, vinous, and acetic; the uses and application of steam, both in cooking and warming; the deleterious effects of certain gasses in particular situations; the choice of suitable utensils with respect to safety and convenience; the formation of ice houses and conservatories; the materials of clothing; and, what is of growing importance, the discreet management of heat, in relation to economy, comfort, and health;—that in these and other considerations of like import, which pertain to the duties of domestic life, much solid benefit would result from a more extensive communication of that portion of science or philosophy, which furnishes the rationale of these operations. America has given birth to one philosopher, whose multiplied labours have greatly benefited the domestic arts, and whose death Europe and science have recently deplored. May other *Rumfords* arise from the same soil, and emulate his usefulness and fame.

3dly. The Metallic Arts. Almost every art comprehended under this appellation, is, in some or all of its details, dependent

on chemical changes. Some of them are under the greatest obligations to the enterprise and ingenuity which have directed the mind and guided the head of the chemist in his laboratory. It is true that the most important of the metallic arts were in a flourishing state before chemistry, as a science, was known; but it is also true, that modern discoveries have introduced into most of them alterations which have essentially contributed to their present perfection. In short, there are few of the various practical purposes to which chemistry has been applied, that have felt its benefits more extensively, than the arts of reducing, refining, and working the metals. Some of them have been created by the genial influence of chemical science; others conducted upon more rational principles, and all improved.

In the rank of those pursuits which are strictly chemical, it is proper to name, in the fourth place, *Pharmacy*, or the art of preparing medicine. The pain and suffering incident to the human body, while under the influence of disease or injury, imperiously call for the application of something which may afford relief. The search after remedies was, therefore, in all probability, nearly coeval with the search for food. But in this, as in other arts, mankind have been able to profit by the knowledge of their predecessors; and to transmit their own experience to future generations. The accumulated skill of ages, has thus laid under contribution, materials drawn from each of the three great kingdoms of nature. But these, in the state in which they are first obtained, are generally unfit for the purpose intended. They require to be separated, purified, and compounded. This is so much an affair of chemistry, that few persons are willing to undertake it, without previously studying, at least, that portion of the science which relates to their business.

Medicines are, for the most part, prepared in the large way by the manufacturer. It is the business of the apothecary, especially in Europe, to preserve, mix, and compound them, so as to answer all the immediate purposes of the physician. Hence it is highly important that the apothecary should be acquainted with chemical science; and in England, or at least in London, no one is licensed to fill that station, who has not evinced, by an examination, that he is qualified to perform its duties. In this country,

the physician is obliged, too generally, to become his own apothecary. I may, therefore, in stating the application of chemistry to the arts, enumerate, in the 5th place, the *art* of healing diseases.

Common opinion has so completely identified chemistry with physic, that I need not, on the present occasion, undertake to enforce the necessity of this connexion. It is, however, too common, notwithstanding this obvious necessity, to find practitioners of physic disreputably ignorant of this branch of their profession. It will be sufficient for the purposes of this essay, briefly to enumerate the several particulars, in which I conceive the medical student may always expect to derive benefit from chemical knowledge.

1st. It will enable him to understand, more fully and completely, the composition, and many of the inherent properties, of the medicine he employs. 2d. It may suggest to him, on some occasions, a prompt and suitable remedy, which might not otherwise occur. 3d. It will save him from the dangerous error of administering ingredients which are incompatible with each other. 4th. It will teach him that a compound is often possessed of very different qualities from either of its constituent parts, and hence impress the necessity of caution in mixing his medicine. 5th. It will prescribe rules for determining the purity of the materials which he purchases, and for detecting frauds and impositions. 6th. It will furnish him with the surest means of ascertaining the existence of poisons in the stomach, for the purposes of medical jurisprudence or otherwise; and it will qualify him, likewise, to select the best antidotes. 7th. It may afford him the means of enlarging the list of valuable remedies, by suggesting the most effectual method of preparation from the substances in which they are contained. 8th. It will enable him to analyze the waters of mineral springs of his neighbourhood; to examine the air of vaults, cellars, wells, and infected chambers, as well as the air of the atmosphere in particular, or remarkable states of weather. 9th. It may enlarge his means of restoring life, in cases of asphyxia from drowning, breathing deleterious airs, &c. by the application of oxygen gas or nitrous oxide. 10th. It will furnish him with more enlarged

views of almost all the living functions, especially of respiration, digestion, and secretion; and widen the scope of his mind with respect to animal and vegetable physiology in general. Lastly, arguments to prove the usefulness of chemistry to the gentleman, the scholar, or the philosopher, will apply to the physician, and frequently with greater force, on account of the more enlarged sphere of his activity, and the greater extent of his social influence.

It would be an easy task to continue the list of arts, whose processes, if they admit of explanation at all, must be explained upon the principles of chemical philosophy. Almost every art has its peculiar principles of action, which may be called its science. They are either mechanical, chemical, or mixed. Every liberal-minded professor of an art must feel desirous of carrying his processes to the highest style of improvement in his power. To do this he must combine, in its full extent, a knowledge of principles with manual dexterity. He should become learned, at least in his own profession. He should study his own science; and if possible all the auxiliary branches. It is thus, in a great measure, that the arts and manufactories of England have been enabled to place her on so high a pinnacle of wealth and power. It has been observed by a writer well qualified to estimate those subjects, that, "the benefit that country has received from the scientific views and great knowledge of a few men, eminent for their practical skill in mechanics and chemistry, baffles all ordinary calculation. I am fully persuaded, (he adds,) that the gain which has accrued to that nation, from the Duke of Bridgewater's canals, Sir Richard Arkwright's cotton spinning, the pottery of Wedgewood and Bently, and the steam engines of Bolton and Watt, was much greater than the whole expense of the American war."* He precedes this opinion with the remark, "that at present, there is not a manufacturer of note in England, who is not more or less acquainted with chemistry, as a regular branch of education and study."

In order that the principles of this science may be applied with effect by manufacturers and artisans, it is necessary that they attend, not merely to those detached portions of it which

* Professor Cooper's Introd. Lect.

apply to their own affairs—they must study its philosophy; they must learn its alphabet; they must lay a foundation in the knowledge of its elements. This will serve as a basis for any superstructure they may wish to erect. If these pre-requisites were generally attained as a part of every good English, as well as classical education, (and I can see no reason why they should not,) it would be no very difficult thing to divide the great body of chemical facts into separate heads, and to furnish that specific instruction to each individual which his pursuits would require. To country gentlemen, a course of lectures might very profitably be given on agricultural chemistry. To housekeepers, both male and female, a system of instruction in economical chemistry; to the manufacturers of leather, glass, soap, paints, potter's ware, glue, starch, &c. to dyers, brewers, &c. and to the smelters, refiners, and workers of metals, a course of manufacturing chemistry; to apothecaries, the principles of pharmacy might be separately explained; and to physicians, and those solicitous to store their minds with general science, the whole.

But how clear soever the advantages which would result to the arts from the dissemination of chemical knowledge may appear to some, there are others who still doubt of the utility of this kind of learning; and question whether much good has arisen or will ever arise from any attempt to give it a wider and more general extension. They will allege, that as the arts flourished before chemistry was taught, or even known, so they will continue to improve independently of chemical teachers and chemical books, by the natural energy of the mind, and by the aid of those powerful incentives to action, wealth, fashion, and fame.

There are many persons, and among them men of learning and liberality of sentiment, who entertain opinions of this nature. But granting to their arguments against the *immediate practical* bearing of chemistry some degree of force, (and a concession of this nature may be claimed, I conceive, with equal propriety, from the advocates of natural history, and of various branches of mechanical philosophy and abstract mathematics,) let us see whether other motives cannot be urged, less liable to objections and better calculated to obtain universal assent.

There is within us, as a part of our mental constitution, a cer-

tain native faculty, by which we are qualified to receive pleasure from objects that are either beautiful or sublime ; from operations that indicate ingenuity or invention ; from actions that evince the feeling of kindness, generosity, and beneficence. This faculty has received various appellations, and displays itself in different minds by various emotions. It sometimes appears in expressions of wonder ; at others, in the exhibition of a lively curiosity ; and on other occasions, in all the demonstrations of a cultivated and improved taste. Although it is a faculty, like all others of an intellectual nature, susceptible of refinement, yet its existence is often manifest in minds of the lowest culture.

“ Ask the swain,
Who journeys homeward from a summer-day’s
Long labour, why, forgetful of his toils,
And due repose, he loiters to behold
The sunshine gleaming, as through amber clouds,
O’er all the western sky ; full soon, I ween,
His rude expressions, and untutor’d airs,
Beyond the power of language, will unfold
The form of beauty smiling at his heart.”

Akenside.

If, with the poet, we admit the universal existence of this sentiment, this inherent delight at the perception of what is fair, and beautiful, and good, we must allow, that it was implanted in the human breast by the bountiful author of all good, for wise and valuable purposes. For my own part, I cannot but consider this faculty as the source of many of our most delicate mental enjoyments ; as the seeds of much of that harvest of delight which confers upon intellectual existence its greatest value. From the energy of this faculty, operative upon minds, in which the powers of reason, judgment, fancy, and feeling are nicely balanced, have proceeded many of those high designs, those noble efforts of genius, those toilsome but indefatigable labours of the philosopher, the mechanic, and the mathematician, and those disinterested efforts of the philanthropist, which give to the great fabric of society its fairest proportions. I mean not by this to exclude from the actions of men the motive of religion. Its se-

cret convictions and its sacred obligations, I consider as paramount to all other considerations. They are sufficient to control the most powerful feelings of nature ; and are able to support the mind even in the hour of martyrdom. The faculty which I have noticed has nothing in it at variance with the pure dictates of divine truth. It accords, in its operation, with religious duties. Its sanction or alliance is never withheld, when the motives to action are disinterested and pure.

If this faculty be such as I have described it ; if it holds that important rank in the intellectual system, which I have assigned it ; can there be any thing of greater moment in the whole scheme of our moral relations, than to provide suitable and appropriate means for its cultivation. If this be granted, it will follow, that the diffusion of learning and knowledge, and the extensive prosecution of philosophical investigations, are to be regarded as among the most certain means of advancing the interests and welfare of society. Their friendly influence over the faculty of taste will not, I trust, be questioned by any who have devoted their time to these pursuits, and witnessed their general effects upon the minds of others. They undoubtedly furnish a more correct, extensive, and impressive view of the wise and beautiful arrangements of nature ; and of the infinite power which created, and the wisdom which sustains those immense systems of animate and inanimate being, that are displayed before us, for our support, our instruction, and our gratification. To remain ignorant and regardless of any part of this rich display of beneficence further than necessity imposes, can never be considered as proceeding from an enviable or laudable state of mind. "It was said with truth (observes Stewart) by Charles XII. of Sweden, that he who was ignorant of the arithmetical art was but half a man ; 'un homme a demi.' With how much greater force may a similar expression be applied to *him* who carries to his grave the neglected and unprofitable seeds of faculties, which it depended on himself to have reared to maturity, and of which the fruits bring accessions to human happiness. On the other hand, language can but faintly describe the feelings which are experienced by the man who, after having lost in vulgar occupations and amusements his earliest and most precious years, is at length aroused,

and, by the diligent application of his mental powers, is thus introduced at last to a new heaven and a new earth.—In this condition of the mind

“ The meanest floweret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening paradise.”

G.

THE LATE GENERAL PIKE.

[We have been favoured with the following letter by the gentleman to whom it was intrusted, a gallant officer, whose subsequent conduct has proved him worthy of the unlimited confidence which was reposed in him by his late commander.]

[*For the Analectic Magazine.*]

THE following is a correct copy of the last letter of Gen. Pike. It was handed to his aid, on the evening previous to his fall, with this injunction—“Should I fall, and you survive, hand this yourself to Mrs. Pike.” As it breathes a spirit of patriotism and affection worthy of the departed hero, I have thought it worthy of preservation and publication.

D. F.

“*My dear Clara,*

“WE are now standing on and off the harbour of York, which we shall attack at day-light in the morning: I shall dedicate these last moments to you, my love, and to-morrow throw all other ideas but my country to the winds. As yet I know not if Gen. Dearborn lands; he has acted honourably so far, and I feel great gratitude to the old gentleman: my sword and pen shall both be exerted to do him honour. I have no new injunction, no new charge to give you; nor no new idea to communicate; yet we love to commune with those we love, more especially when we conceive it may be the last time in this world. Should I fall, defend my memory: and only believe, had I lived, I would have

aspired to deeds worthy of your husband. Remember me, with a father's love—a father's care, to our dear daughter; and believe me to be, with the warmest sentiments of love and friendship,

“Your

“Montgomery.”

[We take this opportunity of expressing our grateful acknowledgments to our unknown correspondent *Casarensis*, for the interest which he takes in our biographical sketches, and the corrections with which he has favoured us, of some errors into which we had fallen. This attention is the more flattering as it is received from a gentleman evidently very conversant with American history and topography. We insert his remarks upon the first paragraph of the Life of General Pike, which appeared in the *Analectic Magazine*, for November 1814, vol. iv. p. 380.]

General Pike was not born at Lamberton, (which is a small village lately built in New Jersey, about a mile from Trenton, on the banks of the Delaware, and called after Thomas Lambert, one of the original settlers of West New-Jersey, whose family owned the site of the town,) but I believe at Lamatunk, about four miles below the well-known falls of Allamatunk. General Pike's father was then an officer of the revolutionary army; head-quarters were that winter on Raritan River, and Lamatunk was about five miles in the rear.

The colony of New-Jersey never was engaged in a war with the Indians. The proprietors of New-Jersey, when they obtained their grant from King Charles II. instructed their officers to treat the natives “with all humanity and kindness, and not, in anywise, grieve or oppress them;” and as early as the year 1672, they directed that all lands should, before settlement, be purchased from the Indians: thus setting an example to Penn, which he afterwards followed in the year 1682, and for which he received so much applause.

It may not be improper to add that Captain John Pike, the ancestor of our hero, is named in the original patent of the town of Woodbridge, New-Jersey, in the year 1669, and is the first person mentioned in the grants of land to seventy four persons in that town, being the only one named with the addition of Esq.; that the stream between Woodbridge and Amboy still bears the name of Pikesbrook; that Captain Pike was a member of the Governor's Council for the Province of East New-Jersey; and that his sons bore several offices of honour and trust within the province.

REVIEW.

The Sylphs of the Seasons, with other Poems. By W. Allston. Boston. Cummings & Hilliard. 12mo. Pp. 168.

OUR young countryman, Washington Allston,* the author of the present poems, has, for some years past, resided in Europe, where he has acquired high reputation by the productions of his pencil. Such has been his success as a painter, and so high a proof has he afforded of poetical talent, that we think he bids fair to exemplify in his own performances, the definition of Simonides, that painting is mute poetry, and poetry is a speaking picture.

The most conspicuous piece in this little collection, entitled the "Sylphs of the Seasons," is, in other words, the dream or vision of a poet, who falling asleep, imagines himself transported to a fairy castle, where four damsels, representing the four seasons of the year, address him by turns; and each recounting her own peculiar charms, endeavours to win his preference, in order to fulfil a decree of the fates, according to which he is to espouse one of the nymphs, and thenceforth to be the lord of the castle and sovereign of the year.

The description of his first situation is fearful and sublime.

"Methought within a desert cave,
Cold, dark, and solemn as the grave,
I suddenly awoke.
It seem'd of sable Night the cell,
Where, save when from the ceiling fell
An oozing drop, her silent spell
No sound had ever broke.

There motionless I stood alone,
Like some strange monument of stone
Upon a barren wild;
Or like, (so solid and profound
The darkness seem'd that wall'd me round)
A man that's buried under ground,
Where pyramids are pil'd" P. 13, 14.

* Mr. Allston is a native of South Carolina, and was educated at Cambridge, (Mass.)

He is soon relieved from his dreary confinement by means of a light which guides him to the castle, where the Seasons hold their court, when the Sylph of Spring begins the wooing, by enumerating her own attractions in a very picturesque and elegant style.

“ When thou, at call of vernal breeze,
And beck’ning bough of budding trees,
Hast left thy sullen fire ;
And stretch’d thee in some mossy dell,
And heard the browsing wether’s bell,
Blythe echoes rousing from their cell
To swell the tinkling choir :

“ Or heard, from branch of flow’ring thorn,
The song of friendly cuckoo warn
The tardy-moving swain ;
Hast bid the purple swallow hail ;
And seen him now through ether sail,
Now sweeping downward o’er the vale,
And skinning now the plain ;

“ Then, catching with a sudden glance
The bright and silver-clear expanse
Of some broad river’s stream ;
Beheld the boats adown it glide,
And motion wind again the tide,
Where, chain’d in ice by Winter’s pride,
Late roll’d the heavy team :

“ Or lur’d by some fresh-scented gale,
That woo’d the moored fisher’s sail
To tempt the mighty main,
Hast watch’d the dim receding shore,
Now faintly seen the ocean o’er,
Like hanging cloud, and now no more
To bound the sapphire plain ;

“ Then, wrapt in night, the scudding bark,
(That seem’d, self-pois’d amid the dark,
Through upper air to leap,)
Beheld, from thy most fearful height,
The rapid dolphin’s azure light
Cleave, like a living meteor bright,
The darkness of the deep.” P. 19—21.

Spring is soon succeeded by the Sylph of Summer—

“And next the Sylph of Summer fair;
The while her crisped, golden hair
Half veil'd her sunny eyes;
Nor less may I thy homage claim,
A touch of whose exhaling flaine
The fog of Spring that chill'd thy frame.
In genial vapour flies.

“Oft by the heat of noon oppress,
With flowing hair and open vest,
Thy footsteps have I won
To mossy couch of welling grot,
Where thou hast bless'd thy happy lot,
That thou in that delicious spot
May'st see, not feel, the sun.” P. 25.

There is something, we think, original in the following description of a scene which has been a hundred times before described, and by the greatest masters of the lyre.

“Or if the moon's effulgent form
The passing clouds of sudden storm
In quick succession veil;
Vast serpents now, their shadows glide,
And, coursing now the mountain's side,
A band of giants huge, they stride
O'er hill, and wood, and dale.” P. 30

The Sylph of Autumn then follows in a similar strain of self-panegyric, and certainly does great justice to her own mature and sober charms.

“But know, 'twas mine the secret power
That waked thee at the midnight hour
In bleak November's reign:
'Twas I the spell around thee cast,
When thou didst hear the hollow blast
In murmurs tell of pleasures past,
That ne'er would come again:

"And led thee, when the storm was o'er,
 To hear the sullen ocean roar,
 By dreadful calm opprest;
 Which still, though not a breeze was there,
 Its mountain-billows heav'd in air,
 As if a living thing it were,
 That strove in vain for rest.

'Twas I, when thou, subdued by wo,
 Didst watch the leaves descending slow,
 To each a moral grave;
 And as they mov'd, in mournful train,
 With rustling sound along the plain,
 Taught them to sing a seraph's strain
 Of peace within the grave.

"And then, uprais'd thy streaming eye,
 I met thee in the western sky
 In pomp of evening cloud;
 That, while with varying form it roll'd,
 Some wizard's castle seem'd of gold,
 And now a crimson'd knight of old,
 Or king in purple proud.

"And last, as sunk the setting sun,
 And Evening, with her shadows dun,
 The gorgeous pageant past—
 'Twas then of life a mimic show,
 Of human grandeur here below,
 Which thus beneath the fatal blow
 Of Death must fall at last.

"Oh, then, with what aspiring gaze
 Didst thou thy tranced vision raise
 To yonder orbs on high;
 And think how wondrous, how sublime
 'Twere upwards to their spheres to climb,
 And live, beyond the reach of Time,
 Child of Eternity!" P. 22—35.

Winter concludes the conference; and we shall make a few extracts from her speech, in a detached manner, merely as specimens of the poet's power of animated description.

“ Or feeling, as the storm increased,
The love of terror nerve thy breast,
Didst venture to the coast;
’To see the mighty war-ship leap
From wave to wave upon the deep,
Like chamois goat from steep to steep,
Till low in valley lost ;

“ Then, glancing to the angry sky,
Behold the clouds with fury fly
The lurid moon athwart ;
Like armies huge in battle, throng,
And pour in volleying ranks along,
While piping winds in martial song
To rushing war exhort.” P. 37.

“ Or from old Hecla’s cloudy height,
When o’er the dismal, half year’s night
He pours his sulph’rous breath,
Has known my petrifying wind
Wild ocean’s curling billows bind,
Like bending sheaves by harvest hind,
Erect in icy death ;

“ Or heard adown the mountain’s steep
The northern blast with furious sweep
Some cliff dissever’d dash ;
And seen it spring with dreadful bound
From rock to rock, to gulf profound,
While echoes fierce from caves resound
The never-ending crash.” P. 38, 39.

“ When thou, beneath the clear blue sky,
So calm no cloud was seen to fly,
Hast gazed on snowy plain,
Where Nature slept so pure and sweet,
She seem’d a corse in winding sheet,
Whose happy soul had gone to meet
The blest angelic train.” P. 40.

“ Or saw at dawn of eastern light
The frosty toil of Fays by night
On pane of casement clear,

Where bright the mimic glaciers shine,
 And Alps, with many a mountain pine,
 And armed knights from Palestine
 In winding march appear." P. 41.

"The Two Painters, a tale," discovers much ingenuity in its contrivance, and contains many original thoughts, and fanciful illustrations.

The author's powers of description are very striking; he sometimes wantons in the display of his vigour, and almost overleaps the bounds of good taste, and there is one instance in this tale where Philip's god-like son is the subject that presents a picture absolutely too horrible, and, at the same time, too loathsome, for the imagination to contemplate.

"Eccentricity," a satirical piece, is spirited and poignant, and displays much energy both of thought and of expression.

The idolator of Reason is thus portrayed in a very noble strain of moral sentiment, which closes with an invocation to Humility, "the deep and broad foundation," as Burke finely calls it, "of every virtue."

"With wonder fill'd and self-reflecting praise,
 The slave of pride his mighty powers surveys;
 On Reason's sun (by bounteous Nature given,
 To guide the soul upon her way to heaven)
 Adoring gazes, 'till the dazzling light
 To darkness sears his vain presumptuous sight;
 Then bold, though blind, through error's night he runs,
 In fancy lighted by a thousand suns;
 For bloody laurels now the warrior plays,
 Now libels nature for the poet's bays;
 Now darkness drinks from metaphysic springs,
 Or follows fate on astrologic wings:
 'Mid toils at length the world's loud wonder won,
 With Persian piety, to Reason's sun
 Profound he bows, and, idolist of fame,
 Forgets the God who lighted first the flame.

"All potent Reason! what thy wondrous light?
 A shooting-star athwart a polar night;

A bubble's gleam amid the boundless main ;
A sparkling sand on waste Arabia's plain :
E'en such, vain Power, thy limited control,
E'en such thou art to man's mysterious soul !

"Come then, Humility, thou surest guide !
On earth again with frenzied men reside ;
Tear the dark film of vanity and lies,
And inward turn their renovated eyes ;
In aspect true let each himself behold,
By self deform'd in pride's portentous mould.
And if thy voice, on Bethlehem's holy plain,
Once heard, can reach their flinty hearts again,
Teach them, as fearful of a serpent's gaze,
Teach them to shun the gloating eye of praise." &c.

P. 109—111.

The "Paint King," is the most popular of his productions, and is equal in every respect, to the best of Lewis's *Tales of Wonder*, of which it is an evident, but most masterly, imitation. The following description of the flight of the fiend in his kidnapping expedition, is admirable.

"Then high from the ground did the grim monster lift
The loud-screaming maid like a blast ;
And he sped through the air like a meteor swift,
While the clouds wand'ring by him, did fearfully drift
To the right and the left as he pass'd.

"Now, suddenly sloping his hurricane flight,
With an eddying whirl he descends ;
The air all below him becomes black as night,
And the ground where he treads, as if mov'd with affright,
Like the surge of the Caspian bends.

" 'I am here !' said the Fiend, and he thundering knock'd
At the gates of a mountainous cave ;
The gates open flew, as by magic unlocked,
While the peaks of the mount, reeling to and fro, rock'd
Like an island of ice on the wave." P. 122.

In our humble opinion, Mr. Allston, by these few specimens, has proved himself to possess a true poetical genius, and we con-

sider him as endued with a greater share of the brilliant qualities of the poet than any American writer of poetry that we are acquainted with, unless, perhaps, we should except the late William Clifton. His merit is not confined to mere melody of numbers and elegance of diction—he often displays the features of a creative fancy, enlivened by expressions of a refined taste, and glowing with all the animated colouring of nature’s pencil.

His writings cannot, indeed, be placed by the side of the elaborate productions of the great living British poets; this would be to compare the sketch of an amateur with one of the magnificent paintings of West. In poetry, Mr. Allston is an amateur and not a professed artist; and yet his sketches, slight as they are, possess a spirit and taste which need nothing but cultivation to be raised to high excellence. This, it is to be feared, we cannot expect. His genius aspires to reach Fame by another road, and it is only in occasional rambles that she can disport herself in the fields of poetry. Yet we fondly trust that he will not entirely sacrifice the muse to the severer studies of his art. Her presence will sooth his labours, will dignify his conceptions, and animate his pencil. And, haply, if at any time fortune should throw a gloom over the bright prospects of his genius, or the public taste, vitiated by gaudy ornament, should prove insensible to the rare merit of his pure and fine conceptions,

“Then, not unmindful of his zeal, the muse
 Shall still some comforts in his cup infuse,
 Shall drop the balm that soothes th’ indignant breast
 When sordid cares th’ aspiring mind molest;
 Shall pour the pride that in life’s humblest state
 Bears the wrong’d spirit buoyant o’er his fate,
 Repels the shafts by adverse fortune hurl’d,
 And braves the darkest aspect of the world.”

Shee’s Elements of Arts.

We have read this volume with great delight. It is very honourable to the rising literature of our country, and we owe our readers an apology for having thus long delayed to notice its merits.

B.

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

Duelling Extraordinary.

MR. BRAGG had drawn so largely upon the belief of a company by stories of transactions to which he pretended to have been an eye witness, that several of its members could not help expressing their doubts. The narrator was affronted, and insisted on the truth of what he had been relating with the more warmth, since Major Johnson espoused his cause. This circumstance excited not a little astonishment, as the major was justly accounted a man of excellent, understanding and particularly tenacious of truth. The surprise of all present was greatly augmented when he thus addressed them :—

“Indeed, in my opinion, Mr. Bragg has abundant reason to be angry, as it frequently happens, that nothing seems more improbable than truth, as I can attest from my own experience. When I was a student at Jena, I once went with Baron Zitzerling, with whom I was intimately acquainted, to Weimar, in order to attend the performance of *The Maid of Orleans*, at the theatre of that city. The part of the heroine was assigned to Madame Wolfe, and she acted it with such ability, that I could not forbear several times loudly expressing my admiration. This offended the baron, whose partiality for another actress would not acknowledge the superior talents of the universal favourite. We quarrelled, and adjourned to the neighbouring park. Favoured by the full moon, the duel began, and I shot the baron dead on the spot.”

“But,” observed one of the company, “where did you get firearms at such a short notice?”

“No interruption, if you please,” answered the major in an angry tone. “Let me proceed, every thing will be explained by and by.—Well then, as I said, I shot Baron Zitzerling dead. This circumstance rendered it the more necessary for me to quit not only Weimar, but all Saxony, because the Zitzerlings, as every body knows, are a very ancient family.”

"A very ancient family!" rejoined one. "I am sure I never heard of them before."

"That may be: but if I am to proceed, let me beg once for all that I may not be interrupted, as the conclusion will clear up every apparent obscurity in the story."

This address, bordering so closely on rudeness, made the company stare at one another: the major seemed to take no notice of this, and turning to Mr. Bragg alone, he thus continued:—

"I hastened back to Jena, packed up my things with all possible expedition, and travelled post to the Austrian capital. On my arrival at Vienna, I repaired to the Apollo Hall, which had just then begun to be a fashionable place of resort. My admiration of the happy execution of the singular idea in which this new institution originated, had not yet come to words, when a young man rudely pushed through the numerous assembly, and, half out of breath, thus addressed me:—

"Pray, sir, are not you Mr. Johnson?"

"Yes, sir, at your service."

"Did you not shoot Baron Zitzerling in a duel at Weimar?"

"Yes, I did."

"Baron Zitzerling was my brother; I must have satisfaction for his death, and request you to meet me with pistols at four o'clock to-morrow morning in the Prater."

"With great pleasure," I replied; and mounting my horse next morning, found my antagonist at the entrance. I followed him into a retired alley; we fired, and I shot him dead.

"I was certainly very sorry to be obliged to leave the pleasures of Vienna so soon on account of this affair. It was, however, absolutely necessary for my safety that I should be gone. To avoid any farther interruption of the kind, I determined this time upon a more distant journey; traversed part of Italy, and never stopped till I reached Rome. One day as I stood absorbed in admiration before the cascade of Tivoli, a young man suddenly tapped me on the shoulder with the question—

"Pray, sir, are not you Mr. Johnson?"

"Yes, sir, at your service."

"Have you not shot two Barons Zitzerling in duels, one at Weimar and the other at Vienna?"

"Yes, I have."

"The Barons Zitzerling were my brothers; I must have satisfaction for their deaths, and request you to exchange shots with me in yonder field."

"With great pleasure," said I, and followed him. We fired, and I shot him dead.

"I now posted away to Paris. The day after my arrival, I went to see the Museum, when a young man came up to me, and said

"Pray, sir, are not you Mr. Johnson?"

"Yes, sir, at your service."

"Have you not shot three Barons Zitzerling in duels; one at Weimar, one at Vienna, and one at Rome?"

"Yes, I have."

"The Barons Zitzerling were my brothers; I must have satisfaction for their deaths, and request you to meet me this afternoon, at three o'clock precisely, at the end of the Bois de Boulogne, with pistols."

"With great pleasure," said I; and in the afternoon away I rode. My antagonist was already there; we fired, and I shot him dead.

"As I had no wish whatever to send any more Zitzerlings to the other world, I determined to leave the continent for good, that I might not be again disturbed by the surviving relations: and hurrying to Calais, embarked there and arrived safe at Dover. It seemed indeed as if these relations, or at least their knowledge of my rencontres with the family, had not reached London, for there I lived some time without a challenge from any of the breed. One day, however, just when I was playing a game at chess at White's, I happened to look up, and was so confounded by the appearance of a young man opposite, who kept his eyes stedfastly fixed upon me, that I made a wrong move, and thus had well nigh lost all the advantages of which my position afforded the fairest prospect.

"Sir," said I, springing up, "why do you stare at me so incessantly?"

"Pray, sir," he asked, "are not you Mr. Johnson?"

"Yes, sir, at your service."

"Have you not shot four Barons Zitzerling in duels; one at Weimar, one at Vienna, one at Rome, and one at Paris?"

"I have."

"The Barons Zitzerling were my brothers; I must have satisfaction for their deaths. Come out of the room with me, that we may exchange shots."

"With great pleasure," said I, "only let me finish my game, and then we'll settle this *bagatelle* immediately.

"He agreed, and when the game was over, I stepped with him into a back room; we fired, and——."

"And shot him dead?" impatiently cried Mr. Bragg with a smile, while the major stopped to sneeze.

"No, I beg your pardon," rejoined the major, "it was he that shot me dead.

*Sketch of the Character of the late Mrs. Roberts ; By
Mrs. Opie.*

IT is not uncommon to see prefixed to the works both of dead and living authors, an engraving of their face and form ; and as many persons are solicitous to know all that can be known of those whose hours have been devoted to the instruction or amusement of the world, such exhibitions of the external appearance of writers are probably surveyed with interest and attention, however insignificant the sketch, and however imperfect the resemblance. It is this conviction that has led me to undertake the difficult, though soothing task of endeavouring to delineate the character of the lamented and admirable woman whose manuscript work (*Duty, a Novel, interspersed with poetry,*) I am about to give the world ; for, if the person of an author be interesting to the reader, the character and the conduct must be infinitely more so ; especially as we gaze on the portrait prefixed to a work, chiefly perhaps, with a desire of tracing in it some clew to the mind and disposition of the being whom it represents.

Margaret Roberts was the youngest daughter of a respectable clergyman of the name of Wade, who resided at Boxford, in Suffolk ; and in the year 1792 she became, after a long and mutual attachment, the wife of the Reverend Richard Roberts, third son of Dr. Roberts, late Provost of Eton.* Immediately after their union, she went to reside with her husband at the village of Mitcham, in Surry. I have passed over the period of my lost friend's residence under the roof of her father, because, though well aware that she must have been all a daughter ought to be, as virtue is commonly consistent with itself, and the duties are usually inseparable companions, I am most anxious to exhibit her as a wife, that character which is best calculated to call forth the virtues of a woman, and in which the heart and the temper are most tried and most displayed to view.

Mrs. Roberts had not the happiness of being herself a parent ; but the situation which it was her lot to fill, was such as to awaken in her affectionate nature much of the tender anxiety of the maternal character, as Mr. Roberts had under his tuition seventeen or eighteen boys, (chiefly sons of the nobility,) from the age of seven to fourteen, over whose health and comfort she watched with tenderness the most endearing. This tenderness was repaid by them by feelings of affectionate gratitude, which survived the presence of the object that called them forth ; since many a youth and many a man has continued eager to own, and anxious to return, his obligations to that care which constituted so great a part of the comforts of his childhood. On this scru-

* Author of *Judah Restored*, and other poetical pieces.

pulous attention to the welfare of the children committed to the care of her husband, I might rest Mrs. Robert's pretensions to the character of an excellent wife; but her claims to that title did not end there. The *manner* in which she fulfilled her arduous duties as mistress of a family, was equally worthy of imitation. Like one of the heroines of her own novel, she was never idle, never for a moment unemployed; and to the conscientious employment of her time is to be attributed her power of doing more in a day with less apparent effort, than any one who had not witnessed it can be easily led to believe. Though she had to conduct a very large and troublesome establishment, though during the occasional short absences of Mr. Roberts she had to preside in the school, no one heard her complain of want of time for any useful or pleasant occupation. No one staying at the house ever missed her at the hour of projected amusement: and though every domestic duty was regularly fulfilled, she seemed, when in the company of her guests, to have nothing to do but to amuse herself and them. Never were her necessary avocations an excuse for any neglect of her person, or her dress. She was neat, even to *Quaker* neatness, in her appearance and her apparel; and the same presiding spirit of nicety was visible in her house and in her grounds. It was remarkable, also, that though she had so many serious claims on her time, she had more correspondents, and wrote more and longer letters, than almost any other person in a private situation. Such is the practical usefulness resulting from a resolution to allot to every passing moment some rational employment, or some salutary recreation. It was this resolution which enabled Mrs. Roberts to be, in the space of one little day, the superintendant of a large family, the delight of a circle of friends, the punctual correspondent, the elegant workwoman, the instructive writer, and the admirable reader of poetry, or prose.

About eight or nine years ago, she was induced to write, and then to publish, a little work called "The Telescope, or Moral Views," for children; which was a promising proof of those talents for that line of writing which she afterwards displayed in "Rose and Emily;" a work with her name to it published two years ago. She has left behind her some other manuscripts, among which are several admirable songs; but at present, at least, the work which I am editing is the only one designed for the public eye.

But to return to the contemplation of her as a woman and a wife. Though constant occupation was the great secret by which she effected so much, method and order were two of her principal agents; and, like the magic wand, whose touch made the labours of Psyche easy in a moment, method and order operated on every busy department in her household, and every thing was

ready at the hour appointed, as if guided by some certain, though invisible, agency. It must be supposed that superintending a family, consisting of so many children, of various dispositions and habits, must have been very trying to the temper as well as to the feelings. But the temper of Mrs. Roberts was equal to any trial; and unimpaired, or rather perfected by trials, it shone in the benign expression of her dark and animated eye, it dimpled her cheek with a smile the most endearing and benevolent, and spoke in the mild and tuneful accents of a voice which no one ever heard without feeling disposed to love the being who possessed it. Nor was the benevolence which irradiated her countenance, which gave grace to her manner, and sweetness to her voice, displayed in a less positive degree in her sentiments and her actions; with *her*, kindness was not a habit of manner, but a habit of *mind*. She spoke *affectionately*, because she felt benevolently.

I scarcely know any one so averse as she uniformly was to believe a tale to the disadvantage of another; and when forced to give credit to such tales by incontrovertible evidence, it is certain that she never took pleasure in repeating them. When communications were of doubtful authority, she never fell into that common fault of saying to her conscience, "I am sure I do not *believe* it; it cannot possibly be true, *but I have heard* so and so;" weakly imagining, as persons in general do, that the affected candour of disbelieving the tale takes away the guilt of relating it. And when indisputable evidence authorized her to relate what she had heard, she was never eager to spread the information; for her good taste, as well as her good feelings, made her dislike to dwell on the crimes, or foibles, even of those of whom she had no knowledge; and as she was certainly not less generous to her acquaintances and friends, she inspired confidence as well as affection in all who approached her. Those who knew her the best were the most inclined to rely upon her candour, as on a staff which would always support them; and they also knew that hers was the "charity that covereth a multitude of sins;" and hers the piety which led to that *forbearing* charity also, which suffereth long, and is kind, "which is not easily provoked;" but which thinketh no evil, but ever keeps in remembrance that *holy rule* for the government of the tongue, "Judge not, that ye be not judged."

The most suspicious, the most apprehensive, left her presence devoid of fear, lest their departure should be the signal for an attack on their manner, their person, their dress, or their character; they knew that if she spoke of them at all, it would be to praise them, and to call into notice some good, or some attractive quality. Yet her kindness to the absent was not the result of want of power to amuse the person by exhibiting the foibles, or

peculiarities, of the departed guests in a ludicrous, or powerful manner; for, if ever justice warranted her to be severe on the vices or follies of others, no one could hold them up to ridicule with more wit, or greater success. Indeed, it is commonly those who are most able to be severe with *effect*, whose benevolence and whose principles forbid them the frequent and indiscriminate use of their power.

If it was thus safe and pleasant to be the acquaintance of Mrs. Roberts, how much more delightful was it to be her friend and her companion?

She always seemed to prosper herself in the prosperity of her friends; she identified herself so intimately with them, that their joy was her joy, their sorrow her sorrow, their fame her fame. Never did she abuse the familiarity of friendship so far as to wound the self-love of those whom she professed to regard, by needlessly uttering to them mortifying truths; never did she make herself the vehicle of others' malice, by repeating to them a cruel or severe remark which she had heard concerning them. *Her lips, her eyes were guiltless of*

“The hint malevolent, the look oblique,
The obvious satire, the implied dislike,
The taunting word whose meaning kills.”

It was the constant wish of her benevolent nature to be the means of as much innocent enjoyment as she could to all with whom she associated; and one felt so certain that her kindness was ever on the alert to veil one's foibles, and show one's good qualities to the best advantage, as moonlight casts a favourable shade over mean objects, and adds new beauty and new grandeur to objects of importance, that to be with her was a gala time to one's self-love: and, perhaps, some of the charm which her society possessed was owing to her wish and her ability, not only to appreciate her associates according to the exorbitant demands of self-approbation, but also to her power of making them *feel* that she did so. Yet still she was *no flatterer*. Where she bestowed praise, or felt affection, she had first reasoned, or deceived her understanding, into a belief that praise and affection were most righteously deserved. She seemed indeed to live, more than any one I ever saw, in a little world of her own creation; whose inhabitants were clothed by her beneficent fancy in virtues, talents, and graces, such as real life scarcely ever displays; and losing her natural acuteness of discrimination in her wish to believe her dreams realities, she persisted often to reject the evidence of her experience,

“And thought the world without like that within.”

The other line of this couplet applies to her with equal justice; for her mind was

“So pure, so good, she scarce could guess at sin.”

Nor was it likely to run any risk of contamination; since she possessed that *quiet, mild* dignity of carriage and expression, which had power, without offending, to awe the *boldest* into propriety, and to give the tone insensibly to the conversation even of the *volatile* and the *daring*.

To have known a woman so amiable and so admirable, will always be amongst the most pleasing recollections of my life, and to have lost her so soon, one of my most lasting regrets. Similarity of pursuits endeared us to each other, and did for our intimacy what is usually effected only by the slow hand of time. When we first met, we soon forgot that we had not met before, and a few years gave to our friendship a solidity and a truth, commonly the result of long acquaintance alone.

But the regret which I still feel for her loss, has been, in some measure, solaced by my having been called upon, at the earnest desire of her husband, anxious for the fame, and soothed by the contemplation of the virtues of his wife, to pay this tribute to her memory, and give the following manuscript to the world. The latter task is one which I seemed peculiarly fitted to undertake, because my lamented friend read the MS. aloud to me during the last moments which I passed in her society, and she confided to me her intentions with respect to the principal characters.

I have merely to add, that after an illness of only three weeks' duration, and one to all appearance not attended with danger, she sunk unconsciously into the grave, lamented not only by her husband and the friend who fondly watched beside her bed of death, but by a far, far-spreading circle of friends and acquaintances, over whose prospects the unexpected loss of such a joy-diffusing being cast a thick and sudden darkness, and which must have been felt in order to be conceived.

She was buried in the family-vault at Boxford, by the side of her parents and of her sister, the sister of her virtue and her talents, Louisa Carter, who departed this life on the 23d of November, 1810, whom she survived only two years and ten months.

The memorandum which she left behind her relative to the disposal of some of her effects after her death, began with the following words, which she designed should be her epitaph: “I look for the resurrection of the dead, and the life of the world to come;” testifying thereby her belief in that gospel, according to whose precepts she regulated her life, and whose hopes, had consciousness been permitted to her, could not have failed to irradiate the closing scene of her existence.

AMELIA OPIE.

POETRY.

THE GREEN-HOUSE ROSE.

(ORIGINAL.)

I said to the rose that look'd languid and pale,
As unsunn'd, in the Green House, it grew ;
' I must bear you away through the cold wintry gale,
For to Emma the tribute is due.'

Then it wept—and I said ' do not weep little rose,
For the day of your glory is nigh ;
On the bosom of beauty you now shall repose,
And bask in the beam of her eye :

' From her cheek you shall borrow the bloom you have lost,
With her breath, your faint fragrance repair ;
And fear not your leaves will be nipt by the frost,
For her heart makes it midsummer there.'

' Oh ! yes,' said the rose, ' 'twill be rapture divine,
And though short be the term of my bliss ;
Yet freely my poor little life I'll resign,
If my leaves she'll embalm with a kiss.'

' You are right,' said I, ' rose, the sweet pleasure to prove,
For at death, what such soothing can give
As the kiss of affection, from lips that we love,
And the hope in remembrance to live.

' Farewell ! little victim, your fate I would share,
Though one half I should have to resign,
For the kiss—every kiss would be yours, I could swear,
And the hope—the hope only be mine.'

New-York, 1315.

Lines on the Portrait of Charles Fox.

[The memory of Charles Fox is dear to letters. It would be difficult to name any public character, ancient or modern, which has received more high and frequent testimonies of the unbought, and undissembled homage of literary genius. At a period when he was most conspicuous as a whig, and a leader of opposition, he subdued the strong political antipathies, and finally won the fond partiality, of the tory Johnson, who declared he was "for the king, against Fox, but for Fox

against Pitt, for the king is my master, but Fox is my friend.”* Somewhat later in his public career, he received the voluntary praises of the courtly and ministerial Gibbon, who expressed his strong admiration of “the powers of this superior man, blended as they were, in his attractive character, with the softness and simplicity of a child.”† During his temporary recess from public life he corresponded on subjects of ancient learning with Gilbert Wakefield, the first classical scholar of his day; and that laborious student found, in the veteran statesman whose literature had all been acquired in the short and interrupted intervals of a busy public life, an accomplished scholar almost his own equal in learning, and far his superior in taste.

Since his death, when power had departed from his political party, the memory of Fox has been honoured by the splendid eulogies of Dr. Parr and Sir James Mackintosh, the one the most profound scholar, the other the most eloquent man of the age.

In his youth, Fox had been the friend of Reynolds, and in the short and troubled period of his last public services, he declared it to be his fixed intention, “as a minister to do every thing to cultivate the arts and stimulate the genius of his country.” This declaration has called forth the following animated tribute of applause from the pen of Martin Archer Shee.] *Ed. Analect.*

“Behold! as when applauding senates heard
His ardent voice, and slaves and bigots feared,
Where Fox demands our homage, as of late,
In prime of mind the patriot met his fate.
The friend of peace let every muse commend,
And hail the prince’s and the people’s friend.
The friend of Freedom—on whose rock sublime,
Britannia’s throne withstands the tide of time.
The friend of Genius—for he felt the flame,
And long’d to lead his country’s arts to Fame.
Let Afric’s sons before his image bow,
And weave their palmy garlands for his brow,
Who crowned the work that Clarkson’s zeal began,
And raised the negro to the rights of man.
Ye Arts! whose honours wait on worth below---
That bid the marble breathe---the canvass glow,
To latest time the patriot’s form convey;
Resound his praise in every poet’s lay;
Who, called to office in an arduous hour,
Employed his ebb of life---his span of power,
To hush the storm of nations to repose,---
To heal the long afflicted Lybian’s woes,---
From Britain’s brows to wipe the sanguine stain---
And free his country from ‘the curse of Cain.’”

* Boswell’s Johnson.

† Gibbon’s Memoir of his own life.

DOMESTIC LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

A DUODECIMO volume of poems, *Original and Translated*, by Richard Dabney, has been recently edited in Philadelphia; and the Advertisement informs us that a part of the pieces were published at a former period, in a remote quarter of the Union. Considering the merit of most of these productions, we are a little surprised that the knowledge of them should have been so confined. To the author, however, this may be no unfavourable circumstance; for the present edition not only renews its appearance with all the advantages of enlargement and revision, but has the benefit of a new audience, together with the charm of novelty, to excite attention.

The first part of these poems is of a philosophical cast, consisting, as the author expresses it, of "*Illustrations of simple moral emotions.*" In other words, Mr. Dabney has undertaken to portray, in verse, a variety of those peculiar sensations or susceptibilities of the human soul, that are produced by the various associations of ideas occasionally brought into action by the power of memory; and he exhibits, in like manner, a number of instances in which our internal sensations may be modified, distorted, transformed, and even annihilated, by the ascendancy or decline of particular passions or emotions, resulting from various causes, in the moral conduct or natural life of man. In exhibiting these illustrations Mr. Dabney has brought out some very pleasing specimens of poetry; thus planting with flowers the dry, but not barren, ground of metaphysics, and endeavouring to regale our senses with the beauties and sweets of natural scenery, whilst he bends our attention to the subtle and mysterious operations of the mind.

The *Second part* of this little volume consists of miscellaneous pieces, several of which are honourable proofs of patriotic zeal, and all of them afford evidence that Mr. D.'s talents as a poet are very respectable. That he is a man of a polished mind and refined taste, there can be no doubt, and his frequent references to the classics, together with his translations from the Greek, Latin, and Italian, convince us that he is a gentleman of no ordinary education and acquirements.

The reader cannot but be struck with a peculiarity in the style of the author, which, in a critical point of view, is of a very questionable nature. We allude to his habit of reiterating his phrases and diction in the same couplet or quatrain. This in some cases has a pleasing effect; but its frequent occurrence, and general prevalence in the same work, looks at least like affectation, or an overweening fondness for a fancied beauty; and by this means is apt to become ludicrous, like most other personal propensities. In a song or ballad this will do very well, but in compositions of a more stately and dignified character, such tricks of speech should very rarely be adopted.

From the improvement which the art of poetry is evidently under-

going in this country, there is good reason to infer that we shall one day begin to gain some considerable reputation in this path.

As education becomes exalted and refined, and literary pursuits occupy the attention of a larger proportion of the community, the qualities that constitute the poet will gradually be developed and matured, whilst the annals of our nation, and the scenery of our land, will afford a fund of interesting and inviting subjects for the muse.

B.

The Mountain Muse, comprising the Adventures of Daniel Boone, and the Power of Virtuous and Refined Beauty, by Daniel Bryan, of Va. Harisonburg, 12mo. Pp. 252. A malicious critic—a Quarterly Reviewer, for instance, who felt inclined to amuse himself with hunting a wild American poet, could not wish a finer subject than this volume would afford him. It is full of all those faults which need nothing but a little exaggeration to be heightened into broad caricature, extravagance of metaphor, gorgeous description, loads of ornament, and epithet piled upon epithet; the whole contrasted by many bald and prosaic lines.

After these remarks our readers will probably be a little surprised, when we add, that we have great respect for Mr. Bryan's poetical powers. The fact is, that though it would be difficult to select out of the poem fifty good lines together, without some glaring fault, it would be quite as difficult to find any dozen lines in continuity which do not contain some bold thought, some original view of nature, or some strong and glowing expression. This is, in short, an irregular and very faulty production of a mind capable of much higher efforts. It is a fine vigorous wilding—its fruit is at present of no great value, but it gladdens the eye with the luxuriance of its blossoms and its foliage, and when a few of its wild and barren branches are lopped away, and some slips of cultivated taste grafted in their place, we confidently hope that we shall find in its rich and mellow hangings all the flavour of high cultivation united to the raciness of the native stock.

Mr. Bryan's taste is chiefly for the strong, the bold, and the wild—for what is great in nature, or lofty in virtue, and this is a disposition which in youth is very apt to lead to extravagance and exaggeration of thought and phrase; these soon subside, or are corrected by experience and culture; such a mind "works itself clear, and as it runs refines."

We do not know what Mr. Bryan's habits, or what his ambition may be, but we shall look with much eagerness for his next work. If he should hereafter form himself into an accomplished poet, we trust that he would touch the lyre with no unholy hand. The moral and patriotic sentiments which pervade every part of the present volume are such as would extort respect even for a work of far inferior genius—such is his generous ardour for the great cause of liberty, and the warmth of his national feeling—such his zeal for virtue and his reverence for religion.

We ought not omit to inform our readers, that the subject of the

principal poem, (which is in blank verse,) is the settlement of Kentucky, the first of the western states, by Daniel Boone, who is the hero of the piece; and that the poet has generally adhered pretty closely to history, except so far as he could adorn his subject by digression; and the machinery of superior intelligences, the guardian angels, and the evil spirits who superintend over earthly affairs.

In fine, we recommend this volume—not to the multitude—but to those genuine lovers of poetry, who can pardon myriads of faults if they are accompanied by native and unborrowed beauties, and who look with more complacency even upon the blemishes of genius than upon the polished productions of elegant mediocrity.

John Melish, Philadelphia, will soon publish *A Four Sheet Map of the United States, and contiguous British and Spanish possessions*; comprehending, 1. The whole territory subject to the United States' government. 2. The British possessions of Upper and Lower Canada, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, Bermuda, Bahama, and West-Indies. 3. The Spanish possessions of Florida, Texas, New Santander, Cohaula, Leon, New Mexico, West Indies, and part of the Spanish Main. The map is compiled from the following materials.

United States. The latest State maps, and various local maps from actual survey; Bradley's and Arrowsmith's general maps. Materials in various travels through the country, particularly Pike's, and Lewis and Clarke's, and various materials in the public office at Washington.

British Possessions. Holland's map of Lower, and Smith's map of Upper Canada. The French edition of Arrowsmith's map. Faydan's map. Various MS. military maps; and particularly a very minute Four Sheet Map lately published by Lawrie and Whittle, London.

The author has likewise prepared *A Statistical account of the United States, with topographical tables of distances*, to accompany this work; to which will be added a description of the *British and Spanish Possessions*; this statistical work, while it will serve particularly to illustrate this map, will also be a useful accompaniment to all maps of the United States and contiguous countries.

The map will be engraved by the best artists on four sheets, each 25 by 20 inches, and the whole will extend about 4 feet 2, by 3 feet 2 inches.

Emanuel Nunnes Carvalho, of Philadelphia, Professor of the Hebrew and Chaldee languages, will shortly publish *The Form of Prayers in Hebrew and English for the whole year, according to the custom of the Jews of America, as read in the synagogues, and used in families*. This work is intended to supply the great scarcity of Hebrew Prayer Books; the foreign editions are of such enormous price that they are only attainable by the opulent. By avoiding repetitions, this edition will be considerably reduced both in bulk and price, though it will contain the complete prayers for the whole year, with portions of the Pentateuch and Prophets, as read on holidays, &c.

It is hoped that it will prove a valuable addition to Hebrew literature, as well as useful to those for whom it is immediately intended. The editor having been for the last twenty-five years a professor of the Hebrew language, will bring to the superintendence of the press a familiar acquaintance with the language of sacred writ. He trusts therefore that the work will receive the patronage, not only of those for whose religious use it is intended, but of all who are desirous of encouraging the study of the *Sacred Language*.

It will be printed in two volumes, octavo, on a fine paper, with a new type from the foundry of Binny and Ronaldson, price \$12.

William E. Norman, Hudson, proposes to publish, by subscription, *Discourses on Several Occasions*, by the Right Rev. Samuel Seabury, D. D. late bishop of the protestant episcopal church in Connecticut and Rhode-Island.

The name and character of Bishop Seabury, wherever they are known, are a sufficient passport to these volumes. They were separately published by the bishop during his life time, and "*being dead he yet speaketh*" the words of evangelical truth.

The frequent and pressing calls for these sermons evince that they were not destined for a mere ephemeral existence; they remain the durable monuments of his piety, learning, and talents.

The work will be well printed in two vols. 8vo. with a good engraving of the bishop's portrait, price \$1. 50 the volume.

I. Riley, New-York, will shortly publish *Duty*, a novel, by Mrs. Roberts, a sketch of whose life by Mrs. Opie is contained in the foregoing pages of this number.

Proposals for publishing, by subscription, *A compendious view of the leading principles and doctrines of Theology, natural and revealed, connecting with the latter a concise exhibition of the evidences of the Christian Religion*, by the Rev. Samuel S. Smith, D. D. L. L. D. late President of the College of New-Jersey, are in circulation. This work, comprized in one volume, occupying between 500 and 600 pages, will be neatly printed, bound in calf, and delivered to subscribers at three dollars. It is the result of long study, has undergone careful revision, and will undoubtedly be esteemed a most useful and valuable acquisition to the christian world.

Collins & Co. New-York, have in the press a new and enlarged edition (being the third) of the *Compendium of the Theory and Practice of Midwifery*, by Samuel Bard, M. D. President of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of the University of the State of New-York, &c.

FOREIGN LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

We have in this number paid a willing tribute of applause to the poetical talents of Mr. Allston, and it is with pride as well as pleasure that we now add a judicious and elegant criticism on a late production of his pencil, (which was exhibited at the British Institution,) from the pen of a liberal English critic.

The Dead Man restored to Life by touching the Bones of Elisha, by W. Allston, is a work which comes at once before us with the double and delightful surprise of high excellence from a novel hand, such a hand as would justify its being placed at the side of some of the best masters in history, and which makes us deeply regret that the brother natives of two such countries as Great Britain and the American republic, should be engaged in any other war than that of social and intellectual rivalry, the only rational rivalry of sentient beings. The faces and forms in this picture are all impressed by a strong and highly natural feeling; but there is rather a monotony in the countenances of three chief spectators of the miracle; we mean in the form and feature, abstracted from the expression of fear and wonder, which must necessarily be similar; and we doubt whether those above and beyond the man in the fore ground are not deviations from perspective precision, as to prominence of size and colour. But these are venial errors when compared to the life, the impassioned feelings, that breathe throughout; to the astonishment and fear; to the mute gazing, and shrinking at the awful resuscitation. The female, in a fit at the terrific sight, while her daughter clings to her with a mixed emotion of fear and filial concern, is an impressively natural incident. Equally so are the two youths engaged in a conversation of inquiry and surprise, one with his finger of one hand significantly laid on the other, the second with his arms emphatically stretched forth. Excepting the disproportioned length of the reviving man, too much praise cannot be given for his admirably painted character; the contraction of the toes, the dimly-beaming eyes, staring with faint dawns of consciousness and sensation, the anatomical drawing, and the mixed carnation and livid hue of his flesh, in which the hitherto stagnant stream of life is beginning to thaw, and the warmth of that hallowed and wonder-working flame, which beams on the skeleton of Elisha—a conception truly poetical and explanatory of the returning vitality. Though the flesh throughout would have a more epic dignity of style were it of a broader and more titianesque hue, it is a beautiful specimen of carnation tinting. Mr. Allston's mind's eye is evidently nourished by invigorating, close, and intelligent study of the lively graces of the old masters and the antique. For the rich, ocular and intellectual treat he has afforded us, we offer him, as a small proof of our thankfulness and esteem, the testimony of our humble approbation.

Mineralogy. A Manual of Mineralogy, by Arthur Aikin, 8vo. Pp. 224. This is intended as a text-book or guide to the student, in his

attempts to identify any mineral substance that may occur to his notice. Such an undertaking, it will be readily admitted, is at once important and difficult: but Mr. Aikin may at least lay claim to considerable ingenuity in the arrangement, and to neatness and perspicuity in the exposition of his subject.

In the course of his introduction Mr. A. illustrates what is meant by the characters of solidity and hardness, frangibility, structure, fracture, external form, lustre, colour, specific gravity, odour and taste, magnetism, electricity, phosphorescence, double refraction, and the action of water, acids, and the blow-pipe. He then estimates the comparative merits of the modes of classing minerals of Haüy and Werner, and slightly adverts to the insufficiency of either. His own method may be apprehended from his general synopsis, and from the synoptical table of each class.

The titles of the four classes are, 1. *Non metallic Combustible Minerals*; 2. *Native Metals and Metalliferous Minerals*; 3. *Earthy Minerals*; 4. *Saline Minerals*. The first consists of two sections, namely, 1. Such species as are combustible with flame, and, 2. Such as are combustible without flame. To the first belong mineral oil, mineral pitch, brown coal, jet black coal, candle coal, amber, and sulphur: and to the second mineral charcoal, blind coal, plumbago, and mellite. The second class is composed of two orders, of which the first comprehends those species that are wholly, or partially, volatilizable by the blow-pipe; and the second, those which are fixed, or not volatilizable, except at a white heat. The third class contains three orders: 1. Those substances which are soluble in cold and moderately diluted muriatic acid; 2. Those which are fusible before the blow-pipe; and, 3. Those which are infusible before that instrument. The fourth class is divided into two orders; the first including those saline minerals which, when dissolved in water, afford a precipitate with carbonated alkali; and the second, those which do not afford a precipitate with that substance.

Lately published *The Arabian Antiquities of Spain*, by James Cavanah Murphy, Architect. This work consists of numerous engravings, representing the most remarkable remains of the Spanish Arabs, including their gates, castles, fortresses, and towers; courts, halls, and domes; fountains, wells, and cisterns; inscriptions in Cufic and Asiatic characters; porcelain and enamel mosaics, encaustic paintings and sculptured ornaments, &c. To which is prefixed a general history of the Arabs, their institutions, conquests; literature, sciences, arts, commerce, manufactures, manners, &c. The engravings are nearly one hundred in number.

Systematic Education, or Elementary Instruction in the various departments of literature and science, with practical rules for studying each branch of useful knowledge. By the Rev. W. Shepherd, the Rev. Lant Carpenter, L. L. D. and the Rev. J. Joyce. In two vols. 8vo. illustrated with plates by Lowry.

OBITUARY.

Died at Calais, in poverty and exile, the celebrated Lady Hamilton, relict of Sir Wm. Hamilton. Her origin was most humble; she is said to have been the daughter of a cottager, in the forest of Bere, in Hampshire, and to have first attracted the notice of Lord Halifax. Emma Hart. for this was her parental name, experienced in early life all those vicissitudes which too generally attend those females whose beauty has betrayed them into vice, and who unhappily depend upon it for subsistence. On her arrival in the metropolis she was for some time in a menial capacity, and it is also said about the year 1782, she personated the *Goddess of Health*, at the infamous establishment of Dr. Graham in Pall-Mall. The personal charms which nature had so profusely bestowed began also to attract the notice of the artists, and the late Mr. Romney in particular, who felt a stronger admiration for her than what he might be supposed to entertain merely as a painter, made her the frequent subject of his pencil. Her "Attitudes," drawn at a later period by Mr. E. Rehberg, an eminent German artist, and engraved by Piroli of Naples, are well known. She lived for some years under the *protection*, as it is termed, of the late Rt. Hon. Charles Greville, by whom she was recommended, about 1788, to his uncle, Sir W. Hamilton, and the latter was so well satisfied that he soon afterward married her. At Naples, when Sir William filled the post of British ambassador, his lady by her talents and assiduity found means to recommend herself so strongly to the king and queen, that she soon became a great favourite, particularly with the latter. Under the difficult circumstance which arose out of the invasion of Naples by the French, and the expulsion of the royal family from its continental dominions, Lady Hamilton is allowed to have exhibited extraordinary promptitude, energy, and presence of mind. It was during her residence at this court, in 1798, that her *friendship* with Nelson commenced, which must be admitted to have reflected very little credit upon either. After the death of Sir Wm. Hamilton, in 1803, his lady resided entirely with her gallant admirer at his mansion at Merton, which, with the estate, he bequeathed to her by his will, and committed to her care a young lady, the secret of whose birth yet remains to be explained. Providence in pecuniary matters was not a quality of Lady Hamilton; Merton Place was soon sold, and for some years she was confined to the rules of the king's bench, till about twelve months since she was released, as it is said, through the interference of an alderman of the city of London, who made himself responsible for the debt for which she was detained, and thus enabled her to remove to the continent. The recent publication of letters, many of them extremely gross, addressed to her by Lord Nelson and some other eminent characters, if it were proved to have been directed by her, is a greater breach of decorum than any part of her former conduct; and though she has denied any participation in this affair, and asserted that the letters were surreptitiously obtained by the publisher, yet there is too much reason to suspect that necessity induced her to give to the world, what the slightest regard for her own character, and for that of her renowned admirer, would have taught her to veil in impenetrable obscurity.

At Broxbourne, Hertfordshire, the Rev. Claudius Buchanan, D. D. and L. L. D. of Queen's College Cambridge. This divine, who left England in 1796, for the East Indies, where he for several years held the office of vice-provost of the College of Fort William, Bengal, has particularly distinguished himself since his return by the zeal which he has manifested for the introduction and propagation of the precepts of christianity among the natives of the East. In 1804, he gave two hundred guineas to the university of Cambridge as a prize for the best English prose dissertation on the best means of civilizing the British empire in India, and of diffusing the light of religion among its inhabitants; it was adjudged to the performance of the Rev. James Bryce, which was printed in an 8vo. volume in 1810. All Dr. Buchanan's publications have originated in the same laudable solicitude for the conversion of the heathen. About two years since Dr. Buchanan announced his intention of visiting Palestine and Syria for the purpose of ascertaining the state and wants of the christians in those parts; and, at the time of his death, which happened on the 9th of February, he was actually engaged in superintending an edition of the New-Testament in Syriac for their use.

At Manchester, John Ferriar, M. D. one of the physicians to the General Infirmary of that town, aged 51. Dr. F. was well known in the world of letters by his professional publications, and also for being the first who detected the source from which Sterne borrowed many of the ideas dispersed through his eccentric performances. The Memoirs of the Philosophical Society of Manchester contain, also several papers by him on subjects connected with the belles lettres and archæology. His principal work, intituled, "Medical Histories and Reflections," originally appeared in detached volumes, the first of which was published in 1792, the second in 1795, and the third in 1793. A second edition was given to the world in 1810, and a fourth volume was added in 1813. The plagiarisms of Sterne were first pointed out in a paper in the Manchester Memoirs, (vol. iv.) which he afterwards enlarged and published, in 1798, under the title of "Illustrations of Sterne, with other Essays and Verses," in an 8vo. volume. In 1799, Dr. Ferriar called the attention of the professors of the healing art to a plant capable of furnishing them with powerful resources in certain diseases, in a pamphlet, "On the Medical Properties of the Digitalis Purpurea, or Fox-glove," 12mo. "The Bibliomania," a poetical epistle on the rage for collecting old and scarce books, addressed by Dr. Ferriar, through the medium of the press, to Richard Heber, esq. furnished the Rev. Mr. Dibdin with the idea of his well-known work published under the same title. The last of the Doctor's literary performances was "An Essay toward a Theory of Apparitions," 8vo. published in 1813. The high rank which Dr. F. held in his profession, not only in Manchester and its immediate neighbourhood, but through a wide circle of the surrounding country, was founded on long and general experience of his counsels. In the common relations of life, he will long be remembered as a man of inflexible honour and integrity, as a warm and steady friend, and as a tender and most indulgent parent.

ANALECTIC MAGAZINE.

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1815.

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Roderick, the Last of the Goths; a Tragic Poem. By Robert Southey, Esq. Poet Laureat, and Member of the Royal Spanish Academy. 4to. Pp. 340. and cxxxvii. Philadelphia, re-printed by E. Earle. 18 mo.

[From the Eclectic Review.]

THERE are scarcely six heroic poems in the world that have acquired general, permanent, and increasing renown; yet nothing short of this, in idea, has been the object of the authors of hundreds of similar works, which have gained a transient, or established a local reputation.

"What shall I do to be for ever known?"

—is the aspiration of every true poet, though, in the pursuit of fame, each will choose, out of all the means whereby it may be achieved, those only which are most congenial to his talents or his taste. A libertine will not select a sacred theme, nor a modest man a licentious one; but be it a virtuous or a profligate

one, we may assert, not as a questionable hypothesis, but as a matter of fact, that the love of glory is the first impulse of every poet's mind, and the desire of the greatest degree of glory, is, perhaps essential to the attainment of even a moderate portion. Without the highest honours in view, no poet will put forth his whole strength; he will be content with the exertions that enable him to excel his competitors, but he will want a motive for those which would enable him to excel himself.

Mr. Southey is still in the prime of manhood, and, exclusive of other compositions of singular merit, both in verse and in prose, more than we can at present enumerate, he has already published five epics; for, though he disclaims the "degraded name," epics, we must call them, till he furnish a more appropriate generic term for his long narrative poems. It might safely be said by any person who had not read any one of these, that they will not all go down to posterity as the companions of the "Iliad," the "Odyssey," the "Æneid," the "Jerusalem Delivered," and the "Paradise Lost;" since the possibility that one writer should mature five productions equal to these, cannot for a moment be imagined, after the experience of three thousand years from Homer or Milton. But *we* have read *all* Mr. Southey's Epics; and it is quite fair that we be asked whether we think *one* of them will stand in this line among the few imperishable monuments of genius, and add another volume to the library of mankind—a volume that shall be read in all ages, and in all countries, where a language beside the mother language is known? We will not say No, and we cannot say Yes; but we do not hesitate to admit, that we know no reason that the intellect, the imagination, and the energy of that mind, which, within eighteen years, has given birth to "Joan of Arc," to "Thalaba," to "Madoc," to "Kehama," and to "Roderick," might not, within the same period, have elaborated a single poem, rivalling in length, only one, but transcending in merit, all of these admirable pieces. At the same time we are willing to acknowledge, though we are unwilling to admit the application to Mr. Southey, that it may be very possible for an author of exalted acquirements and versatile talents, to compose *the five*, who could by no intensity of application perfect *one* such as we have supposed, nor indeed one of any kind much excelling the rest. There are birds of indefatigable wing, that soar often and long, to a noble elevation, and yet

"The eagle drops them in a lower sky,"

though *his* flights are "few and far between." If Mr. Southey has found his height, and dares not venture nearer to the sun, let him make his excursions as frequently as he pleases in this mid-

dle region, and we shall always be glad to hail his rising, admire his course, and welcome his descent; but if by any toil, or time, or care, he *can* reach "the highest heaven of invention," we would earnestly entreat him, in the name of all that he loves in song, or seeks in fame, to risk the enterprise. We know he needs not write for bread; his living renown can little compensate him for his arduous and incessant pains; then, since the immortality for name cannot be acquired at will by any poet, the least that can be required of him, who is rationally in quest of it, is, to employ his utmost endeavours to deserve it, whether he obtain it or not. Plainly, if Mr. Southey can do no better than he has *done*, we care not how often he appears in a new quarto form; but if he *can*, we care not how seldom we see him; nay, we shall be satisfied if it be but once more—in his old age and ours—provided he then present to us a poem surpassing, in comparative worth, not only the five labours of the last eighteen years, but five more, during the advancing eighteen years, which, if he continue his present career, may be reasonably expected from so enterprising a knight-errant of the Muses.

After all, the immediate popularity of works of genius depends much on the fashion, manners, taste, and prejudices of the times—on things which are artificial, incidental, and perpetually changing; but enduring reputation can be secured only by the power of awakening sensibilities common to all men, though dormant in the multitude; and appealing to sympathies universal throughout society, in every stage, from the rudest barbarism to the most fastidious refinement. We might, perhaps, add, that it is almost indispensable to the success of a heroic poem, that it be a *national* one, celebrating an event well known, though far distant in time, and hallowed to the imagination of the poet's own countrymen by patriotic lessons, examples, and triumphs of constancy and valour. Mr. Southey's poems of this species are written in defiance of the fashion, manners, taste, and prejudices of the present times, and they have contained little that could conciliate them; consequently, it is no wonder that they have been less popular than the captivating romances of the Northern minstrel. On the other hand, though they do frequently awaken sensibilities common to all men, and appeal to sympathies universal through society; though they abound with adventures, marvellous and striking; with characters boldly original; with sentiments pure, and tender, and lofty; with descriptions rich, various, and natural; though in these they exhibit all the graces and novelties of a style peculiarly plastic, eloquent, and picturesque: yet, by an infelicity in the choice of subjects, they are addressed to readers, who have either a national antipathy against the burthen of them, as to the dishonour of their country in "Joan of

Arc;" an indifference to super-human exploits and sufferings, as in "Thalaba;" a horror of barbarity, as to the Mexican scenes of "Madoc;" a resolute incredulity of monstrous and unclassical mythology, as in "Kehama;" or an ignorance of the history, and unconcern for the fate of the heroes, as in many instances in "Roderick, the last of the Goths." The latter, indeed, is less objectionable in all these respects, than any of its predecessors, excepting the first part of "Madoc"—*Madoc in Wales*—where, if we are not greatly mistaken, both the poet and his readers are more happy, and more at home together, than in all their other travels besides, through real or imaginary worlds. Other requisites being equal, *that* poetry will assuredly be the most highly and permanently pleasing, which is the most easily understood; in which the whole meaning of the sentiments, the whole beauty of the language, the whole force of the allusions, in a word, the whole *impression* is made *at first, at once, and for ever*, on the reader's mind. This is not the case with any of Mr. Southey's epics. They are always accompanied by a long train of notes; and the worst evil attending them is, that they are really useful! It is hard enough to have to pay for half a volume of irrelevant, worthless notes, but it is much harder—a much greater discount from the value of the text, when the notes are worth the money, and constitute so essential a part of the book, that without them the poem would be a parable of paradoxes, obscure in itself, and rendered incomprehensible by its illustrations—the imagery and allusions—which ought to be its glory. Many parts of "Thalaba" and "Kehama" especially, without the notes, would be as insolvable as the Sphinx's riddle. These are relative defects in the subjects, which no art or power of the poet can supply, because the real defect is neither in the author, nor in the work, but in the mind of the readers, who want the information *previously* necessary to understand and enjoy what is submitted to them. That information comes too late in the notes, after the first feeling is gone by, for then it can do little more than render a puzzling passage intelligible—seldom impressive. Our author is undoubtedly aware of all these disadvantages; and he encounters them at his peril, with a gallantry more to be admired than recommended to imitation.

Mr. Southey's talents have been so long known, and so repeatedly canvassed, that we do not think it necessary to enter into any inquiry concerning their peculiar qualities, the purposes for which they are most happily adapted, nor their relative excellence when contrasted with those of his distinguished contemporaries. Nor will we, for our limits forbid it, attempt to compare Mr. Southey with himself; to try whether the splendid promise of his youth, in "Joan of Arc," has been progressively fulfilled

in his subsequent performances. His name will unquestionably go down to posterity with the most illustrious of the present age, and, probably, with the most illustrious of past ages, for we would fain hope, that the poem, by which he will "be forever known," is not yet written—perhaps not yet meditated by him. If it be such a one as we have imagined, it must be either a national one, or one in which the whole race of man shall be equally and everlastingly interested. That he shall have the happiness to fix on a subject of the latter description, is more than we dare anticipate; but by choosing one of the former stamp, he may still rise far above his present rank among poets, for we are perfectly convinced, that whatever labour, or learning, or genius, he may lavish on strange or foreign themes, unless he select one that comes home to the bosoms of his countrymen, and expend on it his whole collected wealth of thought, splendour of imagination, and power of pathos, he will never maintain his station, either at home or abroad, with Homer, Virgil, Tasso, and Milton. British history presents a hero and a scene—we shall not name them—unequalled, for the purposes of verse, in the annals of man. This theme has been the hope of many a youthful bard, and the despair of many an older one. Like the "Enchanted Forest" in the "Jerusalem Delivered," hitherto all who have presumed to approach it, have been frightened away, or beaten back; and it is still reserved for some Rinaldo of song, perhaps *now* wasting his strength in outlandish adventures, to pierce its recesses, enfranchise its spirits, and rest under its laurels.

On closing the volume before us, we were struck with the idea—How differently should we have felt in reading this "Magic Poem," if the story had been British! How would every natural character have been endeared, every act of heroism exalted, every patriotic sentiment consecrated, in our esteem, by that circumstance! The day is past, when "Roderick, the last of the Goths," would have been hailed throughout this island, with kindred enthusiasm, for the sake of the country which gave him birth, and in which a spirit of courage to fight, and of fortitude to bear, equal to any thing here exhibited, has been realized in our own age; but for what—let the dungeons of the Inquisition tell us! The mind of a Briton revolts, with feelings of shame, indignation, and pity, unutterably mingled, at the recollection of the proudest battle-fields of his own countrymen in that land whose very name was wont to make his cheek flush more warmly, and his pulse beat more quickly, but which now sends the blood cold to the heart, and forces a sigh from the bosom on which the burthen of Spain lies heavy and deadening as an incubus. This poem, therefore, must rest solely on its own merits, and it needs no adventitious recommendation to place it high among the works that

reflect peculiar lustre on the present era of English poetry. Without pretending further to forbode its fate we shall briefly characterize it as the most regular, impassioned, and easily intelligible, of all the author's performances in this strain.

The main events of the fable may be sketched in a few sentences. Mr. Walter Scott's "Vision of Don Roderick" has made the name and infamy of the hero familiar to our countrymen. In the eighth century, the Moors were invited into Spain by Count Julian, a powerful courtier, in revenge for the violation of his daughter Florinda, by the king, Roderick. In the battle of Xeres, the invaders were completely triumphant, and Roderick having disappeared, leaving his armour and horse on the field, it was generally believed, that he was drowned in attempting to cross the river. Mr. Southey grounds the story of his poem on another tradition; that the king, in the disguise of a peasant, escaped; and with a monk named Romano, fled to a lonely promontory in Portugal, where they dwelt together a year. At the end of that time the monk died, and Roderick, who, in adversity, had become a penitent and a convert, finding solitude and inaction, with his feelings and remembrances, insupportable, returned into Spain, where, in the garb and character of a monk, following the course of providential circumstances, he assisted Pelayo, the next heir to his throne, in establishing an independent sovereignty amid the mountains of Asturias. At the battle of Covadonga, where the Moors were overthrown with an extent of ruin which they could never repair in that part of the Peninsula, Roderick, after performing miracles of valour, is at length recognised by Pelayo, and his old servants; but impatiently returning to the conflict, he carries terror and death wherever he moves, avenging his own and his country's wrongs, on the Moors, and the renegadoes that assisted them. At the conclusion he disappears as unaccountably as he had done at the battle of Xeres, leaving his horse and armour on the field as before.

It was a perilous undertaking of Mr. Southey to unsettle the prejudices so long and so inveterately held against Roderick's character, and to transform him from a remorseless tyrant, and a shameless ravisher, into a magnanimous patriot, and a self-denying saint; nor was it less bold, after his condemnation had been recently renewed, and his death irrevocably sealed by a brother bard, to revive and lead him out again into the field, not to recover his lost crown for himself, but to bestow it upon another. We think that in both attempts our author has succeeded. By the artful development of Roderick's former history, always in connection with the progress of his subsequent penitence, and disinterested exertions for the delivery of his country, we are gradually reconciled to all his conduct except the outrage done to Florinda;

and even that the poet attempts to mitigate almost into a venial offence—the sin of a mad moment, followed by instantaneous and unceasing compunction. After he had softened our hearts to pity in favour of the contrite sinner, he finds it easy to melt them to love, and exalt them to admiration of the saint and the hero. Roderick's character rises at every step, and grows more and more amiable, and interesting, and glorious, to the end, when he vanishes, like a being from the invisible world, who has been permitted, for a while, to walk the earth, mysteriously disguised, on a commission of wrath to triumphant tyrants, and of mercy to a perishing people.

Roderick's achievements in the first battle, wherein he was supposed to have fallen, his flight, remorse, despair, and penitential sorrow, are thus strikingly described in the first section.

“ Bravely in that eight-days' fight
The king had striven—for victory first, while hope
Remain'd, then desperately in search of death.
'The arrows past him by to right and left,
The spear-point pierced him not, the scymitar
Glanced from his helmet. Is the shield of Heaven,
Wretch that I am, extended over me ?
Cried Roderick ; and he dropt Orelia's reins,
And threw his hands aloft in frantic prayer,—
Death is the only mercy that I crave,
Death soon and short, death and forgetfulness !
Aloud he cried ; but in his inmost heart
There answered him a secret voice, that spake
Of righteousness and judgment after death,
And God's redeeming love, which fain would save
The guilty soul alive. 'Twas agony,
And yet 'twas hope ; a momentary light,
That flash'd through utter darkness on the Cross
To point salvation, then left all within
Dark as before. Fear, never felt till then,
Sudden and irresistible as stroke
Of lightning, smote him. From his horse he dropt,
Whether with human impulse, or by Heaven
Struck down, he knew not ; loosen'd from his wrist
The sword chain, and let fall the sword, whose hilt
Clung to his palm a moment ere it fell,
Glued with Moorish gore. His royal robe,
His horned helmet, and enamell'd mail,
He cast aside, and taking from the dead
A peasant's garment, in those weeds involved,
Stole, like a thief in darkness, from the field.

“ Evening closed round to favour him. All night
He fled, the sound of battle in his ear

Ringing, and sights of death before his eyes,
 With dreams more horrible of eager fiends
 That seem'd to hover round, and gulfs of fire
 Opening beneath his feet. At times the groan
 Of some poor fugitive, who, bearing with him
 His mortal hurt, had fallen beside the way,
 Rous'd him from these dread visions, and he call'd
 In answering groans on his Redeemer's name,
 That word the only prayer that pass'd his lips,
 Or rose within his heart. Then would he see
 The cross whereon a bleeding Saviour hung,
 Who call'd on him to come and cleanse his soul
 In those all-healing streams, which from his wounds,
 As from perpetual springs, for ever flowed.
 No hart e'er panted for the water-brooks
 As Roderick thirsted there to drink and live :
 But Hell was interposed ; and worse than Hell,
 Yea to his eyes more dreadful than the fiends
 Who flock'd like hungry ravens round his head,—
 Florinda stood between and warn'd him off
 With her abhorrent hands—that agony
 Still in her face, which, when the deed was done,
 Inflicted on her ravisher the curse
 That it invok'd from Heaven—Oh what a night
 Of waking horrors.”

On the eighth day of his flight he reaches a deserted monastery,
 where one monk only is waiting for release from the bondage of
 life by the sword of the enemy. At evening he was come to the
 gate to catch the earliest sight of the Moor, for “it seemed long
 to tarry for his crown.”

“Before the Cross

Roderick had thrown himself : his body raised,
 Half kneeling, half at length he lay ; his arms
 Embraced its foot, and from his lifted face
 Tears streaming down bedew'd the senseless stone.
 He had not wept till now, and at the gush
 Of these first tears, it seem'd as if his heart,
 From a long winter's icy thrall let loose,
 Had open'd to the genial influences
 Of Heaven. In attitude, but not in act
 Of prayer he lay ; an agony of tears
 Was all his soul could offer. When the Monk
 Beheld him suffering thus, he raised him up,
 And took him by the arm and led him in ;
 And there before the altar, in the name
 Of Him whose bleeding image there was hung,

Spake comfort, and adjured him in that name
 There to lay down the burthen of his sins.
 Lo! said Romano, I am waiting here
 The coming of the Moors, that from their hands
 My spirit may receive the purple robe
 Of martyrdom, and rise to claim its crown.
 That God who willeth not the sinner's death
 Hath led thee hither. Three score years and five,
 Even from the hour when I, a five-year's child,
 Enter'd the schools, have I continued here
 And served the altar: not in all those years
 Hath such a contrite and a broken heart
 Appear'd before me. O my brother, Heaven
 Hath sent thee for thy comfort, and for mine,
 That my last earthly act may reconcile
 A sinner to his God."

Roderick confesses his name and his sins, and the monk determines to live a little longer for his sake. Accordingly, instead of waiting for martyrdom, he accompanies the royal fugitive on his way, as we have already seen.

In a work of imagination we never before met with an account of the awakening and conversion of a sinner more faithfully and awfully drawn—one might almost presume, *not* from reading, nor from hearing, but from experience. Had the name of Christ, and redemption in his blood, never been mentioned in the course of the narrative, but in connexion with such feelings and views of sin and its consequences as are contained in the foregoing extracts, and the immediate context, these pages should have had our cordial approbation, qualified only by a passing murmur of disgust at the circumstance of the monk, when they set out on their pilgrimage, taking with him our "Lady's image," and saying,

"In this * * *

We have our guide, and guard, and comforter,
 The best provision for our perilous way."

This circumstance, though perfectly in place and character, at once dispels the vision of glory, which before seemed to shine round the fallen penitent, and forces upon us the painful recollection, that it is only a picturesque fiction, not an affecting reality, with which the poet is beguiling our attention: while his not scrupling to mingle the false and degrading notions of a superstitious faith, with the genuine workings of a contrite heart, seems to imply the belief that both are alike the natural emotions of the mind, and may, as such, be employed with equal familiarity, for the pur-

poses of poetry. Roderick's piety, throughout the whole poem, while it sheds transcendent lustre on his deeds and sayings in every scene and situation, except when he is in his *heroic moods*, sometimes undergoes eclipses, which appear to change its very nature; and while he is thirsting for vengeance, or rioting in blood, its sanctity serves only to give a more terrific and sacrilegious ferocity to his purposes. Meek, humble, and equally magnanimous in action or suffering, as we generally find it, and disposed as we are at all times to love it, as pure and undefiled religion, we are the more shocked when we are compelled to shrink from it as a raving fanaticism. It is true, that when it is associated with violent and implacable emotions, they are emotions of patriotism, and the vengeance pursued by him, is vengeance against infidels, traitors, and usurpers. Be it so; but still let the patriot fight, and the avenger slay, in any name, except in the name of Him whose "kingdom is not of this world." We shall not enter further into the subject; we give this hint in consequence of the frequent allusions to converting grace, the blood of Christ, and the love of God, in the mouth of the hero. We have repeatedly shuddered at sentiments and expressions, which, under other circumstances, would have been music to our ears, and comfort to our hearts. This is a fault—for we cannot call it by a milder name—which we find, not as critics, but as christians. The things we condemn are quite consistent with the religious *costume* of the age, if we may so speak; but we think that the poet ought to have been more careful not to introduce them where they may give occasion of offence to the sincerely pious, and of mockery to the scorner. The fact is, that in order to reconcile the mind to the introduction of these sacred subjects, it is requisite that the author's purpose should approve itself to the reader as being of a high and ennobling character. His design as a poet must appear to be quite subordinate to, or rather wholly lost in, the desire of conveying a moral impression. His aim must seem to partake of the dignity of the theme, and his style comport with its reality.

With this single deduction we consider the character of Roderick as one of the most sublime and affecting creations of a poetic mind. The greatest drawback, however, from its effect is not a flaw in its excellence, but an original and incorrigible defect in the plot itself. Roderick, after spending twelve months in solitude and penance with the monk, returns, emaciated and changed in person and garb, into society, mingles with his own former courtiers, has interviews with Florinda, Julian, Pelayo, and others who have known him from a child, yet remains undiscovered to the last scene of the last act of the poem. All this while he gives no plausible account whence he came, or who he is in his assum-

ed character; he is a being of mystery, emanating from darkness, and haunting, like a spectre of the day-light, in which his bodily presence was but lately the joy of those eyes, that are now holden from distinguishing him, though sometimes his looks, his voice, or his gestures, trouble them like the images of a dream, that mock recollection, yet cannot be driven away from the thoughts. This awkward ignorance, though necessary for the conduct of the story, compels the reader, whenever it crosses him, to do violence to his own mind in order to give assent to it. Indeed, there is nothing in "Thalaba," or "Kehama," how marvellous soever, which, under the given circumstances, appears such a violation of probability as this; for even his dog and his horse recognise their master, before the mother her son, or the woman, who loved him to her own ruin and his, the destroyer of her peace.

We regret to be obliged to pass over the description of Roderick's frightful and self-consuming melancholy in the wilderness, after the death of the monk; his restless longings and delirious impulses to action; above all, the vision of his mother and his mother country, inspiring him to break loose from the captivity of retirement, and rush to their rescue. These are conceived in the author's noblest spirit, and executed in his happiest manner. That manner, it is well known, is exceedingly various, ascending and descending with his subject, through every gradation of style and sentiment, from the mean, dry, and prosaic, to the most florid, impassioned, or sublime. This is right in itself, but unfortunately, from the minute multiplicity of his details, Mr. Southey too often, and often for too long a time, tethers himself to the ground, and is creeping, walking, running, or fluttering, through brake and briar, over hill and dale, with hands, feet, wings, making way, as well as he can, instead of mounting aloft, and expatiating in the boundless freedom of the sky, amid light, and warmth, and air, with all the world—seas, mountains, forests, realms—beneath his eye.

In this poem the topographical notices are, perhaps, too numerous and particular; the customs, ceremonies, habits, religion, &c. of the age and people, are too obviously displayed. These, instead of giving more lively reality to the scenes through which we are led, continually remind us that we are *not* on the spot.

In his progress Roderick meets with a horrible adventure at Curia. This town had been destroyed, and its inhabitants massacred, by the Moors. One solitary human being, a female, survived, who is employed in the work of interring the bodies of her father, her mother, her husband, and her child, in one grave, over which Roderick helps her to heave huge stones to hide them from the day-light and the vultures. By this frenzied heroine he is inspired with a fury of vengeance, and they vow together to

attempt the deliverance of their country, the one by rousing, and the other by leading the oppressed natives to battle. When he will not reveal his name or condition to her, she calls him *Macca-bee*, after the Jewish patriot, and this appellation he retains till he is discovered in the last contest. This lady, in whom we expect to find a second *Clorinda*, or *Britomartis*, driven to insanity by her afflictions, appears again twice in the sequel animating the combatants, and taking a personal share in the perils of the fight; but after the mighty expectations raised by her interview with *Roderick*, and especially by her appalling narrative, which we have not room to transcribe, we were disappointed, though not grieved, that she is not more conspicuously engaged.

Of the other characters, *Pelayo* is the most eminent. The poem itself was at first announced in his name, but the author very properly substituted *Roderick's*, finding, no doubt, as his argument unfolded its hidden capabilities, that it was out of his power to elevate *Pelayo* into rivalry with so grand, striking, and original a personage, as "*The Last of the Goths*," near whom even "*The Last of the Romans*," would be a cold, repulsive being, steeled by philosophy, and suddenly yielding to irresistible fate. *Pelayo* is a dignified sufferer, and an able commander, who is rather borne on the tide of fortune to the highest honours, than the winner of them by his own counsel and enterprise. At the battle of *Covadonga* he utterly defeats the *Moors*, and becomes in consequence the founder of the Spanish monarchy. Part of the ceremony at his coronation we shall quote. The *Primate Urban* having consecrated the new sovereign, and wedded him to Spain by putting a ring on his finger,

" *Roderick* brought

'The buckler: eight for strength and stature chosen
Came to their honour'd office: round the shield
Standing, they lower it for the chieftain's feet,
'Then slowly raised upon their shoulders lift
The steady weight. Erect *Pelayo* stands,
And thrice he brandishes the shining sword,
While *Urban* to the assembled people cries,
Spaniards, behold your king! The multitude
Then sent forth all their voice with glad acclaim,
Raising the loud *Real*; thrice did the word
Ring through the air, and echo from the walls
Of *Cangas*. Far and wide the thundering shout,
Rolling among reduplicating rocks,
Peel'd o'er the hills, and up the mountain vales.
The wild ass starting in the forest glade
Ran to the covert; the affrighted wolf
Skulk'd through the thicket, to a closer brake;

The sluggish bear, awaken'd in his den,
Roused up, and answer'd with a sullen growl,
Low-breathed and long; and at the uproar, scared,
The brooding eagle from her nest took wing."

Count Julian is a creature of more poetical elements. Proud, rash, choleric, implacable, an apostate from the faith, a traitor to his prince, suspected by the Moors, hated by the renegadoes his brethren, and dreaded by his countrymen, he excites terror, and awakens expectations of something great, whenever he appears.

Florinda, his daughter, the cause of all her country's miseries, and in her wrongs and sufferings, the prototype too, is beautifully imagined, and finely delineated; for though her maiden virtue is a little alloyed by a secret weakness, which makes her unconsciously the first cause of her own ruin, effected by Roderick in a paroxysm of hopeless passion, yet her penitence, her love, her humility, her devotion to any sorrow that may befall herself, and her restless, intense, and unremitting anxiety for the repose of the soul of him to whom her beauty had proved so sad a snare, give an inexpressible charm to her character. Her first appearance is as a suppliant, muffled, and cloaked, who, falling at the feet of Pelayo, asks of him "a boon in Roderick's name." He promises to grant it, and naturally inquires who she is.

"She bared her face, and, looking up, replied,
Florinda!—Shrinking then, with both her hands
She hid herself, and bow'd her head abased
Upon her knee—as one who, if the grave
Had oped beneath her, would have thrown herself,
Even like a lover, in the arms of Death.
Pelayo stood confused; he had not seen
Count Julian's daughter since, in Roderick's court,
Glittering in beauty and in innocence,
A radiant vision, in her joy she moved:
More like a poet's dream, or form divine,
Heaven's prototype of perfect womanhood—
So lovely was the presence—than a thing
Of earth and perishable elements.
Now had he seen her in her winding sheet,
Less painful would that spectacle have proved:
For peace is with the dead, and piety
Bringeth a patient hope to those who mourn
O'er the departed: but this alter'd face,
Bearing its deadly sorrow character'd,
Came to him like a ghost, which in the grave
Could find no rest. He, taking her cold hand,
Rais'd her, and would have spoken; but his tongue
Fail'd in its office, and could only speak

In under tones compassionate her name.
 The voice of pity sooth'd and melted her;
 And when the prince bade her be comforted,
 Proffering his zealous aid in whatso'er
 Might please her to appoint, a feeble smile
 Past slowly over her pale countenance,
 Like moonlight on a marble statue. Heaven
 Requite thee, prince! she answer'd. All I ask
 Is but a quiet resting place, wherein
 A broken heart, in prayer and humble hope,
 May wait for its deliverance."

Of the other characters in this Epic Tragedy we need not particularly speak. Siverian, who has married Roderick's mother, is the principal one, and acts a suitable part.

The descriptive passages of this poem, are, perhaps, the most perfectly pleasing; and the mind of the reader, sick of carnage, tumult, and devastation, reposes gladly on these when they open with refreshing sweetness around him. Many are the pictures of moonlight by poets of every nation; a lovelier than the following was never presented. The allusion to the stars, which, few in number, and diminished to points, "on such a night," appear immeasurably further distant than when they shine through total darkness—the allusion to these, in connexion with their elevating influence, forms one of those rare and exquisite associations of natural imagery with moral sentiment, which constitute the essence of the purest poetry.

"How calmly gliding through the dark blue sky
 The midnight moon ascends! Her placid beams,
 Through thinly-scatter'd leaves and boughs grotesque,
 Mottle with mazy shades the orchard slope;
 Here, o'er the chesnut's fretted foliage gray,
 And massy, motionless they spread; here shine
 Upon the crags, deepening with blacker night
 Their chasms; and there the glittering argentry
 Ripples and glances on the confluent streams.
 A lovelier, purer light than that of day
 Rests on the hills; and oh, how awfully
 Into that deep and tranquil firmament
 The summits of Auseva rise serene!
 The watchman on the battlements partakes
 The stillness of the solemn hour; he feels
 The silence of the earth, the endless sound
 Of flowing waters soothes him, and the stars,
 Which in that brightest moonlight well nigh quench'd,
 Scarce visible, as in the utmost depth
 Of yonder sapphire infinite, are seen,

Draw on with elevating influence
 Toward eternity the attemper'd mind.
 Musing on worlds beyond the grave he stands,
 And to the Virgin Mother silently
 Breathes forth her hymn of praise."

We were startled, at the opening of the sixteenth section, by an address to the Virgin Mary, which, from the lips of Roderick, or Pelayo, might have been very well, but from a Protestant poet, in his own character, is intolerable, and what no license of his art, in our apprehension, will justify.

Much fault, no doubt, will be found with the conduct of the fable. We have no space left to anticipate what others may say, but for ourselves we freely confess, that the poem produced its strongest effects upon us rather at intervals, than in gradation. It abounds with dramatic scenes, which, in point of situation, grouping, character, and dialogue, may challenge any thing of the kind in English poetry. Among these we may particularize the meeting between Florinda and Roderick, when, as her confessor, she tells him all the secrets of her heart, unsuspected by him before; the first interview between Roderick in disguise, and his mother; the scene in which Florinda brings Roderick, still unknown to her, into the Moorish camp, and introduces him to her father, Count Julian. None of these, however, surpass in pathos or mystery the death of the latter, who, previously to the last battle, is basely stabbed by a Moor, and carried to a little chapel, dedicated to St. Peter, that he may die in peace. We have purposely omitted giving any extracts from the foregoing, because they ought to be read entire, and we wished to make a copious quotation here, as a fair specimen of the author's powers. Roderick, as father Maccabee, still unsuspected by Florinda and Count Julian, receives the confession and renunciation of errors, from the expiring apostate.

"The dying count

Then fix'd upon the Goth his earnest eyes.
 No time, said he, is this for bravery,
 As little for dissemblance. I would fain
 Die in the faith wherein my fathers died,
 Whereto they pledged me in mine infancy—
 A soldier's habits, he pursued, have steel'd
 My spirit, and perhaps I do not fear
 This passage as I ought. But if to feel
 That I have sinn'd, and from my soul renounce
 The impostor's faith, which never in that soul
 Obtain'd a place—if at the Saviour's feet,
 Laden with guilt, to cast myself and cry,

Lord, I believe ! help thou my unbelief !—
 If this in the sincerity of death
 Sufficeth—father, let me from thy lips
 Receive the assurances with which the church
 Doth bless the dying christian.

“ Roderick raised
 His eyes to Heaven, and crossing on his breast
 His open palms, Mysterious are thy ways
 And merciful, O gracious Lord ! he cried,
 Who to this end hast thus been pleased to lead
 My wandering steps ! O Father, this thy son
 Hath sinn'd and gone astray ; but hast not Thou
 Said when the sinner from his evil ways
 Turneth, that he shall save his soul alive,
 And Angels at the sight rejoice in Heaven !
 Therefore do I, in thy most holy name,
 Into thy family receive again
 Him who was lost, and in that name absolve
 The penitent.—So saying, on the head
 Of Julian solemnly he laid his hands.
 Then to the altar tremblingly he turn'd,
 And took the bread, and breaking it, pursued,
 Julian ! receive from me the bread of life !
 In silence reverently the Count partook
 The reconciling rite, and to his lips
 Roderick then held the consecrated cup.
 Me too ! exclaim'd Florinda, who till then
 Had listen'd speechlessly : Thou man of God,
 I also must partake ! The Lord hath heard
 My prayers ! one sacrament—one hour—one grave—
 One resurrection !

That dread office done,
 Count Julian in amazement saw the priest
 Kneel down before him. By the sacrament
 Which we have here partaken, Roderick cried,
 In this most awful moment, by that hope,
 That holy faith which comforts thee in death,
 Grant thy forgiveness, Julian, ere thou diest !
 Behold the man who most hath injured thee !
 Roderick, the wretched Goth, the guilty cause
 Of all thy guilt—the unworthy instrument
 Of thy redemption—kneels before thee here,
 And prays to be forgiven !

Roderick ! exclaim'd
 The dying Count—Roderick !—and from the floor
 With violent effort half he raised himself ;
 The spear hung heavy in his side, and pain

And weakness overcame him, that he fell
 Back on his daughter's lap. O Death, cried he, . .
 Passing his hand across his cold damp brow, . .
 Thou tamest the strongest limb, and conquerest
 'The stubborn heart ! But yesterday I said
 One heaven could not contain mine enemy
 And me ; and now I lift my dying voice
 To say, Forgive me Lord, as I forgive
 Him who hath done the wrong ! . . He closed his eyes
 A moment : then with sudden impulse cried, . .
 Roderick, thy wife is dead, . . the Church hath power
 To free thee from thy vows, . . the broken heart
 Might yet be heal'd, the wrong redress'd, the throne
 Rebuilt by that same hand which pull'd it down,
 And these curst Africans...Oh for a month
 Of that waste life which millions misbestow ! . .
 His voice was passionate, and in his eye
 With glowing animation while he spake
 The vehement spirit shone : its effort soon
 Was past, and painfully with feeble breath
 In slow and difficult utterance he pursued,
 Vain hope, if all the evil was ordained,
 And this wide wreck the will and work of Heaven,
 We but the poor occasion ! Death will make
 All clear, and joining us in better worlds,
 Complete our union there ! Do for me now
 One friendly office more : draw forth the spear
 And free me from this pain !...Receive his soul,
 Saviour ! exclaimed the Goth as he performed
 The fatal service. Julian cried, O friend !—
 True friend !—and gave to him his dying hand.
 Then said he to Florinda, I go first,
 Thou followest ! kiss me, child ! . . and now good night !
 When from her father's body she arose,
 Her cheek was flush'd, and in her eyes there beam'd
 A wilder brightness. On the Goth she gazed,
 While underneath the emotions of that hour
 Exhausted life gave way. O God ! she said,
 Lifting her hands, thou hast restored me all, . .
 All . . in one hour !...and round his neck she threw
 Her arms, and cried, My Roderick ! mine in Heaven !
 Groaning, he claspt her close, and in that act
 And agony her happy spirit fled.'

Laura: or an Anthology of Sonnets, with a Preface and Notes, in Five Volumes. By Capel Lofft. 12mo.

[From the British Critic.]

"BEEF,"* said an alderman of ancient days, (when such sagacious personages were accustomed to talk upon those subjects only which they understood;) "beef is the king of meat: beef comprehends in it the quintessence of patridge and quail, and venison and pheasant, and plumb-pudding and custard." By a parity of comprehensive power the majesty of the epic, the dignity of the didactic, the fire of the lyric, the pungency of the satire, the elegance of the pastoral, and the pathos of the elegy are all united according to our author's opinion in that surloin of poetical gourmandry, the SONNET. No moral too grave, no metaphysics too abstruse, no ceremony too formal, and no freedom too familiar for the corps *de la Sonet* of Capel Lofft. "For the law of wit and the liberty, these are the only men." With Polonius our readers are sufficiently acquainted—let us now introduce them to Mr Lofft. "THE SUBJECT of the SONNET may be said to be universal: and its style and manner has been properly coëxtensive to its subject.

"The SUBJECTS to which, however, it is most peculiarly applicable, are all that is most endearing, most interesting, most beautiful, excellent, and sublime. The tenderest, purest, most generous feelings of love and friendship, all the charities of *private* life, all the virtues, whether individual or social, at home or abroad, in peace or war. The noblest points of *Natural* and of *Moral* philosophy; the most just and exalted sentiments of piety. All that the illustrious Hartly (the Newton of metaphysics) has compris'd under those great and leading sources of *Association* on which our knowledge, virtue, and happiness depend. There will be found SONNETS in this collection which, with the most pure and concentrated energy, have risen to the perfection of the moral sublime. There will be found which expand into the most ample and highest views of *patriotism* and universal philanthropy, of nature, of ideal beauty, of the perfection of the deity. And the force of the example has been such, and has been for ages so accumulated—the form of the composition itself is such—that any thing vitious, irrational, or low is as unlikely to make its way into it as into the epic itself.

"Estimated, therefore, by its excellence of every kind, and not merely by its difficulty of composition, the *paradoxical* remark of the penetrating and severe Boileau will scarcely appear excessive, that a perfect sonnet is equal to an epic poem." P. 57.

* Vide Tale of a Tub.

Now, this is all within the confines of credibility: we have often heard of an Iliad in a nut's shell, nor did we ever, for a moment, doubt the fact; the only puzzle was how to introduce it.—Mr. Lofft's ingenuity will most mathematically solve the problem. The Iliad is equal to an epic, and an epic to a sonnet: and a sonnet, we allow, like a maggot, may find its way into a nut's shell, why not therefore the Iliad? The rage for folios and large paper copies will doubtless be diminished when, by so ingenious a method of concentration the Iliad and the Odyssey, the Æneid and the Pharsalia may be served up in a bunch of filberts. But we have ascended in the air balloon of our imagination to a sufficient height in the region of the sublime, let us now descend with our laureat Sibyl a few steps into the bathos.

"But for the *proper* subject for which *speech* and *writing* exist, there is in a manner *none* to which the SONNET has not on some occasions and in some period been applied. Inscriptions, familiar letters, and notes: even formal applications for patents and grants, an instance of which will be seen in the appendix to this preface." Pref. p. 56.

This is a refinement indeed, which imperial luxury never dreamt of. Instead of the disgusting familiarity of "dear Harry" or "dear Jack" we shall now have a note of appointment to meet in the Park, or to dine at the Bedford, beginning in the Della Crusca strain of "Harry, whose sympathetic soul endears," and instead of the barbarous brevity of "Lady —— at home," we shall find our invitation cards to routs and dinners conveyed in regularly-formed sonnets printed for such occasions, with blanks left for the names and the day. An application to the minister for a grant or a place must be surely irresistible which comes in so delicate a shape and in so concise a form; so that poets and placemen will henceforward be synonymous terms. The region of patents has already been adorned with the flowers of poetic fancy, and Packwood razor strops, in anticipation as it were, of Mr. Lofft, have been advertised in Petrarchan strains. Could Sibyl's reanimating solar tincture be more powerfully recommended than in a sonnet to the Sun, or the *gutta salutaria* more characteristically described than in "Queen of the silver bow."

Let us now proceed to the author's definition of the sonnet.

"Having said thus much of the *name* of this publication, I wish to speak more in the detail of that *Genus* of *Poetry* of which it is composed—Sonnets and quatuorzains.

"These agree in one *general* character: that of being poems limited to *fourteen* lines. In every other which has respect to their *form* they are essentially different.

"The sonnet is a *perfect lyric composition*: consisting of a poematium, or small poem, of a determinate length, divided into two systems: the one of eight, the other of six verses: the major system consisting of a double quadernario, or Quatriain, of two rhimes twice repeated in each division; the minor of a double terzino, ternary, or terzette, interwoven by having one line in each of its divisions which has a correspondent line rhyming to it in the other.

"Such is the sonnet in its *strict form*; as composed by Guittone D'Arezzo, Cino da Pistoja, Buonaccorso da Montemagno, Giusto de' Conti, Petrarca, Veronica Gambara, Dante, the Tasso's, Sannazaro, Vittoria Colonna, Leonardo da Vinci, Michel Angelo, and other disguised Successors.—Such it is as introduced into our Language by Spenser, Sidney, and Milton: and continued in our days by Mrs. Charlotte Smith in some exquisite Examples, Edwards, Gray, Mason, Watson, Warton, Mrs. Robinson, and Henry Kirke White. In this enumeration I purposely confine myself to the dead, though in the *Selection* itself I have drawn my Materials from many *living* Authors, whom Posterity will not forget. But let those who affect to laugh at *Sonnetteers* and despise this whole *Class* of Authors as unworthy of the name of *Poets*, learn a little *whom* and *what* it is that they despise. Perhaps they may blush at the mere sight of a List which includes Names which they cannot be wholly ignorant stand in the *first order* of human Excellence.

"I have not mentioned Shakspeare as an author of the strict sonnet; because his poems (except one or two, and those scarcely perfect in the form,) are rather reducible under the class of quatuorains than of strict sonnets.

"And even those of Spenser, as we shall see hereafter, are Sonnets of the 2d or imperfect Order: which although beautiful in *Rhythm* and exceedingly so in *Sentiment* and *Imagery*, are not conform'd to the perfect Guidonian and Petrarchan Model.

"From this Account two circumstances are naturally, as I think, deducible: one, that the Sonnet has a close *Analogy* to the regular Grecian Ode with its *major* and *minor*, its *odic* and *epodic* System, its *Strophe* and *Antistrophe*; the other, that besides this it has another yet more particular and more curious Analogy to Music." Pref. P. 3.

We profess much too high a veneration for Mr. Lofft's universal *menstruum*, the sonnet, to be alarmed at his anathema; we will take the liberty however of examining its claims to Grecian derivation. Mr. L. in another part conceives that the Grecian ode with its strophe, antistrophe, and epode, favoured the introduction of its peculiar structure; although Crescembini, with more wisdom, doubts the probability of such an opinion. What analogy can exist between the lyrical irregularity of the strophe, with its correspondent antistrophe, and the eight regular Iambic lines of the first system of the sonnet, or between the epode, and six similar and equal lines in the second system, it is beyond our power of fancy to conceive. Not content, however, with this analogy, as

he facetiously terms it, he proceeds to a further exercise of his reader's powers of comprehension, in discovering its analogy also to music.

On the rhythmical combination of the sonnet our author is more clear in his ideas, and more happy in his expressions. It will afford the reader much satisfaction, however, to know that all the possible variations of the positions of the rhymes in which he may indulge amount in the first system to 409320 and in the second to 740. But of these Mr. Lofft observes "the greater part are either coincident or excluded. In consequence of which the number of species generally in use is only 106, of the regular 52, of the irregular 54. We shall not weary the patience of our readers by carrying him through all the *a. b. c. d.* tables of combinations and permutations in the rhymes of 14 lines, but shall hasten to the work itself; which consists of ONE THOUSAND sonnets in various languages. It is amusing, however, to hear Mr. Lofft making apologies for so small a number of these *petits morceaux*, and assuring the reader that his larder is not exhausted.

"If it is imagined because these Sonnets are divided into *ten Centenaries* that I had difficulty to make up the Number; this is a great Error which the *Appendix* will of itself refute. I flatter myself there are *few* indeed which *ought* to have been omitted. And I am sure that there are many which, if possible, *ought* to have been inserted. These *Poetic Spirits* have surrounded me in the form of *Sonnets*, as *Charon* is said by the *Poet* to be surrounded by the *Shades* pressing for a *passage*. I have had the same embarrassment of Choice; and great unwillingness of Rejection.

"Navita sed tristis nunc hos, nunc accipit illos;
Ast alios longè submotos arcet arenâ.

"Now these, now those he singles from the train;
While others he declines, left on the dreary Plain." P. 254.

The one thousand and one of the Arabian nights, are quite lost in the profusion of our author, who has not only given us his ten complete Centenaries of sonnets, but an Appendix at the head, containing about a hundred, and a *Corona* at the tail consisting of sixteen more, beside a *Finale*. Of these many are originals of the best Italian poets, to which are attached translations, generally by the hand of Mr. Lofft. Of these we cannot speak in terms of uniform approbation, the versions being much too luxuriant, and abounding with those misconceptions of the meaning of the original, which we should not have expected from Mr. Lofft.

The following magnificent and spirited apostrophe of Alfieri to Rome cannot fail of engaging the attention of the reader.

D'ALFIERI.

ROMA.

" VUOTA insalubre Region, the Stato
 Va te nomando; aridi Campi incolti:
 Squalidi, muti, estenuati volti
 Di Popol reo, codardo, intanguinato!
 Impotente, non libero, Senato
 De astuti vil' in folgid' ostro avvrotti:
 Ricchi Patrizii, & più che ricchi stolti:
 nee, che fa schiochezza d' altrui beato!"

2.

" Citta, non Cittadini: augusti Tempii;
 Religion non gia: legge che ingiuste
 Ogni luttro cangiar vede, ma in peggio:
 Chiavi che compre un dì, schiudiono agl' Empii
 Del Ciel le porte; or per età vetuste:
 Non sei tu, ROMA, d' ogni vizio il seggio?"

Now for a little Alfieri and water—

TRANSLATION.

TO ROME.

" UNHEALTHY Land! that call'st thyself a state;
 Void, desolate! Plains barren and untill'd!
 Mute spectress of a race: whose looks are fill'd
 With guilt, base fears, fierce and ensanguin'd hate!
 A senate, nor to act nor to debate,
 Vile paltry Craft in splendid purple veil'd!
 Patritians of a Folly less conceal'd
 Than their vain Wealth! a Prince, imagin'd Great;"

2.

" By Superstition hallow'd! City proud
 Who hast no Citizens! Temples august,
 Without Religion! Laws, corrupt, unjust,
 From age to age proceeding still to worse.
 Keys (as thou saidst) to which Heav'n's Portals bow'd
 For impious Men—Ah ROME, the seat of every curse."

25 Aug. 1805. C. L.

We do admire the diluent powers of Mr. Loft, and the happy metamorphose of the champagne of Alfieri into the sober gooseberry of our translator—we will not violate the dignity of the ori-

ginal by exposing the miserable weaknesses, errors, and omissions of the translator.

In some instances, however, Mr. Lofft is more happy ; the following is, perhaps, among the most favourable specimens of his translations.

TRANSLATION FROM PETRARCH.

(ELEGIAC.)

“DEATH, Thou the World without a Sun hast left,
Cold, dark, and cheerless ; Love disarm'd and blind :
Beauty of Charms, and Grace of Power bereft ;
And leav'st me only my afflicted Mind :

2.

“See captive Truth and virgin softness fade !
I grieve alone ; nor only ought to grieve ;
Since Virtue's fairest Flower thy spoil is made.
The prime Worth lost what second can retrieve ?

3.

“Let Earth, Air, Sea, their common Woes bemoan :
Mankind lament ; which, now its boast is flown.
A gemless ring, a flowerless mead appears :
The world possest nor knew its treasure's pride :
I knew it well, who here in grief abide !
And Heaven which gains such beauty from my tears.
C. L.”

We now proceed to consider the numerous original sonnets in our own language, with which we are presented in these volumes. —The names of Spenser, Milton, Shakspeare, and Gray, appear among the best of the contributors, after whom appear as the *Dii minorum gentium*, C. Smith, Bowles, Roscoe, White, Collyer, and Co. Some few of these are exceedingly pretty, others mistaken and awkward : some deadly dull, others vivaciously absurd. Our readers will naturally anticipate that Mr. Lofft has not forgotten himself in so large a collection ; his own, perhaps, as they are the most numerous, so are they the most amusing of the whole. We had some half dozen in honour of Mr. Fox, who appears the chief object of our author's adoration, and we must confess that the offering is worthy of the divinity. In addition to these panegyrics upon the patriot, we find two (at least) upon a terrier of the same name.

“ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF A FAVOURITE TERRIER
WHO STRAYED TO TROSTON.

X MARCH : MDCCXCVI.

“FOX! to whose lot hath fall’n a favourite Name,
A Name to social Worth and Freedom dear,
Shall not this day’s return some memory claim
Which thee, with all thy woes and cares, left here?
Much hadst thou suffer’d in thy youthful prime;
And man had been thy foe worse than to others time.

2.

“Thy cares, thy fears, are gone! . . and never more
May they return upon thy gentle head:
Nor food and shelter thy faint eye implore
Doubtful; nor chill thy trembling limbs be spread
In agony and dread from hopeless flight
As when thy quivering life here caught the pitying sight.

3.

“Of Her who still protects thee! . . Taxes come
Unkind to thee and thy deserving Race!
Of Dogs or Men Pitt little heeds the doom.
But thee no tax nor aught more dire displace.
E’en should invasion come, safe be thou still!
And none do ill to thee who dost to nothing ill.

10 Mar. 1797. C. L.”

Mr. Lofft appears to have taken his terrier’s example, and to have strayed a little out of his metre; it is however most satisfactory to find that “Fox has deserved, and continues (17 Sept. 1805) to deserve” so well of his poetical master. We would, however, prepare the reader for a most severe and afflicting event, which has befallen this aforesaid little amiable terrier.

“FOX, Thou with me ten Years this Day hast spent:
Years which to me have brought much joy, much pain;
But when of Anguish most severe the reign
Thy mute Affection its mild comfort lent.
Thee to this sheltering Roof a Spirit sent
Kind to us both!—nought happens here in vain:
And Causes which our Thoughts can least explain,
Small in appearance, teem with great Event.

2.

“The day which brought thee hither, has to me
Been fraught with Cares and Blessings of high Cast:
May those cares teach my mind; those Blessings last

And mayst thou long my walk's * Companion be !
 Who in ten years with me hast trackt a space
 That might half Earth's Circumference embrace.† C. L."

This we consider as the most exquisite specimen of the pathos which we have met with even in the Della Crusca school; it is a fact, indeed, worthy of being recorded in the annals of pedestrianism, that the puppy and his master, (however studious and occupied,) have in their joint perambulations tracked a space equal to the circumference of the earth. Much as we sympathize with our author's tender feelings upon this melancholy subject, we cannot but congratulate Fox upon his apotheosis in the poetical heaven. Wherever, indeed, we turn ourselves among our modern bards, *hylax in limine latrat*, a sort of canine philanthropy (the perversion of ideas will excuse the perversion of terms) appears to have seized the poets of the age; puppies are the order of the day, from the Newfoundland of Lord Byron, to the terrier of Capel Lofft. The thousandth of this exquisite collection is inscribed to "my original Bar-gown," and, as the author informs us, was written in the Nisi Prius Court of Bury, at the Spring Assizes. We should have allowed to this idea the claims of originality had we not remembered "my Night-gown and Slippers" of our good friend G. Colman, which has often made us smile, (we trust that Mr. L. will excuse our preference,) even in a greater degree than the Bar-gown of our author.

From all that we have said upon these volumes, we fear that Mr. Lofft will have but a very bad opinion of our taste, and will conceive that the "undulating sonnet's graceful sound," (as he terms it,) is entirely lost upon our barbarous and uncultivated ears. We can, however, assure him, that to the name of Petrarca we bow with a devotion as strong as that which animates the breast of Mr. Lofft. But while we admire and venerate the genius and powers of this magnificent poet, we cannot but lament that even he has indulged in too frequent an imitation of his predecessors, the Provençal poets. Wherever he has followed the dictates of his own imagination and taste, his sonnets approach nearest to perfection; wherever, in compliance with the prejudice either of his own education, or of the age in which he lived, he has copied the style of the Troubadours, the harshness and conceits of his models have arrested and broken the stream of his native genius. But if, by an ill-judged imitation of his predecessors, Petrarca has thrown a shade over the brilliancy of his

* "This wish has been unavailing. On the 25th April, I lost this most sensible, affectionate, and constant companion; shot, or some way murder'd, I have little doubt, by some malignant and cruel villain. C. L."

† "On an average Fox cannot have walkt less with me (studious and occupied though I am) than 10 or 12,000 miles. C. L."

own poetry, not less has he in return been disgraced by the miserable mimicry of modern sonnetteers, who conceive that the flowers of Italian poetry are but an anomalous bundle of harsh *concelli*, whining sentimentality, and harmonious nonsense. The best modern poets of Italy itself have generally avoided this fatal misconception, and have adopted a manliness of style, which is of itself the severest satire upon those ill-judging pedants, who propose to themselves the Italian poets of the fourteenth and fifteenth century as models of imitation.

Algarotti, that universal genius, who united the most discriminating taste to the most profound knowledge of Italian literature, and displayed in his own poetry the judgment which he so successfully displayed in his criticisms upon others, has reprehended with much severity the pedantry of those who have so industriously copied the errors and conceits of Petrarca, and appear happy to partake in his failings rather than in his fire. To substitute affected expressions, overstrained conceits, and unmeaning ornament, in the place of manly vigour, native brilliancy, and unalloyed elegance, is to throw into circulation a species of false coin, which is never adopted but as a last resource, and is never introduced but when the real specie can be no longer supplied. We shall not say that all the English sonnets in this vast collection are subjected to this censure; some indeed are written in the best taste, and according to the truest models of the Italian school; but we can fairly assert, that it would have been as well, if by far the greatest proportion of the whole had not been written, and better if they had not been published.

Notwithstanding, however, all their faults, these volumes are not without considerable merit. Mr. Lofft has evidently paid the greatest attention to this department of literature, and is a man of much scholarship and information. Many parts of his preface are both useful and good; and with his short biographical memoirs of those who have excelled in this species of composition, we were highly gratified. We know of no author who has collected so much information within so small a compass. Had Mr. Lofft contented himself with two volumes instead of five, and reduced his centenaries to one third of their number, giving us two hundred of the finest specimens of the Italian sonnet, and dividing the remainder between the finest translations and the best original sonnets in the English language, (omitting his own;) had he reduced his preface also to one third of its present compass, and cropped all its adscititious flowers which contribute neither to its ornament nor to its utility, the publication before us would have had as fair claims to the attention of the public as any which we could name in this neglected department of literature. Mr. Lofft complains of the ridicule and contempt with which the school of

the Italian sonnet has been so universally treated. There are very few, we confess, who have learning enough either to understand or appreciate its real beauties; while there are many who have taste enough to feel disgust at the pedantic affectation and frivolous absurdity of its pretended patrons. The SONNET has suffered far more from its friends than its enemies.

We cannot conclude this article without noticing the elegant and sentimental title which Mr. L. has affixed to his work, LAURA, and the reasons which he assigns for its adoption.

"I have nam'd the Selection LAURA: in affectionate and respectful remembrance of Petrarch, and of that *mysterious* Passion to which we owe that the Sonnet has such celebrity; and to which, in a great measure, we are indebted for the Taste and Refinement form'd and diffus'd by his delicate and cultivated Genius, by whose peculiar amenity, purity, tenderness, calm and disgraceful elevation, the *Style*, the *Poetry*, the *Sentiments* and the *Manners* of ITALY, and progressively of EUROPE, have been so happily influenc'd.

"A farther Consideration had its share in determining the Choice of the *Name*: which is, that many Female Poets have grac'd this elegant Department of Poetry: many of whose beautiful productions will be found in these volumes." Vol. I. Pref. P. ii.

Happy are Petrarca and Mr. Lofft in their several LAURAS. Our author and his mysterious mistress *we* also shall bear in affectionate and respectful remembrance, taking leave of him in the words of Mercutio;

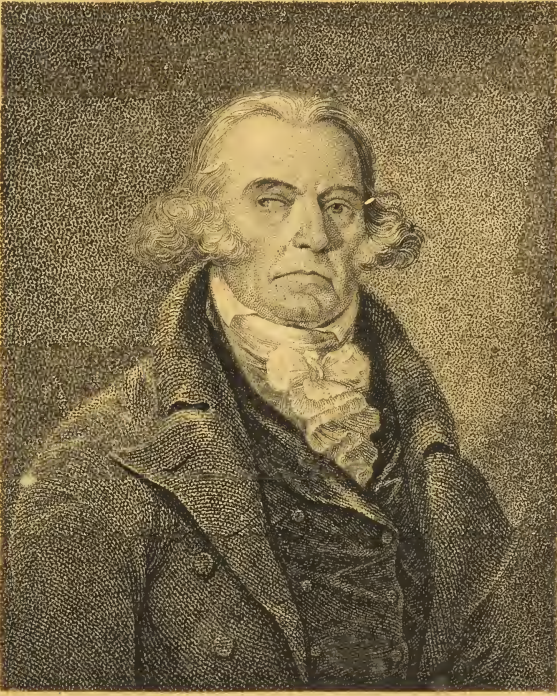
"O flesh! flesh! how art thou fishified. Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flow'd in.—LAURA to his lady was but a kitchen wench: marry, she had a better love to be-rhime her."

ORIGINAL.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR OF DAVID RAMSAY, M. D.

[Communicated for the *Analectic Magazine*.]

DAVID RAMSAY was born in Lancaster county, Pennsylvania, on the 2d day of April, 1749. He was the youngest child of James Ramsay, a respectable farmer, who had emigrated from Ireland at an early age, and by the cultivation of his farm, with his own hands, provided the means of subsistence and education for a numerous family. He was a man of intelligence and piety, and early sowed the seeds of knowledge and religion in the minds of his children. He lived to reap the fruit of his labours, and to see his offspring grow up around him, ornaments of society, and props of his declining years. The early impressions which the care of this excellent parent made on the mind of Dr. Ramsay, were never erased, either by the progress of time, the bustle of business, or the cares of the world. He constantly entertained and expressed the highest veneration for the sacred volume, and in his last will, written by his own hand five months before his death, when committing his soul to his maker, he takes occasion to call the bible "the best of books." It was connected with all his tenderest recollections; it had been the companion of his childhood, and, through his whole life, his guide, and friend, and comforter. He always cherished the fondest attachment for the place of his nativity, and dwelt with peculiar pleasure on the little incidents of his childhood. Dr. Ramsay had the misfortune to lose an amiable and excellent mother very early in life, but that loss was in some measure repaired by his father, who took uncommon pains to give him the best education that could be then obtained in this country. It is somewhat extraordinary, that a man in such circumstances as his father then was, should so far depart from the ordinary practice of persons in his condition of life, as to give to each of his three



J.B. White del.

Simmonds sculp.

DAVID RAMSAY M.D.

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sons a liberal education, instead of employing them in the usual offices of husbandry. But this worthy and pious parent reflected, with Lord Bacon, that knowledge is power, and that in giving his children wisdom, he gave them an invaluable patrimony ; he accordingly put each of his sons successively, first to an English school, then to a classical seminary, and from thence removed them to Princeton College, where they all received the honours of that institution. William, his eldest, became a respectable minister of the gospel ; Nathaniel, who still lives, and is settled in Baltimore, was bred a lawyer ; and David directed his attention to the study of physic. We have, from the very best sources, been able to collect some singular circumstances relative to the early life of Dr. Ramsay : He was, from his infancy, remarkable for his attachment to books, and for the rapid progress he made in acquiring knowledge. At six years of age he read the bible with facility, and, it is said, was peculiarly delighted with the historical parts of it. When placed at a grammar school, his progress was very remarkable. It was no uncommon thing, says a gentleman who knew him intimately at that time, to see students who had almost arrived at manhood, taking the child upon their knees in order to obtain his assistance in the construction and explanation of difficult passages in their lessons. Before Dr. Ramsay was twelve years of age he had read, more than once, all the classics usually studied at grammar schools, and was, in every respect, qualified for admission into college ; but being thought too young for collegiate studies, he accepted the place of assistant tutor in a reputable academy in Carlisle, and, notwithstanding his tender years, acquitted himself to the admiration of every one. He continued upward of a year in this situation, and then went to Princeton. On his examination he was found qualified for admission into the junior class ; but in consequence of his extreme youth, the faculty advised him to enter as a sophomore, which he did, and having passed through college with high reputation, he took the degree of Bachelor of Arts in the year 1765, being then only sixteen years of age. What an interesting picture is presented by the youth of Dr. Ramsay ! That a child but twelve years of age should have made such progress in learning, and, what is more remarkable, that he should have been a teacher of a public school, ap-

pears almost incredible. With what peculiar emotions must every one have beheld this little prodigy seated on the knee, not to be amused with a toy, but to instruct full grown men.

Having completed the usual college course at sixteen, he was enabled to devote some time to the general cultivation of his mind before he commenced the study of physic, and he spent nearly two years in Maryland, as a private tutor in a respectable family, devoting himself to books, and enriching his mind with stores of useful knowledge.

He then commenced the study of physic under the direction of Dr. Bond, in Philadelphia, where he regularly attended the lectures delivered at the College of Pennsylvania, the parent of that celebrated medical school which has since become so distinguished. Dr. Rush was then professor of chemistry in that college, and this led to a friendship between Dr. Rush, the able and accomplished master, and Ramsay, the ready, ingenious, and attentive student, that was fondly cherished by both, and continued to strengthen and increase to the latest moment of their lives. For Dr. Rush young Ramsay felt a filial affection; he regarded him as a benefactor, while he entertained the highest veneration for his talents. He never had any hesitation in declaring himself an advocate of the principles introduced by Dr. Rush in the theory and practice of medicine; and in his eulogium on Dr. Rush, a last public tribute of respect to the memory of his lamented friend, he declares, that "his own experience had been uniformly in their favour ever since they were promulgated," and adds a declaration, that, in his "opinion, Dr. Rush had done more to improve the theory and practice of medicine than any one physician, either living or dead." It appears from a letter written by Dr. Rush, on the 15th of September, 1773, on the occasion of the removal of Dr. Ramsay to Charleston, that he was graduated Bachelor of Physic, a degree at that time uniformly conferred, early in the year 1772,* and immediately commenced the prac-

* In Kingston's "American Biographic Dictionary," it is very incorrectly stated that Dr. Ramsay experienced some opposition in obtaining his medical degree, and being advised to study one year longer, he "then obtained his diploma with universal consent, entirely eclipsing all his fellow students." It is believed that no opposition was ever experienced by him, and that he received his degree at his first application with "great éclat."

tice of physic at the "*Head of the Bohemia*," in Maryland, where he continued to practise with much reputation for about a year, when he removed to Charleston. The letter to which we have just alluded, affords the only information we have been able to collect of Dr. Ramsay at this early period of his life. Dr. Rush, after stating that he would recommend Dr. Ramsay to fill the opening which then existed in Charleston, thus proceeds:—"Dr. Ramsay studied physic regularly with Dr. Bond, attended the hospital, and public lectures of medicine, and afterwards graduated Bachelor of Physic, with great eclat; it is saying but little of him to tell you, that he is far superior to any person we ever graduated at our college; his abilities are not only good, but great; his talents and knowledge universal; I never saw so much strength of memory and imagination, united to so fine a judgment. His manners are polished and agreeable—his conversation lively, and his behaviour, to all men, always without offence. Joined to all these, he is sound in his principles, strict, nay more, severe in his morals, and attached, not by education only, but by principle, to the dissenting interest. He will be an acquisition to your society. He writes—talks—and what is more, lives well. I can promise more for him, in every thing, than I could for myself."

Such was the character of Dr. Ramsay at the commencement of his career in life.

On settling in Charleston, he rapidly rose to eminence in his profession and general respect. His talents, his habits of business, and uncommon industry, eminently qualified him for an active part in public affairs, and induced his fellow-citizens to call upon him, on all occasions, when any thing was to be done for the common welfare. In our revolutionary struggle he was a decided and active friend of his country, and of freedom, and was one of the earliest and most zealous advocates of American Independence. His ardent imagination led him to anticipate the most delightful results, from the natural progress of the human mind when it should be freed from the shackles imposed on it by the oppressions, the forms, and the corruptions of monarchy and aristocracy.

On the 4th of July, 1778, he was appointed to deliver an oration before the inhabitants of Charleston. The event of the contest was yet doubtful; some dark and portentous clouds still hung

about our political horizon, threatening, in gloomy terror, to blast the hopes of the patriot ; the opinions of many were poised between the settled advantages of a monarchical government, and the untried blessings of a republic. But the mind of David Ramsay was never known to waver ; and in this oration, the first ever delivered in the United States on the anniversary of American independence, he boldly declares, that "our present form of government is every way preferable to the royal one we have lately renounced." In establishing this position he takes a glowing view of the natural tendency of republican forms of government, to promote knowledge, to call into exercise the active energies of the human soul—to bring forward modest merit—to destroy luxury, and establish simplicity in the manners and habits of the people, and, finally, to promote the cause of virtue and religion.

In every period of the war Dr. Ramsay wrote and spoke boldly, and constantly ; and by his personal exertions in the legislature, and in the field, was very serviceable to the cause of American liberty. The fugitive pieces written by him, from the commencement of that struggle, were not thought by himself of sufficient importance to be preserved ; yet it is well known to his contemporaries, that on political topics, no man wrote more or better than Dr. Ramsay in all the public journals of the day.*

For a short period he was with the army as a surgeon, and he

* A political piece, written by him at this period, entitled "A Sermon on Tea," has been mentioned with great commendations, and excited much attention at the time. It abounded with the finest strokes of satire. The text is taken from the Epistle of Paul to the Colossians, 2d chapter, 21st verse, "Touch not, taste not, handle not." The whole discourse was a happy appeal to the feelings of a people who associated with the use of tea the idea of every evil. The writer very ludicrously represents Lord North holding forth chains and halters in one hand and in the other a cup of tea, while the genius of America exclaims, with a warning voice, "touch not, taste not, handle not, for in the day that thou drinkest thereof thou shalt surely die."

Dr. Ramsay was in his youth much distinguished for wit and humour. His contemporaries at the College of Philadelphia well remember that an oration, which he there delivered in public, on the comparative state of the ancient and modern practice of physic, was replete with humorous observations on the former, much pungent satire on quackery, and several touches of the purest attic wit. We mention this, because in the latter periods of his life it was only from some occasional remark, in his moments of relaxation, that we could discover this original trait in Ramsay's character.

was present with the Charleston Ancient Battalion of Artillery, at the siege of Savannah.

Dr. Ramsay's career as a politician commenced with the war. His ardent mind could not remain inactive when the liberties of his country, and the happiness of man, were at stake.

From the declaration of independence to the termination of the war, he was a member of the legislature of the state of South Carolina. For two years he had the honour of being one of the privy council, and, with two others of that body, was among those citizens of Charleston who were banished by the enemy to St. Augustine. While this transaction is justly regarded as disgraceful to the British government, it was glorious for those who cheerfully submitted to exile, and all the horrors of a prison ship, rather than renounce their principles. Many still live who remember well the 17th of August, 1780. It was on the morning of the Lord's day, while the christian patriot, on his knees before his maker, was invoking the aid of heaven for his bleeding country, seeking consolation for himself, and in his petitions even remembering his enemies, that a band of armed men burst in upon him, dragged him from his habitation like a felon, and conveyed him to the prison ship—the tomb for living men. We shall not attempt to paint the scene which ensued when these political martyrs were to bid adieu to their relatives and friends, perhaps to meet them no more.

A number of the most respectable citizens of Charleston, prisoners on parole, and entitled to protection by all the rules held sacred in civilized warfare, were seized at the same time, and consigned to exile. The sole reason alleged by the enemy for this outrage was, "that Lord Cornwallis had been highly incensed at the perfidious revolt of many of the inhabitants, and had been informed that several of the citizens of Charleston had promoted and fomented this spirit."

In consequence of an exchange of prisoners, Dr. Ramsay was sent back to the United States, after an absence of eleven months. He immediately took his seat as a member of the state legislature, then convened at Jacksonborough. It was at this assembly that the various acts confiscating the estates of the adherents to Great Britain, were passed. Dr. Ramsay being conciliatory in his disposition, tolerant and humane in his principles, and the friend of

peace, although he well knew that the conduct of some of those who fell under the operation of these laws, merited all the severity that could be used toward them, yet he remembered, also, that many others were acting from the honest dictates of conscience. He could not, therefore, approve of the confiscation acts, and he opposed them in every shape. While in this, we know that he differed from some of the best patriots of the day, yet we cannot but admire that magnanimous spirit which could thus forget all its recent wrongs, and refuse to be revenged. Dr. Ramsay continued to possess the undiminished confidence of his fellow citizens and was, in February, 1782, elected a member of the continental congress. In this body he was always conspicuous, and particularly exerted himself in procuring relief for the southern states, then overrun by the enemy. On the peace he returned to Charleston, and recommenced the practice of his profession, but he was not permitted long to remain in private life, and, in 1785, was again elected a member of congress from Charleston district. The celebrated John Hancock had been chosen president of that body, but being unable to attend from indisposition, Dr. Ramsay was elected president pro tempore, and continued for a whole year to discharge the important duties of that station, with much ability, industry, and impartiality. In 1786 he again returned to Charleston, and reëntered the walks of private life. In the state legislature, and in the continental congress, Dr. Ramsay was useful and influential; and, indeed, the success of every measure to which he was known to be opposed, was considered doubtful. He was a remarkably fluent, rapid, and ready speaker; and though his manner was ungraceful, though he neglected all ornament, and never addressed himself to the imagination or the passions of his audience, yet his style was so simple and pure, his reasonings so cogent, his remarks so striking and original, and his conclusions resulted so clearly from his premises, that he seldom failed to convince.

He was so ready to impart to others his extensive knowledge on all subjects, that whenever consultation became necessary, his opinion and advice was looked for as a matter of course, and it was always given with great brevity and perspi-

euity. Thus he became the most active member of every association, public or private, to which he was attached.

In general politics he was thoroughly and truly a republican. Through the course of a long life, his principles suffered no change—he died in those of his youth. With mere party politics he had little to do. He bore enmity to no man because he differed from him in opinion. Always disposed to believe his opponents to be the friends of their country, he endeavoured, by his language and example, to allay party feeling, and to teach all his fellow citizens to regard themselves as members of the same great family.

Through the whole course of his life he was assiduous in the practice of his profession. Of his merits as a physician the writer of this memoir is unqualified to judge. He knows that he was punctual and attentive at the chambers of the sick, and that his behaviour there was kind and encouraging; it was not his habit to despair of his patients, nor to permit them to despair of themselves. Whenever his services were required he never hesitated to render them promptly, at every sacrifice of personal convenience and safety. In his medical principles he was a rigid disciple of Rush, and his practice was remarkably bold. Instead of endeavouring to overcome diseases by repeated efforts, it was his aim to subdue them at once, by a single vigorous remedy. This mode of practice is probably well adapted to southern latitudes, where disease is so sudden in its approach, and so rapid in its effects. In the treatment of the yellow fever, Dr. Ramsay is said to have been uncommonly successful, and it is well known that he effected several remarkable cures, in cases of wounds received from poisonous animals. Those who knew him best, and had the experience of his services in their families for forty-two years, entertained the most exalted opinion of his professional merits.

His widely-extended reputation naturally induced many strangers who visited Charleston, in search of health, to place themselves under his care; and they always found in him the hospitable friend, as well as the attentive physician.

We proceed to consider Dr. Ramsay as an author. It is in this character he is best known and most distinguished. His reputation was not only well established in every part of the United States, but had extended to Europe. Few men in America have

written more, and perhaps no one has written better. The citizens of the United States have long regarded him as the father of history in the new world, and he has always been ranked among those on whom America must depend for her literary character. He was admirably calculated by nature, education, and habit, to become the historian of his country. He possessed a memory so tenacious, that an impression once made on it could never be erased. The minutest circumstances of his early youth—facts and dates relative to every incident of his own life, and all public events, were indelibly engraven on his memory. He was, in truth, a living chronicle.*

His learning and uncommon industry eminently fitted him for the pursuits of a historian. He was above prejudice, and absolute master of passion. Who else could have dwelt upon the merits of the revolution, and “told an unvarnished tale?” We may speak calmly of the times that have long since passed by, and of events in which we have no concern; but when we speak of the times in which we live, or of events concerning which we can say with Æneas,

“quæque ipse miserrima vidi,
Et quorum pars magna fui,”

it is almost impossible to write or speak without prejudice; yet such was the noble victory obtained by the American historian over himself. “I declare,” says he, in the introduction of his first work, “that, embracing every opportunity of obtaining genuine information, I have sought for truth, and have asserted nothing but what I believe to be fact. If I should be mistaken, I will, on conviction, willingly

* We could adduce several instances of Dr. Ramsay’s singular strength of memory—one will suffice. The writer of this article had the honour of an intimate acquaintance with him. He well remembers being present when an intelligent stranger mentioned the name of a clergyman of whose congregation he was a member. Dr. Ramsay immediately said “I remember him well. I heard him preach once, about *thirty years ago*, and have not seen or heard of him since, but I now recollect his text, the division of his discourse, and the style of his preaching.” The Doctor then proceeded to repeat the text, gave the outlines of the discourse, and added several remarks on the merits of the preacher; although there was nothing particularly remarkable either in the preacher or the discourse.

retract it. During the whole course of my writing I have carefully watched the workings of my mind, lest passion, prejudice, or a party-feeling, should warp my judgment. I have endeavoured to impress on myself, how much more honourable it is to write impartially, for the good of posterity, than to condescend to be the apologist of a party. Notwithstanding this care to guard against partiality, I expect to be charged with it by both of the late contending parties. The suffering Americans, who have seen and felt the ravages and oppressions of the British army, will accuse me of too great moderation. Europeans, who have heard much of American cowardice, perfidy, and ingratitude, and more of British honour, clemency, and moderation, will probably condemn my work as the offspring of party zeal. I shall decline the fruitless attempt of aiming to please either, and instead thereof, follow the attractions of truth whithersoever she may lead." From these resolutions the historian never departed.

True it is, that the History of the Revolution in South Carolina was suppressed in London; not that it contained more or less than the truth, but because, in the faithful record of the events of the American revolution, the British government could discover nothing to add to their own glory, or to gratify national pride.

From the beginning, to the close of the war, Dr. Ramsay was carefully collecting materials for this work. After it was completed it was submitted to the perusal of General Greene, who having given his assent to all the statements made therein, the History of the Revolution in South Carolina was published in 1785. Its reputation soon spread throughout the United States, and it was translated into French, and read with great avidity in Europe.

It was ever the wish of Dr. Ramsay to render lasting services to his country, and being well aware that a general history of the revolution would be more extensively useful than a work confined to the transactions of a particular state, want of materials alone prevented him in the first instance from undertaking the former in preference to the latter. When, therefore, in the year 1785, he took his seat in congress, finding himself associated with many of the most distinguished heroes and statesmen of the revolution, and having free access to all the public records and documents that could throw light on the events of the war, he immediately

commenced the History of the American Revolution. Notwithstanding his public duties, he found time sufficient to collect from the public offices, and from every living source, the materials for this valuable work. With Dr. Franklin and Dr. Witherspoon, both of them his intimate friends, he conferred freely, and gained much valuable information from them. Anxious to obtain every important fact, he also visited General Washington at Mount Vernon, and was readily furnished by him with all the information required, relative to the events in which that great man had been the chief actor. Dr. Ramsay thus possessed greater facilities for procuring materials for the History of the Revolution, than any other individual of the United States. He had been an eye-witness of many of its events, and was a conspicuous actor in its busy scenes; he was the friend of Washington, Franklin, Witherspoon, and a host of others, who were intimately acquainted with all the events of the war; and it may be said, with perfect truth, that no writer was ever more industrious in collecting facts, nor more scrupulous in relating them. The History of the American Revolution was published in 1790, and was received with universal approbation. It is not necessary to analyze the character of a work that has stood the test of public opinion, and passed through the crucible of criticism. If the demand of a book can be received as evidence of its merits, perhaps this work must be ranked above any of Dr. Ramsay's productions. The first edition was soon disposed of, a second was called for, and has been exhausted, and the book is now difficult to be procured.*

* A writer in the *Analectic Magazine*, for May last, in making some observations on the Chevalier Botta's "*Storia della Guerra Americana*," says, that "it is remarkable that the best and most classical history of the *American* revolution has been written by an *Italian*." As this work is new to us, and we have had no opportunity of perusing it, we shall not attempt to controvert this opinion, and we can only say, with the writer of that article, if his account of it be correct, that it ought to be "naturalized among us by a translation into our own language." It is difficult, however, to conceive how an *Italian*, ignorant, probably, of our language, and having such limited means of acquiring accurate information, could possibly have written as *valuable* a History of the American Revolution as an *American* of knowledge, talents, and great industry, having an intimate acquaintance with all the facts he details. We may be allowed also to declare, that a writer in the 18th century, who imitates so closely the ancient historical writers, as to "make speeches and put them in the mouths of the characters," however classical his style may be, is not exactly the historian we would admire. We know not what Richard Henry Lee of Virgi-

In 1801, Dr. Ramsay gave to the world his *Life of Washington*; as fine a piece of biography as can be found in any language. It will not sink in comparison with the best productions of ancient or modern times. Indeed, our biographer had one great advantage over all others—we mean the exalted and unrivalled character of his hero—a character “above all Greek, above all Roman fame.”

In 1808, Dr. Ramsay published his *History of South Carolina*, in two volumes 8vo. He had, in 1796, published an interesting “Sketch of the soil, climate, weather, and diseases of South Carolina,” and this probably suggested the idea of a more minute history of the state. No pains were spared to make this work valuable and useful. The author was himself well acquainted with many of the facts he has recorded, and by the means of circular letters, addressed to intelligent gentlemen in every part of the state, the most correct information was obtained. Many important facts are thus preserved that must otherwise have been soon forgotten, and by this publication the author fully supported the reputation he had so justly acquired. The death of his wife in 1811; induced him to publish, a short time afterwards, the memoirs of her life. This interesting little volume, which, in addition to the life of Mrs. Ramsay, contains some of the productions of her own pen, is very generally read, and has been extensively useful. If, in any instance, the virtues of individuals, whose sphere of action has been confined to private life, ought to be held up to public view as an example for imitation, we hesitate not to say that the christian world had a claim on the publication of Mrs. Ramsay’s life. She possessed, from nature, a superior understanding; and education had added higher excellence to her native virtues; while her whole character was refined and exalted by the influence of christianity. The experience of such a

nia would have thought of any reporter of that day who had made him speak (on the great question of American independence) about the “incredible fruitfulness of our chaste wives;” but as Americans, anxious for the reputation of the great fathers of American liberty, we must protest against the practice in which Chevalier Botta has indulged, of putting his own words into their mouths. We trust we are not influenced in these remarks by any narrow feelings, or improper bias, but we must confess, until we are compelled to do so, by the force of truth, we shall not subscribe to the opinion that “the best and most classical History of the American Revolution has been written by an Italian.”

woman, whose principles had borne her triumphantly through all the trials and vicissitudes of life, will not be lost in the world.

In addition to the works already mentioned, Dr. Ramsay published "An Oration on the acquisition of Louisiana," "A Review of the improvements, progress, and state of medicine in the eighteenth century," delivered on the first day of the new century; "A Medical Register for the year 1802," "A Dissertation on the means of preserving health in Charleston," "A Biographical Chart, on a new plan, to facilitate the study of History," and an "Eulogium on Dr. Rush." All these works have merit in their several departments; particularly the Review of the Eighteenth Century, which contains more medical information in a small space than can be found in any production of the kind. He had also committed to the press, a short time previous to his death, A Brief History of the Independent or Congregational Church in Charleston. To this church he had, from his youth, been strongly attached, and this little history was meant as a tribute of affection. A few weeks before the event which closed his useful life, he commenced collecting materials for the life of General Andrew Jackson, with which he intended to connect a particular account of the origin and progress of the Indian war, and of the state of society in Louisiana. This interesting work has gone with him to the tomb.

The increasing demand for the History of the American Revolution induced the author, several years before his death, to resolve to publish an improved edition of that work. In preparing this, it occurred to him that a history of the United States, from their first settlement, as English colonies, including as much of the revolution as is important to be known, brought down to the present day, would be more interesting to the public, as well as more extensively useful. After completing this up to the year 1808, he determined to publish it in connexion with his Universal History, hereafter to be mentioned. Had not death arrested his progress, he would have brought down this work to the end of the late war. While we deplore, however, an event that has deprived us of the intellectual feast which the history of the war of 1812, from the same able pen which detailed the events of our revolution, must have furnished, we may congratulate ourselves, that the History of the United States, to a very late period, was

finished by Dr. Ramsay before his death, and will shortly be given to the world.*

But the last and greatest work of the American historian yet remains to be mentioned. He had, for upward of forty years, been preparing for the press a series of historical volumes which, when finished, were to bear the title of "Universal History Americanized, or a Historical View of the World from the earliest records to the 19th century, with a particular reference to the state of society, literature, religion, and form of government in the United States of America." The mind of Dr. Ramsay was perpetually grasping after knowledge, and the idea, so well expressed by Sir William Jones, "that it would be happy for us if all great works were reduced to their quintessence," had often occurred to his mind. It was a circumstance deeply lamented by him, that knowledge, the food of the soul, should be, in such a great measure, confined to literary and professional men; and he has often declared, that if men of business would only employ one hour in every twenty-four, in the cultivation of the mind, they would become well informed on all subjects. It had also forcibly suggested itself to his mind, that all of the histories that had been written were chiefly designed for the benefit of the old world, while America passed almost unnoticed, and was treated as unimportant in the scale of nations. With a view, therefore, of reducing all valuable historical facts within a small compass, to form a digest for the use of those whose leisure would not admit of more extensive reading, and to restore to his beloved country the importance to which she was entitled, this great work was undertaken.

Such a Universal History is certainly a desideratum in literature. If the execution be equal to the design, this work will be worthy of a place in the library of every respectable man in the United

* Proposals have already been issued for the publication of this work. It will shortly be printed, and the profits applied exclusively to the education and support of the numerous family of the author, whose only patrimony is the reputation of their father and his valuable manuscripts. Dr. Ramsay left eight children, four sons and four daughters; of these, all the sons are minors. It is to be hoped that the generous feelings of the American people will be excited in behalf of the family of a man whose whole life was devoted to the service of his country.

States, and will greatly add to the permanent literary reputation of the nation.

The labour of such an undertaking must have been great indeed, and when we remember the other numerous works which occupied the attention of the author, and the interruptions to which he was constantly exposed from professional avocations, we are at a loss to conceive how he found time for such various employments. But it has been truly said of him, that no "miser was ever so precious of his gold as he was of his time;" he was not merely economical, but parsimonious of it to the highest degree. From those avocations which occupy no great proportion of the lives of ordinary men, Dr. Ramsay subtracted as much as possible. He never allowed for the table, for recreation, or repose, a single moment that was not absolutely necessary for the preservation of his health. His habits were those of the strictest temperance. He usually slept four hours—rose before the light, and meditated with his book in his hand until he could see to read. He had no relish for the pleasures of the table—he always eat what was set before him, and having snatched his hasty meal, returned to his labours. His evenings, only, were allotted to recreation. He never read by the light of a candle: with the first shades of evening he laid aside his book and his pen, and, surrounded by his family and friends, gave loose to those paternal and social feelings which ever dwell in the bosom of the good man.

The writer of this memoir speaks the opinion of men well qualified to judge, when he says that as a historian, Ramsay is faithful, judicious, and impartial; that his style is classical and chaste, and if occasionally tinged by originality of idea, or singularity of expression, it is perfectly free from affected obscurity or laboured ornament. Its energy of thought is tempered by its simplicity and beauty of style.

His remarks on the nature of man, and various other topics, which incidentally present themselves, display much observation, and extensive information. His style is admirably calculated for history. Though it is evident the style of the rhetorician does not generally become the historian, yet few writers have preserved this distinction. Modern histories are so full of ornament that, in the blaze of eloquence, simple facts are lost and unnoticed, and

the pages of the professed historian frequently contain little more than profound observations on human life and political institutions.

It was the opinion of Dr. Ramsay "that a historian should be an impartial recorder of past events for the information of after ages;" and by this opinion he was always governed. History, that bids hours which are past to return again, and gives us the experience of a thousand years in one day, loses half its value when it ceases to be a simple record of past events.

The reputation of Dr. Ramsay throughout the United States is, perhaps, the best criterion of his merits as a writer; and still the value of his works, and particularly of his histories of the revolution, can scarcely be said to be properly appreciated by the public. They who acted well their parts on the glorious scenes of the revolution, could never forget any thing connected with it; but those who have grown up since that event, and millions yet unborn, must owe an everlasting debt of gratitude to David Ramsay. Soon might the events of our revolution have been lost in the mists of time, and even the memory of our heroes would have gradually faded into oblivion; but in the "History of the Revolution" is found a monument to their memory, more beautiful than man could rear. There their names, their virtues, and their noble deeds, are inscribed on tablets more durable than brass. Never can they be forgotten. The American historian has secured to them immortality of fame.

We have considered the character of Dr. Ramsay as a physician, a statesman, and a historian; let us now briefly recount his virtues as a man.

"In the early ages of the world," says an elegant writer, "the character of men was composed of an inconsiderable number of simple, but expressive, and strongly-marked features; for art had not added her colouring to the work of nature." In civilized society, however, where information is more generally diffused, the similarity of education, habits, and manners, and constant intercourse with the world, has created a general uniformity of character. Certain limited acquirements, and ordinary virtues, are the common property of all. But the mind of David Ramsay was cast in no common mould—his virtues were of no ordinary stamp. Not that his acquirements were unequalled, or his virtues supereminent;

but these virtues and acquirements were so combined as to constitute a strong and almost original character. Dr. Ramsay was distinguished for philanthropy, enterprise, industry, and perseverance. His philanthropy was not founded exclusively on feeling, sentiment, or reflection, but was the result of all three. This was the great spring of all his actions. If ever there existed a man destitute of selfishness, that man was David Ramsay. It was his habit to regard himself only as a member of the great human family, and his whole life was devoted to the formation and prosecution of plans for the good of others; he rejoiced far more sincerely at the success of measures for ameliorating the condition of mankind, than at those which resulted in his own immediate benefit. He was alike regardless of wealth, and free from ambition, and his active philanthropy only, made him an author. His active mind was ever devising means for the improvement of the moral, social, intellectual, and physical state of his beloved country. He was an enthusiast in every thing which tended to promote these darling objects. To carry the benefits of education into every family, to introduce the bible, and extend the blessings of christianity to the most sequestered parts of the American continent, and to bring commerce, by means of central navigation, to every door, were his favourite objects; to the full accomplishment of which, he looked forward with the most ardent expectation, and he unceasingly devoted his talents and influence to their promotion.

Want of judgment in the affairs of the world was the weak point of his character. In common with many men, one might almost say *all* eminent literary men, he had studied human nature more from books than actual observation, and had derived his knowledge of the world from speculation, rather than actual experience. Hence resulted a want of that sober judgment, and correct estimate of men and things, so essentially necessary to success in worldly pursuits. This was the great defect in his mind, and, as if to show the fatal effects of a single error, this alone frustrated almost all his schemes, and through the whole course of a long and useful life, involved him in perpetual difficulties and embarrassments, from which he was never able to extricate himself. Judging of others from the upright intentions of his own

heart, he frequently became the dupe of the designing and fraudulent. His philanthropy constantly urged him to the adoption of plans of extensive utility ; his enterprise led him to select those most difficult to accomplish, and his perseverance never permitted him to abandon what he had once undertaken. Hence, yielding to visionary schemes, and pursuing them with unflagging ardour, he seldom abandoned them until too late to retrieve what had been lost. What he planned for others he was always ready to support by his tongue, his pen, and his purse. Among numerous examples of this disposition which might be found in the life of Dr. Ramsay, it will be sufficient to mention the zeal and perseverance with which he proposed and urged the formation of a company for the establishment of the Santee canal in South Carolina, a work of great public utility, but attended by the most ruinous consequences to the individuals who supported it. As he was the first to propose, he was the very last to abandon the expectation of immense profits from this work, and by this single enterprise he sustained a loss of 30,000 dollars. But whatever were his errors, no man was governed by purer motives, or more upright intentions. Long will the loss of his talents, activity, and perseverance, be felt by the community in which he lived, and the various public institutions to which he belonged.

In society he was a most agreeable companion ; his memory was stored with an infinite fund of interesting or amusing anecdotes, which gave great sprightliness and zest to his conversation. He never assumed any superiority over those with whom he conversed, and always took peculiar pleasure in the society of young men of intelligence or piety.

Dr. Ramsay had studied the bible with the greatest care. He believed its doctrines, and practised its precepts. His religious views and opinions evinced a pious, liberal, and independent mind. They were formed from the sacred volume, unfettered by any prejudice of education, or over attachment to sect or denomination. He saw in the scriptures a religion truly divine, and clearly discerned a wide and essential difference between the scheme there revealed, and the best system of religion or of ethics which unaided human reason had ever framed. On all the grand and peculiar doctrines of the gospel, his mind felt no hesitation, and underwent

no change. But for the minor doctrines of the gospel, the rites, forms, ceremonies, and external administration of the church, though he was far from deeming them unimportant, yet he could not exclude from the charity of his heart any individual, or any church in which he discovered the radical principles of christianity. He believed that most sects concurred in the essential doctrines of salvation, and no man could be more disposed to acknowledge as "brethren in Christ," all "who did the will of their heavenly father."

His principles influenced all his actions. In every situation he preserved the most unruffled equanimity. He was a firm believer in the doctrine of the particular providence of the Deity, and hence, in a great measure, resulted his composure. Events that would extremely disconcert almost every other man scarcely moved him at all. Those who witnessed his behaviour under some of the severest trials of life must be convinced that the sentiment, that "God does all things well," was deeply engraven on his heart. His life was a checkered scene, and presented frequent opportunities for the exercise of his principles. Three times was he called to mourn over the graves of his dearest earthly friends. No man ever began life with fairer prospects; not a cloud was to be seen in his horizon. Possessed of talents, reputation, fortune, and friends, he bid fair to pass his days in the sunshine of prosperity, and to have his evening gilded by the beams of happiness. But misfortune overtook him, and he was stripped of all his comforts. In old age, when the weary soul seeks repose, calamity came upon him, and was the constant inmate of his house. A son, grown to manhood, who promised fair to imitate his father's virtues, was suddenly cut down. A tender and excellent wife, the mother of his eight surviving children, was torn from his embrace, and consigned to the tomb.

The loss of her,

"That like a jewel, had hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre;
Of her, that loved him with that excellence
That angels love good men with; even of her,
That when the greatest stroke of fortune fell,
Still smiled serene,"

might well have "brought down his gray hairs with sorrow to the grave." But amidst the troubled waters of misfortune, he stood like a rock, and though its waves broke over him, he was firm and immoveable.

As a husband, as a father, and in every domestic relation of life, he was alike exemplary. The closing scene of Dr. Ramsay's life was alone wanting to put a seal to his character. He fell by the hand of an assassin whom he never wronged, but whom, on the contrary, he had humanely endeavoured to serve. If harmlessness of manners, suavity of temper, and peaceableness of deportment—if a heart glowing with benevolence, and a disposition to do good to all men, are characteristics that would promise to any one security, he had on all these grounds the least cause to apprehend, or guard against hostility. The fatal wound was received in the open street, and at noon day, under circumstances of horror calculated to appal the stoutest heart, yet the unfortunate victim was calm and self possessed.*

* The history of this mournful transaction is this: A man by the name of William Linnen, a taylor by trade, had been long remarked for singularity of conduct. Having been engaged in some law suits he conceived that he had suffered injustice through the misconduct of his lawyer, the judges, and the jury. To obtain redress for these supposed injuries, he petitioned the legislature repeatedly, and actually walked the whole way to Washington on foot to endeavour to procure the impeachment of one of the judges of the supreme court. At last he became desperate, and was heard to declare, "that as the laws afforded him no protection, he meant to protect himself." Soon after this he made an attempt upon the life of his attorney, and wounded him severely. For this offence he was thrown into prison. On being arraigned, it was represented to the court. that he was under the influence of mental derangement. Dr Ramsay and Dr Benjamin Simons were appointed by the court to examine and report on his case. They concurred in opinion that Linnen was deranged, and that it would be dangerous to let him go at large. He was therefore remanded to prison, where he was confined until exhibiting symptoms of returning sanity, he was discharged. He behaved himself peaceably for some time; but was heard to declare, that he would "kill the doctors who had joined the conspiracy against him." This threat was communicated to Dr. Ramsay, but conscious of having given no cause of offence, he disregarded it. On Saturday, the 6th day of May, Dr. Ramsay was met in Broad-street, about 1 o'clock in the afternoon, within sight of his own door, by the wretched maniac, who passed by, and taking a large horseman's pistol out of a handkerchief in which it was concealed, shot the Doctor in the back. The pistol was charged with three bullets; one passed through the coat without doing any injury, one entered the hip and passed out at the groin, and the third entered the back near the kidneys, and lodged in the intestines. The last wound proved mortal on the second day. The perpetrator of this deed was instantly arrested and committed to prison; but so far from manifesting any compunc-

Having been carried home, and being surrounded by a crowd of anxious citizens, after first calling their attention to what he was about to utter, he said, "I know not if these wounds be mortal; I am not afraid to die; but should that be my fate, I call on all here present to bear witness, that I consider the unfortunate perpetrator of this deed a lunatic, and free from guilt." During the two days that he lingered on the bed of death he alone could survey, without emotion, the approaching end of his life. Death had for him no terrors—and on Monday the eighth of May, about seven in the morning,

"He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace."

Such was the character of David Ramsay. His numerous virtues were, indeed, alloyed by some faults, but whatever they were, they were such as sprung from the head, not from the heart.

Beside other tributes of respect paid by the inhabitants of Charleston to the memory of their lamented fellow citizen, the several societies of which he was a member resolved to wear mourning for thirty days; a funeral sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Palmer, and a public eulogium was delivered by Robert Y. Hayne, Esq. by appointment of "the Literary and Philosophical Society of South Carolina."

tion, he triumphed in the act. Being brought up for trial, he refused to employ counsel, and declared that he would put any lawyer to death who should dare to charge him with insanity, or to urge it in his defence. His trial has been postponed until January next. From all of the circumstances, there appears to be little doubt that the unfortunate wretch is actually deranged.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE OF EDWARD G. MALBONE.

WHOEVER writes the history of American genius, or of the American arts, will have failed to do justice to his subject if he omits the name of Malbone.

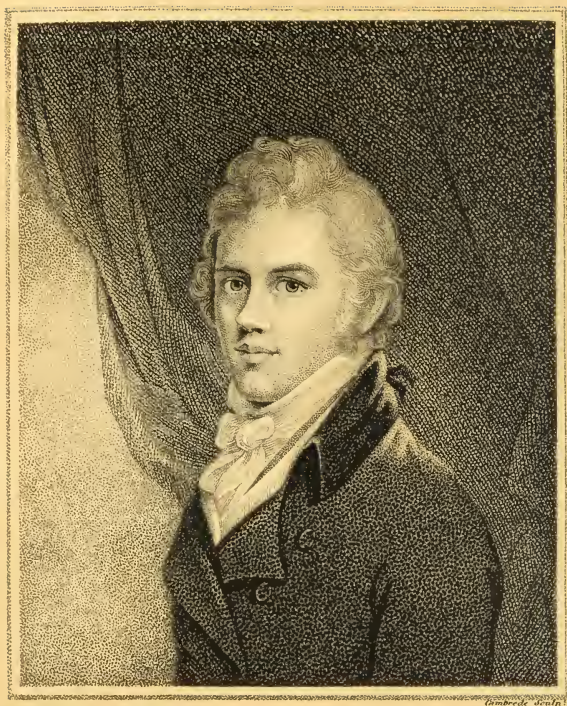
Edward G. Malbone was born in Newport, Rhode-Island. His family were in humble circumstances, and he received nothing more than the ordinary rudiments of a common school education. At an early age drawing was his favourite amusement, and it soon became the constant employment of every leisure moment.

The biographers of poets and painters have delighted to trace the peculiar genius of their heroes for those pursuits in which they severally excelled, to some apparently trivial incident of early youth. Thus the genius of Cowley is related to have taken its direction toward poetry from the perusal, while a child, of a volume of Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, which used to lie in his mother's apartment; and Reynolds is said to have become a painter from a similar circumstance of his childhood. But it is impossible to account, according to this theory, for the great number of excellent painters which our own country has produced within the last half century. Fifty, forty, and even thirty years ago, which were the periods about which the youthful genius of many of the future artists must have been first awakened, the people of this country were altogether without general taste for the productions of the elegant arts; we were without artists of any rank or kind; we had few pictures, no good models of architecture or sculpture, and even the cheaper luxury of engravings was comparatively rare among us. That under such circumstances, with no public, and but little private, patronage, the nation should have produced a continual and uninterrupted succession of painters of great merit, from the time of West and Copley to those of Malbone and Allston, and still later, of young Leslie and Morse, is a fact which can only be accounted for by allowing the existence of some organic cause or natural propensity of genius.

While quite a lad, young Malbone was in the habit of frequenting the theatre, chiefly attracted thither by the illusions of scenery. The stage, even in the utmost magnificence of splendour and decoration, is but a bad school to form the taste of the artist,

whose business it is to imitate nature; but native talent seems to have the fabled power of the *opus magnum* of alchemy—there is nothing with which it comes in contact, however base and worthless in itself, which it cannot convert to its own use, and transmute to some nobler substance. The regularity of Malbone's attendance behind the scenes, in the morning, at rehearsals, attracted the notice of the scene painter, who, pleased with the ardour of the young amateur, gave him a few lessons in drawing, engaged him as an assistant in his business, and soon after permitted him to paint an entire new scene. This was, probably, good only by comparison with the general mediocrity of the scenes of a small provincial theatre; but it was received with the most flattering applause: and Malbone, having tasted the pleasures of public praise, began to feel the enthusiasm of the arts, and panted for higher fame, and the approbation of cultivated and judicious criticism. While he was thus engaged at the theatre, at home he employed himself with indefatigable industry in drawing heads, and at length in attempting likenesses. In these trials he succeeded so well, that he determined to devote himself to this new occupation as his profession for life. Not that he felt himself incompetent to higher performances, or was without ambition to reach the fame which can only be obtained in the more elevated walks of the graphic art; but as an historical or landscape painter, he might have lingered for many years in poverty and obscurity, while by the humbler but more lucrative business of painting likenesses, he might soon acquire reputation and profit. He confined himself chiefly to water colours; and, after a time, altogether to portraits in miniature. His improvement was rapid and constant, and his reputation soon made its way through the principal cities of the United States. He resided and pursued his profession with great success for some time in New-York, and afterwards in Philadelphia and in Boston. His constitution was not naturally vigorous, and his excessive application to study and business began to impair his health. Desirous of trying the effect of a southern climate, he removed to Charleston in the winter of 1800. In every place in which he resided as an artist, the refinement of his mind and his habits, the natural ease of his manners, and the engaging suavity of his disposition, soon introduced him into the best company as a gentleman. Though he delighted





Gambrell sculp

EDWARD G. MALBONE

— Engraved for the *Analytic Magazine* Published by M. Thomas. —

in polished and well informed society, neither fashionable amusement, nor the pleasures of the table, were ever suffered to encroach upon the hours he had set aside for his much-loved art. He regularly commenced the studies of his painting room very early in the morning, and continued employed during the greater part of the day. So great was his economy of time, that he attempted to devote the night, as well as the day, to his profession, and for this purpose contrived a method of painting by candle light, by the means of glasses, which condensed the rays of light, and threw them full and broad upon the ivory. This experiment did not succeed to his wishes, yet it shows the ardour of his application. With all this zeal for the particular object of his ambition, he did not neglect the general cultivation of his mind; for he felt that the artist who knows nothing but his art, can never know even that perfectly. The technical or mechanical part of painting may, indeed, be studied and carried to great perfection by itself alone, but all that is intellectual or animated in the art, all that depends upon taste or fancy, upon delicacy or dignity of conception, must be nourished by literature, and the habit of contemplating nature with a philosophic or a poetic eye. Malbone laboured with great assiduity to supply the defects of his early education, by acquiring every kind of information. His acquaintance with elegant English literature was not only general, but distinguished by delicacy of taste and feeling. He took great delight in having some favourite author read to him whilst he was painting.

In May, 1803, he sailed from Charleston to London, where he resided for several months, for the purpose of improvement. There is a sensible Spanish proverb on the subject of foreign travel, which says, that "to bring home the wealth of the Indies, one must take the wealth of the Indies abroad;" or, in other words, the more knowledge the traveller carries abroad with him, the greater will be his improvement. This aphorism, so true with respect to general knowledge, is still more applicable to the improvement to be derived from travel in any particular art or science: there are a thousand unconnected fragments of knowledge, which, when they fall in the way of the half learned observer, only serve to confuse and bewilder him, while to the skill-

ful they afford invaluable assistance in methodizing, completing, or adorning previously-acquired and well-digested science.

While in England, Malbone examined and studied the works of many of the great masters, not with the wild raptures of the inexperienced artist or the connoisseur, but with the enlightened admiration of congenial genius. He was also introduced to the acquaintance of many eminent living artists, and received the most marked and friendly attentions from Mr. West, who gave him unlimited access to his study at all times. Mr. West strongly urged him to remain in England, and when Malbone modestly expressed doubts of his success, the objection was answered by the flattering assurance, that in his particular walk he had nothing to fear from professional competition in Great Britain. Malbone, however, preferred the manners and institutions of his own country, and returned to Charleston in 1801. There he resumed his profession, improved in skill, and high in reputation, and from this period continued to pursue it with unflagging zeal, and unabated success, for about six years, a part of which time was passed in Charleston, and the remainder in New-York.

In 1806 his labours were interrupted by languor and disease; confinement and sedentary application, had for some time been gradually undermining his constitution; and he now manifested every symptom of rapidly-approaching consumption. He laid aside the pencil, and tried the effect of exercise and travel during the summer, but without avail. A change of climate was recommended by his physicians; and, in the autumn of 1806, he took passage for the island of Jamaica, designing to pass the winter there; but finding no benefit from the change, he returned to die in his native country. He landed at Savannah, which was the first part in the United States he could reach, where he languished until his death, which took place on the 7th of May, 1807, in the thirty-second year of his age.

It too often happens that the biographer, after dilating with enthusiasm on the merits of the artist, is obliged with shame and mortification, to confess or to palliate the vices or grossness of the man. The biographer of Malbone is spared this painful task; all his habits of life were decorous and gentlemanly, and his morals without reproach. His temper was naturally equable and gentle; his affections were warm and generous.

The profits of his profession, which, after his return from Europe, were considerable, were always shared with his mother and sisters, to whom he was strongly attached.

In that branch of the art to which he had chiefly devoted himself, Malbone deserves to be ranked with the first painters of the present, or indeed of any age. The works of Isaby, the first living French artist in this way, are certainly not so good as his; nor is it believed that there are many English miniatures equal to them. This is not the empty praise of an unskilful panegyrist, but the sober opinion of practical artists.

There is, in the European academies, a certain aristocracy of taste, which has somewhat unjustly degraded miniature painting to a low rank in the scale of the imitative arts; so that every underling designer of vignette title pages to pocket editions of the poets, has attempted to consider himself as belonging to a higher order of genius, than the painter who delineates "the mind's expression speaking in the face."

Yet Reynolds entertained a very different opinion of portraiture as a field for the exertion of genius; and he pronounces the power of animating and dignifying the countenance, and impressing upon it the appearance of wisdom or virtue, to require a nobleness of conception, which, says he, "goes beyond any thing in the mere exhibition even of the most perfect forms."

This degradation of miniature painting is, however, in no small degree to be ascribed to the faults of its professors. They have generally limited their ambition to a minute and laboured finishing, and a gay and vivid, but most unnatural brilliancy, of bright colouring. They content themselves with painting only to the eye, without addressing the mind, and their pictures are, therefore, portraits of Lilliputians, or, at best, of men and women, seen in a *camera obscura*, but never the "pictures in little" of real and living persons. Now, Malbone had none of these faults, and almost every excellence which can be displayed in this kind of painting. He drew well, correctly, yet without tameness. He had acute discernment of character, and much power of expressing it. He had taste, fancy, and grace, and in the delineation of female beauty, or gay innocent childhood, these qualities were admirably conspicuous. His preëminent excellence was in colouring; such was its harmony, its delicacy, its truth. His miniatures have most of

the beauties of a fine portrait, without losing any of their own peculiar character.

In the arts, the miniature may be considered as holding the same relative rank that the sonnet does in poetry, and the peculiar merit of Malbone is precisely of the same kind with that of the poet, who, without violating the exact rules, or the polished elegance, of the sonnet, is yet able to infuse into it, the spirit the freedom, and the dignity of the ode, or the epic.

To all this he added the still rarer merit of originality ; for he was almost a self-taught painter. Though, whilst he was in England, he doubtless improved himself very much by the study of fine pictures, and the observation of the practice of West, and other great painters of the day ; yet it has been said by artists, that the style and manner of his earlier and later works are substantially the same, and those painted after his return from Europe are only to be distinguished by their superior delicacy of taste, and greater apparent facility of execution.

The few pieces of larger composition, which his hurry of business left him time to complete, have the same character of grace and beauty.

His *Hours* has been seen and admired in every city of the United States. This was in part taken from the *Hours* of Mrs. Cosway, but with many, and very material variations. The writer has not the means of ascertaining how much Malbone was indebted to Mrs. Cosway ; but if the criticism conveyed in Peter Pindar's coarse sneer at her "*Brandy-faced Hours*," has any shadow of truth, Malbone's beautiful picture must be essentially different from its original.

He occasionally amused himself with landscape. His sketches in this way were but slight, and are valuable only as they show the extent of his powers. There is one little piece of his which is said to be a mere sport of imagination : it possesses a singularly pleasing effect of pastoral sweetness.

In the latter years of his life, he tried his hand in oil-painting, in which he made a respectable proficiency. That he did not attain to great eminence in this branch, was owing, not to any want of talent, but to that of leisure and health ; for so much of his excellence was intellectual, and so little of it purely mechanical, that with requisite application, he could not have failed to acquire distinction in any department of the art.

THE
AMERICAN NAVAL CHRONICLE.



[This vignette, cut in wood by Anderson, from a design by Sully, represents Columbia seizing the trident of Neptune.]

INTRODUCTORY ESSAY.

It has been noticed as a striking peculiarity in the situation of the United States of America, that their origin, as well as the origin of their institutions, are matters of historical record. Nothing of consequence in our history has been forgot, and nothing is sufficiently remote to have felt the effects of that distance which gives room for the invention of tales and fables, and renders the early history of almost all other nations a mere traditionary romance. The founders of this great republic were neither giants nor demigods. Among the sober, matter-of-fact pilgrims of Plymouth and York Town, there was not one that was either begot-

ten by a river god, or suckled by a wolf; and it is utterly impossible for the most ardent admirer of national antiquity to carry our origin, as has been done by some nations, beyond the period assigned by chronologists for the creation of the world.

In no other country, therefore, is there such a fair opportunity for a true history, which shall trace the progress of a nation from its earliest beginnings, and draw its materials, not from traditionary ballads and border stories, but from the substantial source of written records, compiled by men cotemporary with the events they recorded, and preserved by their posterity. Nothing is wanting to this undertaking but a tolerable portion of industry, combined with no uncommon degree of either learning or judgment; and that a good history of the United States, such a one as would supersede those already written, and obviate the necessity for new attempts, has not yet been compiled, is probably owing, not so much to the difficulty of the work, as to an idea that the events to be recorded are too recent, too immaterial, or too generally known, to require the labour of collecting and preserving. But this opinion is one of the great causes which have led to the uncertainties, contradictions, and exaggerations which have become incorporated into the histories of all nations. There is a period between the immediate and temporary excitement of political passions and events, and that mistiness and uncertainty which, after the expiration of a few years, envelope the most momentous affairs, which, if properly used by an industrious and candid inquirer, would probably lead him as near to the truth as the nature of things would admit. Neither distance of time, no more than distance of space, is, we apprehend, altogether favourable to the contemplation of an object, the size, colour, and dimensions of which we wish to ascertain; and the historian who waits till the shades of time have settled on the events he is about to record, in order that he may come nearer the truth, will fare like him who expects to find in the obscurity of evening a treasure which eluded his search in the meridian splendour. Equally erroneous, we conceive, is the opinion, that to render history interesting it is necessary to wait till time has given a sort of venerable and obscure dignity to events. This is only applicable to works of imagination, founded on, or connected with, rational

topics, and which, naturally dealing in exaggerated pictures, must be careful not to outrage the severe realities of history, and, therefore, goes back to times that are rather traditionary than historical.

Nothing is more clear, we think, than that much of the uncertainty and contradiction of history arises from the delay which has hitherto occurred in collecting the materials. Historical writers seem to forget that their works are not intended so much for their cotemporaries as for posterity, and, consequently, that what may be quite unnecessary to tell the living, will be most interesting to those who are yet unborn. It is a duty which every age owes its posterity, to transmit to them a true and impartial relation of those acts of their forefathers that are worthy of remembrance; and that this may be faithfully performed, care should be taken to collect and preserve the materials for such an undertaking. A few years are sufficient to disperse or destroy what the labour of a whole life would be insufficient to collect or recover, and to destroy those lights which so materially assist in the search of truth. Daily experience demonstrates the obstacles which time throws in the way of a discovery of some fact which once every body knew; and our feelings every moment bear testimony, how much easier it is to preserve the memory of events than to recover it when once it is lost.

It seems also, that those who live nearer to the time in which the events they describe took place, are much more likely to know the truth than those who come after them. Whatever may be said of the operation of human passions, prejudices, and interests, in the one, may be applied to the other. The man who is cotemporary with the transactions he records, is only influenced by his own passions, or the passions of those around him; while the man who describes what he did not see, must resort to the testimony of eye witnesses influenced by the same passions, or to records written, for aught he knows, by persons equally liable to the same improper bias, or to an opposite one, leading equally distant from the truth. All the relations we receive of past, or passing events, must come to us tinged more or less with passion, interest, or prejudice; and as the writer who describes transactions in which he was an actor, or with which he was cotemporary, certainly has a better opportunity of knowing the truth than one who lives cen-

turies after, we are inclined strongly to the opinion, that if truth is not to be found in the relations of such writers, it is in vain to search for it in those that come after them.

Another idea which very frequently deters men of leisure and opportunity from recording the early events of the history of this country, is, that from the smallness of the means employed, they are unwarily drawn into the supposition, that the object and end of those means must necessarily be unimportant. A moment's consideration would dispel this error. Nothing is so interesting in the history of an individual or a nation, become illustrious, as the details of their early youth, the first indications of character they displayed, and the primary steps by which they climbed the steep ascent of fame, and became objects of attention to the surrounding world. Nothing, in such a detail, is uninteresting or unimportant; and without these little preliminary items, both history and biography would want their most alluring charm. With regard to the history of our own country, it ought always to be kept in mind by the writer, that the most important events have been brought about by means comparatively trifling. The mighty victories of the Duke of Marlborough, and many other great captains, were achieved to take, or to relieve, a town; yet we read, with wonder and interest, that the petty ends they gained, or contemplated, are lost in the magnitude of the instruments employed, and of the thousands that were sacrificed to no purpose. On the contrary, the settlement of a new world, the hardy and adventurous spirit of our forefathers, the expulsion of the tyrant from this great republic, the establishment of a system of admirable freedom, the acquisition of provinces greater than the kingdoms of Europe, and the winning of wreaths of victorious valour on the ocean, the lakes, and the land, are apt to be considered as matters of little consequence, because all was achieved with means bearing no comparison with the innumerable and unwieldy fleets and armies of the enemy.

These observations, it is hoped, will aid in encouraging a disposition in men, whose fortune, by placing them above the temptation of doing any thing useful to the present generation, gives them the better opportunity of benefiting posterity, to bestow a little more attention than has hitherto been paid to the history of the United States. This country bears upon it the stamp and cha-

racter of future greatness, and the time will come when nothing which relates to her first settlement, her early history, and her unprecedented growth, will be uninteresting to her citizens or to the world. When we are sensible of this, from our own experience, it will be too late to supply the neglect, and all that will then be left us will be the consolation of folly in lamenting what cannot be remedied.

For these, and other reasons that are of no consequence to the public, we have undertaken the present work, which, if properly executed, will become a record whence the future historian may perhaps gather many materials that would otherwise be either lost, or only found through the medium of much laborious research. The introductory essay now offered to the public is intended as a mere outline of the rise and progress of the navy of the United States; the limits of the work would not admit of a particular history, even had it been required. The historical work of Mr. Thomas Clark contains a more copious detail, and to that we refer our readers for more minute particulars.

The importance of the North American colonies, in a naval point of view, was early observed by the English writers; and one of the anticipated consequences of their separation from the mother country was the diminution of her naval power. Writers on either side debated this question with much warmth during the progress of the revolutionary war. On one hand, it was asserted that even at that early period Great Britain had already suffered in the character of her navy by more than one defeat given her by American vessels, and further, that the loss of the naval stores, the seamen, and the forests, of the colonies, would be severely felt by the parent state. Many went so far as to trace the vast increase of the British navy to causes growing out of the possession of the North American colonies, and expressed serious apprehensions, that their loss would not only deprive Great Britain of many of the resources necessary to the support of her immense naval establishment, but raise up a rival, who, at some future period, would contest with her the dominion of the seas.

On the other hand, it was argued, "that though the apprehensions entertained by many might have been very great at the breaking out of the war with the colonies, from an idea that the

recent increase of that importance had arisen wholly from the growth of the colonies; yet, from experience of the great exertions made, and from the continuance of the war itself, it has been clearly proved, that that increase must have arisen from other resources, which will every day more and more be found to exist in the mother country herself. At the same time, from that superior exertion, so constantly and gloriously exhibited by our seamen, in the lesser conflicts, as well during the course of the present as the two last wars, we may rest assured that the character of the British tar is not in the least debased, but still as predominant as formerly.

“Hence, if the American colonies shall accomplish their wished-for separation, Britain, by her force being more collected, and with these resources, will be more powerful than ever.”*

The question to which the above extract relates, continued to be discussed, as is usual with points that can only be settled by experience, without ever being decided; and though the pride of Britain refused to assent to the idea that the United States would ever become her rival in any thing, still her government has ever confessed it, by its watchful jealousy of our growth, and more especially by the keen and suspicious eye with which it has watched the growth of our navy. The apprehensions of an enemy, or a rival, are the surest guides to a knowledge of our own strength; and to know where we are the most dangerous or invincible, it is only necessary to watch the directions of his fears.

Very early in the revolutionary contest, the attention of that noble body of men who directed the destiny of this infant nation, and from whom we derive the best lessons for future government, as well as the noblest examples for future legislators, was directed to the formation of a naval force, such as the limited resources at their command would warrant. Single ships of war and privateers had been previously equipped, and had cruised successfully against English commerce; but it was in the year 1775 that the first naval armament was fitted out under the authority of congress. It consisted of five vessels, mounting eighty-six guns, manned by nine hundred and fifty men, and was com-

* Clark's Naval Tactics.

manded by Commodore Hopkins. A small beginning to an establishment, which, though we never wish to see it strong enough to tyrannize over the ocean, under pretence of maintaining its freedom, will yet, it is to be hoped, be augmented slowly and surely, and grow with the growth of our country, until it becomes amply sufficient for the defence of our commerce, our rights, and our glory.

It is not our intention to give any other than a mere general idea of the naval history of the United States, as introductory to the work we have undertaken. But in running over the transactions of the revolutionary war, we can clearly discern strong indications, that seem to point to the future destiny of our country, and demonstrate her admirable aptitude to become a naval power of great consequence, if her resources are warily applied, and the character of the nation suffered to pursue its natural direction. Yet, even should obstacles be thrown in the way of her inevitable fate, it seems obvious, from the history of the past, that though they may retard, they cannot overcome that natural predisposition, which arises from natural causes, and which is beyond the control of any human power. Such predispositions are the whispering voice of Providence, directing nations in the path they are to pursue, for the attainment of glory and happiness. A wise government may possibly overlook the natural and inherent dispositions of the people, but experience will soon set it right, and if it is really wise, it will for ever abandon the fallacious expectation of permanently repressing the strong propensities of a whole people.

While yet there was hardly a solitary instance, in the war of the revolution, of successful resistance, much less of victorious offensive operations, on the part of our undisciplined armies, the Americans had sustained the severest encounters with the British on the sea, in which they always came off with credit, often with success. The first naval battle which was fought during that war, was between the *Comet*, of twenty-eight guns, and a British frigate, off St. Christophers, in the year 1776. It lasted three hours, and the frigate sheered off with the loss of her mizen mast, and a great number of men. The *Comet* was too much cut up to pursue. The same year Captain Fisk, in the *Tyrannicide* sloop of fourteen guns, fought and took the *Despatch*, a transport vessel

of equal guns, and having one hundred armed soldiers on board. Paul Jones, in the *Providence*, of twelve guns, sustained a running fight of six hours with a British frigate of twenty-eight-guns, and at last made his escape by a masterly and desperate manœuvre. He afterward fought that famous battle with the *Serapis*, which is without a parallel in the records of naval warfare. The memory of this gallant officer has fallen a martyr to the hot and malignant passions of the times in which he lived, and to that childish credulity with which the people of this greedy country receive the accounts of themselves which are published by their enemies. He has been held up by the English writers, as a marauder, a pirate, and a buccanier, because he had the effrontery to alarm the coast of Scotland, and afterward to sail up the Humber and destroy sixteen vessels in the port of Hull. He is also accused of having plundered a small town in Scotland, and for this he is stigmatized with the severest censures by the very enemies who had set him an example at Kingston, New London, and many other places. The English newspapers, and the Royal Gazettes of this country, denounced him as a mere desperate plunderer; and the people of the United States, who are accustomed to be taught by foreigners whom to admire, acquiesced in the opinion, though, from all we have been able to collect, he appears to have possessed most of the essential characteristics of heroism.

The name of Biddle is also advantageously known in the Revolutionary War, as it has become equally distinguished in the last. After having signalized himself on various occasions by that valour, skill, intelligence, and gallantry of spirit, which seems ever to have inspired our little navy, he valiantly perished in the *Randolph* frigate, which was blown up, while engaged with a sixty-four gun ship.

Many additional instances of successful valour, daring enterprise, and heroic devotion, might be selected from the records of those times, if more were necessary to our purpose. They exhibit the dawnings of that rare spirit, vigour, hardihood, and enterprise, which have since led to such glorious results. Left to ourselves, and in the situation of children, suddenly thrown upon the exercises of our own genius; without either the skill derived from experience, the memory of former exploits to animate, or the

confidence that grows out of the habit of self government; with self-taught officers, and sailors fighting against those they had been accustomed to obey ; still, throughout that long and bloody struggle of seven years, we gained and preserved a reputation for naval skill and bravery, under all these disadvantages.

On the conclusion of the war, which ended in the acknowledgment of our independence, it happened, as it usually does in all countries where the foresight of the ruler is checked, in its operation, by the unwillingness of the representative to burthen his constituents with preparations against dangers uncertain in their approach. The people of the United States saw themselves relieved from the pressure of immediate, and the prospect of future, invasions, and were anxious to be relieved from the burthens, which, during the contest, they had sustained with decent firmness. The great and invaluable lesson of experience, which teaches a nation the necessity of acquiescing in some actual inconveniences, for the sake of securing its lasting safety and happiness, was lost in the eagerness to enjoy the fulness of the present hour. The army was forthwith disbanded, and the navy left to its fate.

Without inquiring into the justice or policy of such a measure, it may be permitted us to observe, on the one hand, that the people of all countries, where the people have a principal sway in the government, are a little too apt, on the return of peace and security, to forget their obligations to those who, in time of war and danger, protect them in their persons and callings. They forget that, in order effectually to secure themselves against an inevitable exigency, it is necessary to cherish, in time of peace, a race of men so necessary in time of war, and who cannot be suddenly produced by the sowing of dragons' teeth, or the call of a legislature. The habits of a soldier, and most especially of a sailor, on board a man of war, require time and attention to mature ; and those who are so delicately susceptible to the dangers and expenses of military and naval establishments, would, perhaps, do well to remember the losses and sufferings which, in the event of invasion, must inevitably occur, before such establishments can be organized and matured, in the midst of actual dangers.

No system of policy ought ever, in a civilized state, to be founded upon the supposition of a state of war. But as war is, in

every state of man, the occasional and inevitable result of human passions, it is the height of folly and imprudence to neglect to provide such means of offence or defence, as are compatible with the usages of our cotemporaries, and the rational freedom of the citizen.

On the other hand, the soldier, on entering into the service of his country, in time of actual war, must be aware that he is subject to be disbanded and turned back to the station of private a citizen, the moment that his services are no longer required: he knows that the fundamental principles of our government, and the feelings of the people, are opposed to large military establishments, as dangerous to liberty; and, consequently, that the compact between him and his country, is limited to the duration of hostilities. In the mean time, his pay, his lands, his rank, if he be an officer, the glory that he acquires, should he merit it, and the consideration which ever attaches itself to valour, are to be considered a full equivalent for his services. To these rewards we would add the gratification resulting from the consciousness of having faithfully served his country, were we not rather apprehensive of exciting the ridicule of the world. As a common or universal motive of action, this patriotic feeling cannot be safely relied on, except in the most desperate cases, and among a people free and happy. Yet, to say that patriotism is not universal, is no argument against its existence. All the higher virtues are rare; and there are as many examples on record of devoted patriotism as of pure and genuine fortitude, generosity, or magnanimity. We, therefore, venture to present it as one of the rewards of the zealous soldier, and as affording him sources of gratification, which, combined with those we have before enumerated, is sufficient to settle the account between him and his country. If such is not the case he was wrong to enter into the service; he should have pursued some other course, for these were all the advantages he could possibly propose to himself. He knew that the war could not last for ever; and had every reason to suppose his services would not be required in time of peace. The officer, then, who clamours at his dismissal, and charges the government with a breach of contract in executing the provisions of the laws, cancels the debt which his country may perhaps owe him, by demonstrating that he was

not impelled into her service by any motive which honourable ambition inspires, but by feelings, selfish, sordid, and personal.

In the period which elapsed between the revolutionary war and the year 1793, the United States had not a single ship in commission. The following year, however, the depredations of the Algerines, seem to have called the attention of congress to the protection of our commerce in the Mediterranean. The 27th of March in that year, the president of the United States was authorized to build, equip, and employ six frigates, four of forty-four guns, and two of thirty-six guns. It was, however, left to the discretion of the president to employ a different force, provided it did not exceed that authorized by the act, and no vessel employed carried less than thirty-two guns.* The number of commissioned and warrant officers, as well as the crews of each grade of vessels, and the pay allowed them, was also established at this time. It was also specified that the rules and regulations of the service, established in the year 1775, should remain in force for the government of the navy, so far as comported with the constitution of the United States, until others should be adopted.†

In the year 1798, the president was authorized, by act of Congress, to cause to be built a number of vessels not exceeding twelve, and not carrying more than twenty-two guns each. The same year, the administration of the navy, which had hitherto been included in the duties of the war department, was placed under the special direction of a secretary of the navy, who was to exercise his power under similar restrictions with the heads of the other departments. A corps of marines, about this time, was also authorized to be raised and attached to the navy. The next year the president was empowered to build six seventy fours, and six sloops of war, for which object one million of dollars was appropriated. The timber was procured for these vessels, but the seventy-fours were never completed, and the timber was wasted in the building of gun boats.

This increase in the naval establishment of the United States, was contemplated in consequence of the near prospect of hostilities with the French republic. Various depredations had been

* Clarke's Naval History.

† Idem.

committed on our commerce by the French cruisers, for which compensation was refused by the then existing government of France, which, following the fashion of the times, took advantage of its freedom from the immediate pressure of the superior power of others, to oppress where there was no fear of immediate resistance. In truth, from a glance at the commercial history of the United States, it will appear, that almost every nation of Europe, which could lay any pretensions to the character of a naval power, has, in turn, enriched itself with the spoils of our commerce. Even Spain has at times levied contributions on our trade: and such was the opinion of our want either of the spirit, or the means, to obtain redress, that the little kingdom of Denmark, at one time, insulted and plundered us, without any fears for the consequences. But these times of deplorable degradation are past for ever. The United States have shown that they can, and will, resent insults and wrongs; and there is now, probably, but one power in existence that will venture, in future, to interfere with the authorized and lawful commerce of this nation.

A war of a few months was the consequence of these disputes between the two republics, and a squadron was fitted out under Capt. Truxton, to clear the West-Indies of French cruisers. While on this cruise, commanding the *Constellation* frigate, of thirty-six guns, he had two engagements, with the *Insurgent*, and the *Vengeance*, the first of which vessels struck, and the latter escaped in a squall. The superiority of the American fire, since so admirably demonstrated in such a variety of memorable instances, was apparent in both these engagements. In the action with the *Insurgent*, the *Constellation* had only one man killed and two wounded, while the loss of the enemy was twenty-nine killed and forty-four wounded. In the action with the *Vengeance* the Frenchman lost one hundred and sixty killed and wounded, and the *Constellation* thirty-nine. It was in the last of these battles, we remember, the fate of a gallant young midshipman, Jarvis, excited the sympathy and admiration of the people of the United States. The rigging of the *Constellation's* mainmast was entirely shot away, and when the squall which separated the two ships came on, it went by the board, carrying the top-men with it. Young Jarvis commanded the maintop, and had been apprized of

his danger, but gallantly replied, "he would not desert his post in time of action, and if the mast went he must go with it." Such examples are always worthy to be recorded, because the sacrifice of a gallant spirit is never in vain, unless it be suffered to pass into oblivion. While it continues to be remembered, it inspires emulation, and is the parent of a long succession of heroic feats that might never have been performed but for him who set the first example.

The war in which these conflicts occurred was of short duration, and no other naval encounters took place during its continuance. Scarcely, however, was it over, ere our little force was called upon to distinguish itself against Tripoli, one of the piratical states of Barbary. The history of these states is a reproach to the great naval powers of Europe, who not only permit these pirates to roam the Mediterranean, and sometimes the Atlantic, carrying Christians into captivity, but degrade themselves by paying an ignominious tribute for a privilege which their power would enable them to command. It is supposed, and the supposition is justified by every appearance, that the more powerful states of Europe purposely tolerate these pirates, because their cruisers, by keeping the seas, render it unsafe for the weaker nations to pursue their commerce, and thus enable the stronger ones to monopolize the whole trade of the Mediterranean.

In the year 1799 the Bashaw of Tripoli thought proper to order the American consul to quit his dominions, and to threaten hostilities unless some new demands on his part were complied with immediately. As this could not be done without an application to the government at home, the Bashaw declared war, on the tenth of June, and before the end of that month captured a number of American merchant vessels.

The government of the United States, owing to a spirit of economy, which, when not carried to an extreme, is highly commendable, was at this crisis but indifferently prepared either for protecting its commerce or chastising its enemies. With a disposition which neither experience nor calamity seems to have cured, Congress, who, having the sole prerogative of furnishing appropriations, are justly responsible for the adequate means of defence, had, as usual, suffered the naval establishment to moulder away under their neglect and indifference. The consequence was, that now, when it became necessary to protect the property

of the merchant and the liberty of the citizen, the means were to be almost entirely created anew. It was not until the year 1801 that Commodore Dale was sent into the Mediterranean, with a squadron of three frigates and one sloop of war. During all the intervening period the Tripolitans had nothing to check their depredations, or restrain them from venturing out into the Atlantic ocean. Commodore Dale declared a blockade of the port of Tripoli, and his presence, by preventing the Tripolitan cruisers from venturing out, saved the Americans from further capture. No other object could be obtained by this small force, which, though strong enough for protection, was too weak for chastisement, and, consequently, could never answer the great end of all military preparations, the attainment of satisfaction for injuries, and an honourable peace.

The war lingered on till 1803, when the government seems, at last, to have become sensible of the important truth, that the expense of carrying on a lingering inefficient warfare for ever, will at last amount to more than one bold, decisive, and vigorous effort, which generally succeeds in bringing it to a close. The two opposite errors of the two great systems of government, the hereditary and the elective, is, on the one hand, too great an indifference to the just wishes of the people, and, on the other, an abject deference to their narrow, short-sighted, and selfish prejudices and feelings. The first produces, at last, the downfall of the system, by internal revolution; the latter too frequently occasions a neglect of proper measures for future safety, and ultimately leads to the ruin of the people by external invasion.

It was now determined by congress, that the squadron in the Mediterranean should be considerably increased. The choice of a commander fell upon Commodore Preble, a man whose name is still cherished by the surviving gallant officers who served under him, and whose respect and regard is the highest testimony that could be offered to his worth. This officer, accordingly, sailed for the Mediterranean, in August, 1803, but was delayed some time at Tangiers, with Commodore Rodgers, adjusting some differences with the Emperor of Morocco, and did not arrive in time to commence active operations that season. About this time the Philadelphia frigate, in returning from a chase, being within about

four miles of Triopoli, ran on a rock not before known to European navigators, nor laid down in any chart. Every exertion was made to get her off, by lightening her, but without effect, and she was, after a resistance of four hours, obliged to surrender to the numerous swarm of gun boats that surrounded her on all sides. Her officers and crew were made prisoners, and two days afterwards, the wind blowing in shore, the frigate was got off, and towed into the harbour.

By this unfortunate accident three hundred Americans were thrown into captivity, where they remained till the expiration of the war, notwithstanding their daily attempts to escape, suffering all the mortifications incident to such a state, with the additional pang of being cut off, perhaps for ever, from the pursuit of honourable fame, and the service of their country. Among these were Bainbridge, Porter, Jones, Biddle, and many others, who have since distinguished themselves in the most signal manner. It is easy to be conceived what must have been the feelings of such men during this irritating captivity, more especially as they were imprisoned in a tower which overlooked the harbour of Tripoli, and from whence they had a view of the operations of our squadron.

The loss of the Philadelphia gave rise to a gallant and successful attempt to destroy her, which drew the attention of the nations bordering on the Mediterranean, many of whom had been hitherto almost ignorant of the existence of the United States. This attempt originated with Lieut. Stephen Decatur, now commanding the American squadron acting against Algiers, under whose orders it was executed. The Philadelphia was moored under the guns of the principal fort, and was guarded, on one quarter, by the Tripolitan cruisers, on the other, by a number of gun boats within half gun shot. In this situation she was boarded, carried, and set on fire, without the loss of a man on the side of the Americans. The Tripolitans lost twenty men. This action was performed by a trifling force, consisting of the Syren, Lieut. Stewart, and the ketch Intrepid, manned with seventy volunteers, among whom was the late gallant Capt. Lawrence.*

For this daring and successful enterprise Lieut. Decatur was

* Clark.

promoted to the rank of captain. Commodore Preble being now reinforced with six gun boats, two bomb vessels, and a number of Neapolitans, loaned by the king of Naples, determined to attempt a bombardment of Tripoli. On the 21st of July, 1804, he appeared off that place, which the weather prevented his approaching until the 28th, when he anchored the squadron within two miles and a half of the fortifications. The wind again shifting, he was again forced to weigh anchor, and did not regain his station until the 3d of August. Having observed that the enemy's gun boats were in a situation favourable to an attack, he made his dispositions accordingly, and commenced a general action, under a tremendous fire from the batteries on shore, then within musket shot.

In the mean time the Americans fell upon the Tripolitan gun boats, and the engagement became a struggle of personal prowess between the Christians and the followers of Mahomet, the natives of the old and the new world. The names of Decatur and Trippe appear with distinction in this furious encounter. The former boarded one of the enemy's boats with fifteen men, and captured her in ten minutes. At this moment he was told, that his brother, who commanded an American gun boat, had been treacherously slain by the commander of a Tripolitan boat, which he had captured, while stepping on board to take possession. On hearing this, Capt. Decatur immediately pursued the barbarian, overtook, boarded, and slew him with his own hand, after a personal contest, in which the most unyielding gallantry was displayed.

Lieut. Trippe boarded a Tripolitan gun boat with only a young midshipman, Mr. Henly, and nine men, his own boat having fallen off before the rest could follow him. In this situation, they were left to encounter the whole force of the enemy's crew, which consisted of thirty-six men. After a severe struggle, the Tripolitans were overcome, losing fourteen men, and having seven severely wounded. These struggles were man to man, the Christian sword against the Turkish sabre. On one occasion the sword of Lieut. Trippe, bending so as to become useless, he closed with his antagonist, wrested his weapon, and slew him. He received eleven wounds of the sabre, but survived them all. This gallant young officer was amiable, intelligent, and of most pleasing and modest deportment. All who knew him looked with confidence

to his one day amply fulfilling the promises held forth by his high qualities. But it is said that his spirit was broken by an untoward event, which happened on a voyage to New Orleans, and he died of a fever at that place, leaving to his country to lament the loss of a most gallant officer, and to his friends a subject of everlasting regret.

Similar attacks were repeated from time to time, and similar displays of valour, skill, and enterprise were exhibited in them all. On one of these occasions an event took place which called forth the regret and admiration of this country in a peculiar manner. This was the deaths of Capt. Somers, and Lieutenants Wadsworth and Israel, all young officers of great promise, who perished in a fire ship, which had been boarded, and carried, by an overwhelming force of the enemy. These gallant youths voluntarily blew up the vessel, and perished, rather than run the risk of lingering out a life of slavery. The country, while it regretted their fate, applauded the sacrifice; and the names of Somers, Wadsworth, and Israel, are now familiar to our ears as early examples of heroic spirit and devoted gallantry. In vain do moralists and philosophers argue, that such acts of voluntary sacrifice are unjustifiable, and indicate rather the impetuosity of undisciplined youth, than the sober dictates of rational and chastened courage. Such men as these three heroic youths never perish in vain: they are sacrifices, let us humbly hope, acceptable to the divinity; for their examples have a lasting influence on the destiny of nations, and inspire a thousand succeeding acts of devoted heroism. The voluntary sacrifice of the *Decii* twice saved Rome, not, as it was believed, by conciliating the gods, but by inspiring their countrymen, like them, to perish in the cause of their country. These gallant young men are already celebrated in the rude, but honest songs of our people, and it is no unwarrantable assumption to say, that their names will descend to posterity, and become one of the favourite themes of poetry. There is yet a vast field open in this country for those who are ambitious of honest fame. A thousand paths remain unoccupied, and happy are those who shall first travel them; for they will become, what it is now impossible to become in the older nations of the world, the *foremost* names in a

long succession of illustrious followers, in this *new* and yet untrodden world.

The Bey of Tripoli, at length, grew tired of the war, which he had wantonly provoked. The frequent attacks he was obliged to sustain; the total annihilation of his trade, by the blockade which at the same time prevented his cruisers from making captures, and the approach of the exiled bey, who, assisted by the Americans, was now advancing to recover his lost dignity; all combined, induced him to signify his willingness for an adjustment of differences. Accordingly a communication was opened, which soon after resulted in the reëstablishment of a peace, in which the freedom of our trade was amply provided for, not only by the express terms of the treaty, but secured by the recollection of the loss and inconvenience he had sustained by its violation.

Although few or no immunities, or privileges, but such as the United States enjoyed previous to this war, were gained by it, still the advantages resulting were of the highest importance. It illustrated our character on that famous sea, which is bordered by the most renowned nations of ancient and modern times; and it furnished opportunities for exploits performed almost within sight of three quarters of the globe. It was a school in which our little navy acquired the skill, gained the experience, and fostered the spirit, which prepared it for entering the lists with the most famous naval warriors of the world. It was in that war, too, that a standard of valour was established among our officers, by the examples we have slightly noticed in this sketch, below which none can now fall without comparative disgrace, and above which few can ever rise. Those who shall come after may act on a greater scale, or direct a more efficient force, but it is not possible that more daring courage, or more devoted valour, will ever be shown, than was displayed by the actors in the Tripolitan war. All maritime Italy felt the effects of their presence in the Mediterranean; the Barbary cruisers no longer made descents upon her shores, carrying off her people into slavery; and in Sicily and Sardinia, our officers were received as deliverers. His holiness, the Pope, publicly declared, that the Americans had done more for Christendom in one year, than Christendom had done for itself in a century.

The recollection of this contest will always be delightful to the people of the United States. They will dwell with fondness on the memorials of early prowess, that, like the first indications of youthful character, seemed to fortell its future destiny. They will view these points in our history with peculiar satisfaction, as the first steps in a long race of blameless glory, open before us. It is for other nations to boast of what they have been, and, like garrulous age, muse over the history of their youthful exploits, that only renders decrepitude more conspicuous. Ours is the more animating sentiment of hope, looking forward with prophetic eye, and almost realizing what we shall one day be, by the unerring standard of the past, and the present.

From the conclusion of the war with Tripoli, in 1804, to the beginning of the war with England, in 1812, little of consequence occurred in the history of the navy. In general, however, it may be observed, that the naval establishment was but little attended to, and was gradually falling to decay, when the progress of the retaliatory contest between England and France, rendered it pretty obvious that the United States must either retire from the ocean, or protect her commerce by force of arms. When it was found that the system of seclusion, adopted in the first instance, could not be sustained so strictly as was necessary to give the experiment a fair trial, it then became obvious that the other alternative must be adopted. Accordingly, funds were voted by congress, and appropriated at different times, for the repairing of vessels of war, that had been suffered to fall into decay, and for the purchase of timber for building new ones. But at the period of the declaration of war against England, the naval force of the United States consisted but of three forty-fours; four thirty-sixes; three thirty-twos; one corvette; five sloops; two bomb vessels, and one hundred and seventy gun boats.* The British navy at that time *nominally* consisted of upwards of one thousand ships of all descriptions. This enormous disproportion alarmed many politicians of the United States, who trembled at the mere sight of Steele's List; and there was not wanting a number of eminent men in the national legislature, who predicted, that in one year after the declaration of war, not a single vessel of war belonging to the

* Clarke.

United States, would sail under the stars and stripes of America. Even the most sanguine yielded to despondency, and, for some time, whenever one of our little navy went to sea, the friends of the officers bade them farewell, as if they were going to be offered up sacrifices to the great Leviathan of the deep, and would never return. Those who knew them, never doubted their courage, but the nation had become cow'd by British songs, and British accounts of the valour of their tars, and it was feared that neither the experience or skill of our officers and men qualified them for the contest.

But this despondency did not extend to those in whose minds it would have operated most fatally to our country. In our own ports, in the Mediterranean, and in various parts of the world, the American officers had met, and studied the character of their enemy; they had examined with a wary eye his ships, his seamen, discipline, and skill, and they felt confident in their own superiority. They saw that a long course of success had made them arrogant, and the want of an enemy to excite their vigilance caused them to become careless in enforcing that discipline and those habits by which alone they had heretofore been successful. In short, they distinctly perceived those symptoms which precede and indicate the commencement of that deterioration, by which the most renowned establishments, the most illustrious institutions of mankind, slowly, yet surely, decline into contempt and insignificance. For the British themselves, they uniformly spoke with contempt of our navy; the newspapers flouted at it: factious orators condescended to make it the subject of jest and ridicule, and the very mention of "*cock-boats and striped bunting*" was enough to make the whole parliament of England shout "Hear, hear!" Such was the overweening opinion they entertained of their superiority, that the commanders of their sloops of war, absolutely tickled themselves with the idea of towing one of our frigates (since discovered to be seventy-fours in disguise) into the harbours of England. It was under this impression that the *Alert*, sloop of war, came alongside of the *Essex*, Captain Porter, with an intention of taking her, but was obliged to strike before the *Essex* had discharged quite half a broadside.

Thus stood the state of public opinion on this great question, a question the consequences of whose decision no one can adequately

estimate, when, on the 19th of August, 1812, it was decided, after a trial of thirty minutes, by the capture of the *Guerriere*, an English frigate of the first class, commanded by Captain Dacres, by the *Constitution*, an American frigate of the first class, commanded by Captain Hull. In this action certain points of superiority on the part of the Americans were indicated, which have since been fully established; and notwithstanding the various excuses, devices, subterfuges, and denials, of the enemy, are now demonstrated to the satisfaction of the world.

If, in judging of actions, we estimate their importance by the consequences which flow from them, this engagement, although only between single ships, was one of vast moment, not only in its immediate, but its remoter effects. It roused the nation from that depression, we might say, that despondency, almost approaching to despair, in which the ill success of our arms on the frontier had plunged it, and awakened us to a sense of our capacity for conquest. It animated the soldier, the sailor, and the citizen, with confidence; it thrilled through every vein and artery of this country; and it inflicted a wound on the hopes, the arrogance, and the national pride, of the enemy, which still bleeds, and festers, and corrodes; and which, if ever healed, will leave an indelible scar. This victory was also the first, in a train of triumphs, which, following in rapid, and almost uninterrupted succession, gradually opened the eyes of Europe, and wrought a change in the opinions of mankind, which, sooner or later, will lead to consequences of the utmost magnitude. Those who have observed the sway which opinion exercises over the events of this world, and the actions of men, will at once perceive that the overthrow of that opinion of British invincibility on the seas, under which Europe has so long laboured, will, at no distant period, create the most powerful opposition to the domination so long exercised on that element by England, which approaches nearer to a universal monarchy, than the conquests of Alexander, or the empire of Rome.

We have heretofore premised that it was not our intention to give any other than a very brief sketch of the rise and progress of the naval establishment of the United States. The reader who would wish a more particular detail, is referred to Mr. Clarke's work, which we observe with pleasure has passed to a second edition, and to whom we take this opportunity of

acknowledging the assistance he has afforded us in the present undertaking. The events which succeeded the capture of the *Guerriere*, and the rapid succession of naval victories that followed during the continuance of the war, are yet fresh in the minds and hearts of our people. So far as an almost uniform result in a variety of separate cases, amounts to a demonstration, we have demonstrated the superior valour, skill, activity, and patriotism of our officers and seamen, over those of England: chance may sometimes gain a victory, but a succession of victories is the best proof of superiority.

The successes of Jones, Decatur, Bainbridge, Warrington, Blakely, Stewart and Biddle on the ocean; the victories of Perry and Macdonough, on the lakes; the death of Burroughs, who died like a Roman, and the last injunction of Lawrence, which will forever be the rallying word of the profession, are so recent, so warm in our hearts, as to require no commemoration here. There is no native of this wide extended republic, who cannot repeat with feelings of honest exultation, each one of these illustrious actions, that, while they stand as imperishable monuments of the early vigour of our youthful nation, point, at the same time, to the path of her future safety and glory. We do not mean the glory of conquest or oppression, but that of vindicating our maritime rights, and humbling the arrogance of the oppressor of the seas. When time shall have cast these exploits a little into the shade that follows in his train; when the present race shall have passed away, and posterity look upon the example, and inheritance of renown bequeathed them by their forefathers, it is here they will rest with peculiar pride. As one by one they tell over the rapid victories, they will forget to count the gold expended in the contest, and happily become inspired to emulate, what they will probably never be able to excel.

They will read with exultation, that in a contest with England and her thousand ships, our little navy was not destroyed, according to the expectations of both friends and foes, but increased almost threefold; and that in four months after the ratification of peace, an American squadron more numerous and better appointed than any that ever sailed under the stars and stripes, was in the Mediterranean, blockading the port of Algiers, and effectually protecting the commerce of the United States, as well as that of

other nations, who are wasting their blood and treasure in objects of fruitless ambition.

Before we conclude this article, our readers will perhaps indulge us in a few reflections. We have before touched on the common, vulgar, and short-sighted error, which causes the people in every free country to repine at the support of those establishments which must be fostered in time of peace, in order to become adequate to the exigencies of war. Those who wait till the danger arrives, before they contribute the means of defence, will find themselves the victims of a miserable, mistaken economy, and fare like the miser who was plundered of his hoards, because he would not pay for a lock to his door. The war is over now, and it seems that the representatives of the people act upon some prophetic certainty that another is never to arrive. But it should never be forgot, that for some inscrutable reason, providence hath permitted wars to rage at various times, in every country on the face of the earth, and that no nation can hope to escape them, without a special dispensation, such as has never yet been granted. Neither remoteness of situation, the most wary prudence, the best regulated dispositions, the strictest justice, or the most exemplary forbearance, it would seem, can screen a nation from this, any more than from any other inevitable consequences, of the crimes and follies of human nature.

Every man, in his capacity of citizen, can resort to a superior tribunal, for satisfaction, when he is injured. Here the law is enforced, and the decision must be complied with by the individual, under penalties which are easily enforced, because the whole community is interested in the preservation of the laws, and the tribunals represent the whole people. But nations have no system of laws, at least no absolute communion in its preservation; and if aggressions are offered by one, the other, on the failure of remonstrance, has but one resort, and that is an appeal to force for redress, because there is no higher tribunal than themselves upon earth, to sit in judgment and decide the quarrel. In this point of view the nation may be said to be placed in a state of nature, where injuries are revenged by retaliation, and justice obtained by force.

War is then but a natural consequence of the operation of human passions, and cannot be avoided without changing the nature

of man. The history of every age and nation seems to demonstrate this truth. It is then a subject worth considering, whether a reasonable foresight in preparing for events that, however distant, must inevitably happen, is not compatible with the maxims of a free government—whether it is not more prudent to prevent, than to remedy—and whether the most scrupulous economy, the most devoted regard to the interests of self, do not sanction the maxim that it is wise to give up a part for the security of the whole.—This is the fundamental maxim of society in its civil institutions, and is equally applicable to the present question. Few people know better the value of money, or keep a more wary eye to their interests, than merchants, and yet they pay a certain premium to insure their property on the ocean. So, also, the landlord gives every year a certain sum for insuring his house against fire; and the accident of war, though not so common, yet being much more extensive in its operation, ought equally to be provided against. A much greater number of persons have suffered by the accident of war, than by that of fire, and it would seem to be a natural consequence, that, at least, equal care should be taken to guard against the effects of war, as against those of fire, or any other great calamity. The people, then, who clamour against paying a reasonable sum for the support of the army or navy—that is, for insurance against losses by war—and their representatives, who, actuated by considerations of personal popularity, lose sight of the obvious necessity of preparing, in this warlike age, against the hour, which, like that of death, may not come to-day nor to-morrow, yet will surely come at last, are justly chargeable with a neglect of the best lessons of experience.

But, on the other hand, the prudent foresight which is for ever sacrificing the certainties of the present, to the uncertainties of the future, may be carried further than reason will justify. Men are not called upon, in worldly affairs at least, to sacrifice their present comforts to remote contingencies, nor to starve themselves to-day, in the apprehension of wanting a dinner to-morrow. Neither is it wise to sacrifice the comforts of a long peace, to the purposes of a short war. Yet there is a due medium in this, as well as in every thing else. Men are stigmatized with imprudence, if they neglect to lay aside something which can be spared, for the wants

of age. True, they may not live to grow old ; but it is good to be prepared for the worst, though the event may not befall us. Perhaps it would be well for the people of the United States to apply these simple maxims to the present state of their political affairs.

We have just ended a war, the seeds of which are deeply implanted in the relations that subsist, and must long subsist, between the United States and a powerful nation, to whom every country is a neighbour—easily accessible, through the means of her thousand ships. The same causes still exist which occasioned that war, and to these are added, on one hand, the memory of injuries inflicted—on the other, of disgraces suffered. On one side, there is the consciousness of youthful prowess to animate—on the other, the deep feeling of wounded pride to impel. The two nations are two combatants smarting with wounds, parted in battle before either was conquered, and both still convinced of their own superiority. No cordial sentiment of friendship will probably unite them again, for they were once too nearly allied ever to forgive each other the wounds they have mutually inflicted. To forgive the wrongs of our enemies is easy—to pardon the injuries of our friends impossible. The United States and England were once one family, and it is well known that the enmity of relations is irreconcilable. They are rivals in commerce—and when two people interfere with each other's interests, they cannot long be friends. They are rivals on the ocean, on the land, and on the lakes—and that will be a source of eternal enmity. Along the whole course of our extensive and ill-defined frontier, we touch upon each other, and a variety of conflicting claims exist, which at some future day will be settled, not by the mediation of the emperor of Russia, but by that of the sword. In short, which ever way we look, whether toward the ocean, or the land, we perceive the impossibility of avoiding frequent collision with a haughty nation, with millions of paupers, to whom the life of a soldier is a luxury, and whose physical means of warfare are increased by the pressure of internal duties. So far, therefore, from England being, as has been so often asserted, our natural ally, both reason and experience demonstrate her to be our natural rival ; and so far from our ever looking to her as a friend, either in prosperity or adversity, we should lay our account in finding her our enemy, now, henceforth, and forever. It is not with a view of exciting any further enmity to.

ward England that we have made these remarks, but to warn our own country of the predicament in which she stands in relation to that powerful nation.

It remains, then, for the people of the United States, with whom the decision of all great questions of national policy ultimately rests, to decide, whether by precipitately diminishing our means of defence; by frittering down the army, until it is incapable of guarding our extensive frontier from Indian hostility; by repealing the taxes which have restored the credit of the government; and by acting in every instance as if we were never to be called upon again for the defence of our rights, they are not preparing the way for the recurrence of the evils they have just escaped. If, however, they decide that the nation is to be dismantled, notwithstanding all the late lessons of experience, and all the rational anticipations of the future, it is not difficult to foresee that the same consequences will ensue. A conspiracy of kings will probably set about reforming our government ere long; or, at all events, the same miserable succession of never-ending, still-beginning, injury and insult, will be again heaped upon us: in proportion as we grow weak and spiritless, they will acquire additional aggravation; and by the time the means of obtaining satisfaction have mouldered from our grasp, and the spirit of the nation is laid in the dust, we shall be forced, at last, to defend our rights, when the means of defence are to be created anew. The good citizens of the United States may then comfort themselves by reviling the government for want of energy in the employment of means with which they were denied to be furnished, and thus console themselves, amid the ruin of their habitations, and the disgrace of their country.

It is confidently hoped, however, that there is but one sentiment now, with respect to the gradual augmentation of that navy, which, at a time of great national despondency, retrieved on the ocean what had been lost on the land, and roused again the spirit of the republic. It cannot be forgot with what delight these successes were hailed, and what a noble flame of emulation they kindled in the army. The victory of Erie relieved the western frontier from a savage invasion; that of Macdonough preserved the state of New-York from a similar fate; and the victories of Hull, Decatur, Jones, and Bainbridge, saved the nation from despair.

The courage, skill, and energy displayed in these actions sufficiently indicate, that, like our mother country, we are destined to gain renown on the element which offered us a path to this new world, and that we have only to cherish a proper respect for ourselves, and make a proper use of our experience, to fulfil the bright auguries of our early patriots.

Perhaps no nation on record ever set out with such advantages as ours. With all the elastic vigour of youth, we possess the benefits of dear-bought experience, derived from a variety of situation, and from actual suffering. Within the short period of one man's life, we have been slaves, and have become freemen; we have suffered civil war once, and extensive invasions twice; we have felt the effects of internal divisions, and the pervading influence of party spirit, carried to a dreadful extreme: and have become acquainted with our weakness, as well as with our strength. While, therefore, we possess all the fire, activity, and versatility of youth, combined with so much of the experience of age, it would be difficult to suggest any insurmountable objection to the United States placing themselves on a level with any nation, and maintaining their claim to the station they assume.

Nothing is wanting to this, but to shake off the remains of that miserable degrading colonial spirit of subserviency, which, in too many portions of this country, still remains deeply rooted in the hearts of those who, from their wealth and extensive connexions, exercise a wide-spread influence. That spirit, we mean, which crouches at the foot of foreigners; which ever gives precedence to foreign opinions and foreign fashions; which condescends to import the follies of every nation, and never, on any occasion, dares to think or reason for itself. While this spirit, or rather this want of spirit, is so deeply implanted in the minds of so many men who occupy stations, and enjoy a reputation which gives to their opinions and example extensive influence, we fear it will be long before our country becomes what the beneficent Creator seems to have intended her—an example to others in what is really great and admirable, rather than a servile imitator of their caprices, follies, and absurdities. P.

POETRY.

ON THE PASSAIC FALLS.

(ORIGINAL.)

For the Analectic Magazine.

Romantic Genius of Passaic's wave !
Thou oft, secluded in thy giant cave,
Lov'st to contemplate, from the dark recess,
Thy proud domain, in Nature's wildest dress ;
Or, gliding smooth beneath the shadowing trees,
Inhale the freshness of the evening breeze.
The fond enthusiast oft, with wandering feet,
Seeks mighty nature in thy wild retreat :
When Sol's last splendours stream along the flood,
Shoot up the mountain side, and gild the wood ;
When purpling tints the evening sky reveals,
And, shade on shade, night o'er the landscape steals ;
Here let me roam, and bending o'er yon steep,
Which fronts the tumbling torrent, dark and deep,
Watch the unvarying sheet that downward pours,
And, ceaseless, in the dreadful chasm roars ;
While in the mist that buoyant floats in air,
Wild superstition's wizard forms appear,
And, as the snowy spray disports on high,
Half finished phantoms flash across the eye.
Amid these records of a deluged world,
By power divine, in awful ruins hurl'd ;
Amid these works of patriarchal time,
Age after age, still beauteous, still sublime,
The poet loves to study nature's book,
And back four thousand years, in thought, to look :
To view the rising flood resistless roll'd
O'er verdant hills and valleys cloth'd in gold ;
When mountain-peaks, amid the watery waste,
Seem'd wave-beat rocks on shoreless ocean's breast ;
Till, as the heaven-sent flood swell'd fast and wide,
The ark was all of earth that stemm'd the tide.
Then fancy sees the falling waters yield,
Again appear'd the mountain, forest, field ;
Then first on yonder cliffs the sun arose,
And, ting'd with purple, light their gloomy brows ;
Then first Passaic here meandering wound,
And poured his never-dying thunder round.

When deepening shades have solemnized the scene,
 Tinging with sombrous hues each vivid green ;
 When distant clouds deceive th' enraptur'd eye,
 And fairy mountains skirt the evening sky,
 And not a sound disturbs the twilight wood,
 Save from the solemn, ceaseless, deafening flood,
 Then, from the mist, which hovers o'er the stream,
 While sportive fancy weaves her wildest dream,
 'Thoughts pour'd on thoughts, across the mind are driven,
 As eagle swift, or lightning's course through heaven—
 "How chang'd the scene," I cried, "from that which erst,
 Ere yet this land with Europe's sons was curst,
 Here oft appear'd, when, at the solemn roar,
 The Indian paus'd, and worshipp'd on the shore ;
 Thought that yon mist enshrin'd the guardian God,
 Who shook the groves and mountains with his nod ;
 Whose voice, amid the fall's tremendous sound,
 Swell'd the loud thunder as it roll'd around."

This scene romantic let me oft admire,
 Ere yet the radiant sun has tipped with fire
 The woods and mountains that around me rise,
 Or fringed with glowing light the brightning skies ;
 When every oak, in which the breezes sigh,
 With melancholy murmur waves on high ;
 And still no sound re-echoes on the shore,
 Save the loud cataract's hoarse-thundering roar :
 Then may I court calm memory's gentle power,
 And back to life call each departed hour.
 Lov'd Carolina ! then thy absent shore,
 In fancy's dreams, I hasten to explore ;
 On love's swift wing pass realms and seas between,
 And smile and weep at each reviving scene.
 Then heaven-ward reason owns her matchless sway,
 And veils her star in fancy's comet ray :
 Each moment more than mortal joys arise,
 That here may fade, but live beyond the skies :
 Then nature owns the unutterable bliss,
 Too frail, too bright, for lasting happiness !
 And while the pilgrim soul, remote from home,
 Looks from this world beyond the starry dome,
 The radiant messenger to man below,
 Pledge of his birth, and soother of his wo,
 Hope springs aloft, to light the exile's way,
 Auspicious dawn, on earth, of heaven's eternal day.

Charleston, S. C. June, 1815.

ZERBINO.

DOMESTIC LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

North-American Antiquities — There is now in the city of New-York a remarkable human mummy, or exsiccation, found lately in Kentucky. It is thus described in a letter from Dr. MITCHELL, to S. M. BURNSIDE, Esq. Secretary of the American Antiquarian Society.

DEAR SIR,

August 24th, 1815.

I offer you some observations on a curious piece of American antiquity now in New-York. It is a human body, found in one of the lime-stone caverns of Kentucky. It is a perfect exsiccation; all the fluids are dried up. The skin, bones, and other firm parts are in a state of entire preservation. I think it enough to have puzzled Bryant and all the Archaeologists.

In exploring a calcareous chamber in the neighbourhood of Glasgow, for salt petre, several human bodies were found enwrapped carefully in skins and cloths. They were inhumed below the floor of the cave, *inhumed*, and not lodged in catacombs.

These recesses, though under ground, are yet dry enough to attract and retain the nitric acid. It combines with lime and potash; and probably the earthy matter of these excavations contains a good proportion of calcareous carbonate. Amidst these drying and antiseptic ingredients, it may be conceived that putrefaction would be stayed, and the solids preserved from decay.

The outer envelope of the body is a deer skin, probably dried in the usual way, and perhaps softened before its application, by rubbing. The next covering is a deer skin whose hair had been cut away by a sharp instrument, resembling a hatter's knife. The remnant of the hair, and the gashes in the skin, nearly resemble a sheared pelt of beaver. The next wrapper is of cloth, made of twine doubled and twisted. But the thread does not appear to have been formed by the wheel, nor the web by the loom. The warp and filling seem to have been crossed and knotted by an operation like that of the fabrics of the north-west coast, and of the Sandwich islands. Such a botanist as the lamented Muhlenburgh could determine the plant which furnished the fibrous material.

The innermost tegument is a mantle of cloth like the preceding; but furnished with large brown feathers arranged and fastened with great art, so as to be capable of guarding the living wearer from wet and cold. The plumage is distinct and entire, and the whole bears a near similitude to the feathery cloaks now worn by the nations of the north-western coast of America. A Wilson might tell from what bird they were derived.

The body is in a squatting posture, with the right arm reclining forward, and its hand encircling the right leg. The left arm hangs down, with its hand inclined partly under the seat. The individual, who was a male, did not probably exceed the age of fourteen, at his death. There is a deep and extensive fracture of the skull, near the occiput, which probably killed him. The skin has sustained little injury; it is of a dusky colour, but the natural hue cannot be decided with exactness, from its present appearance. The scalp, with small exceptions, is covered with sorrel or foxy hair. The teeth are white and sound. The hands and feet in their shrivelled state are slender and delicate. All this is worthy the investigation of our acute and perspicacious colleague, Dr. Holmes.

There is nothing bituminous or aromatic in or about the body, like the Egyptian mummies, nor are there bandages around any part. Except the several wrappers, the body is totally naked. There is no sign of a suture or incision about the belly; whence it seems that the viscera were not removed. It may now be expected that I should offer some opinion as to the antiquity and race of this singular exsiccation.

First, then, I am satisfied that it does not belong to that class of white men of which we are members.

2dly. Nor do I believe that it ought to be referred to the bands of Spanish adventurers who, between the years 1500 and 1600 rambled up the Mississippi and along its tributary streams. But on this head I should like to know the opinion of my learned and sagacious friend, Noah Webster.

3dly. I am equally obliged to reject the opinion that it belonged to any of the tribes of aborigines, now or lately inhabiting Kentucky.

4thly. The mantle of feathered work, and the mantle of twisted threads, so nearly resemble the fabrics of the indigenes of Wakash and the Pacific islands that I refer this individual to that æra of time, and that generation of men, which preceded the Indians of the Green-River, and of the place where these relics were found. This conclusion is strengthened by the consideration that such manufactures are

not prepared by the actual and resident red men of the present day. If the Abbe Clavigero had had this case before him, he would have thought of the people who constructed those ancient forts and mounds, whose exact history no man living can give. But I forbear to enlarge; my intention being merely to manifest my respect to the Society for having enrolled me among its members, and to invite the attention of its Antiquarians to further inquiry on a subject of such curiosity.

With respect, I remain yours,

SAML. L. MITCHELL.

MR. OGILVIE, the celebrated orator, has been employed, during the last year, in delivering a course of lectures on eloquence and criticism, in the college of South Carolina. It is his design, after having delivered, in the principal cities of the United States, three discourses on oratory which he has lately prepared, to repeat his course of lectures in the other American colleges. The following communication, from the faculty of the college of South Carolina, bears ample testimony to the high ability with which he conducted his late course.

The South-Carolina College, July 3, 1815.—The undersigned consider themselves as discharging a debt of justice, in submitting to the public the following statement, concerning the course of oratorical lectures lately delivered in this college by Mr. James Ogilvie.

On his arrival at this place, he communicated his intentions to the faculty and board of trustees, and an arrangement was immediately made to accommodate his system of instruction. A class of twenty, which was afterward increased to nearly thirty, was formed out of the two highest classes. Mr. Ogilvie began his lectures in March, and continued them until the latter part of June. He gave lectures twice in each week; after each lecture, questions, involving the principal points which had been discussed, were delivered to the class. These they were required to answer in writing, and exhibit to the lecturer, at an appointed time, for his inspection and criticism. This proved a very useful exercise in composition. In order to render his instructions substantially useful, Mr. O. exercised the class three hours every day (except Saturday and Sunday) in declamations and recitations. His exertions in this, as in all other parts of his course, were constant and indefatigable; and their salutary effects soon became visible in the just, manly, and graceful delivery of his pupils. On every Wednesday evening, exercises in elocution, and specimens in criticism, were publicly exhibited in the college chapel. The audiences were numerous and highly respectable; and constantly gave the most decisive evidences of their approbation.

At the close of his course, Mr. O.'s class sustained a public examination; and on two evenings entertained very crowded and brilliant audiences with specimens of original composition. On all these occasions the proficiency of his pupils evinced the superior skill and ability with which they had been instructed. Though the attendance of the young gentlemen on Mr. O.'s lectures was entirely voluntary, yet such was their conviction of his ability to instruct them, and of the advantages to be derived from a comprehensive and brilliant display of elementary principles, enforced with the energy of practical skill, that their industry, ardour, punctuality, and correct deportment, were probably never exceeded in any college.

In order to excite general attention, and to attract national patronage, to a new, or neglected art, no plan can promise better success than the delivery of a course of lectures, illustrating its utility, successively in the colleges of any civilized nation. This plan, judiciously executed, would impart to the rostrum some portion of that permanent and diffusing influence which belongs to the press. The witty lines of Hudibras,

“That all a rhetorician's rules,
Teach only how to name his tools,”

cannot be applied to Mr. O.'s lectures. He has attempted to teach the students how to use these tools with dexterity and energy. He has done more; he has dared to attempt the fabrication of more efficient tools. He has, in fact, commenced at the stage where preceding lecturers have suspended their inquiries and speculations, and advanced a step further; analyzed the elementary principles on which the efficacy of oratory, in all its departments, essentially depends; and in the progress of his analysis, concentrated the light which the present advanced state of mental philosophy has shed upon oratory. His lectures, of course, are not confined to oratory alone, but develop those principles of the human mind which are intimately connected with philology, rhetoric, logic, and ethics. This course of lec-

tures constitutes but a part of a more extensive and arduous undertaking, which aims at the accomplishments of the same object, and which, should Mr Ogilvie recover sufficient health, we trust, he will be able to execute. His mode of lecturing deserves peculiar attention: it is singularly calculated to awaken and keep alive curiosity; to exercise not only the faculties of intellect, but the best affections of the heart. This has been fully proved by his having been able to induce the class to exert their minds with unabated energy during three hours at every lecture. Nor ought we to overlook his substitution of a species of moral discipline, that almost wholly supersedes any recurrence to authority or coercion in his control over the minds of his pupils; a species of discipline which we believe to be peculiarly adapted to the education of young persons, destined to exercise the inestimable rights which republican liberty secures and perpetuates. Nor does Mr. O. omit, in his lectures, any opportunity to inculcate the pure and sublime principles of Christian ethics, and to illustrate the preëminent rank which pulpit oratory is entitled to claim; and which, under the auspices of a regulated and moral freedom, it may be expected to attain.

Mr Ogilvie's purpose is elevated; his object patriotic. We cordially wish him success in his splendid enterprise of reviving in the United States the noble art of oratory; and we hope that other literary institutions may share in the same advantages which his eminent talents, learning, and skill, has conferred on this.

JONATHAN MAXCY, D. D. *President.*

THOMAS PARK, *Ling. Prof.*

B. R. MONTGOMERY, *Mor. Phil. et Log. Prof.*

E. D. SMITH, *Chem. et Phil. Nat. Prof.*

} *Faculty
of the
College.*

The standing committee of the board of trustees have also transmitted to Mr. O. a letter, expressing their high sense of the services he has rendered their college. After fully concurring in the statement of the faculty, they add, "We have never known an instructor who possessed, in an equal degree, the talent of exciting the enthusiasm of his pupils. You have taught them to love the science in which they were instructed; and improvement must be the necessary consequence of such a disposition. Nor is this spirit confined to the science in which the students of this institution have been instructed by you. You have excited amongst them a general enthusiasm for literature; an enthusiasm which we flatter ourselves, will produce effects permanently beneficial to the college and the country. In this view alone we should feel ourselves bound to acknowledge, in the strongest terms, your merits and services toward the South-Carolina College."

Mr John Melish, of Philadelphia, has made arrangements for pursuing, on a very extensive scale, the business of publishing and selling maps, charts, and geographical works. This, as a separate branch of business, is altogether new in this country, and cannot fail to be of great public utility. Mr. M. has formed an arrangement with that firm of excellent engravers, at Philadelphia, whose reputation is so widely diffused by their taste and skill, displayed in the numerous bank notes which they have engraved within a few years. He is thus enabled to combine, in his geographical and topographical publications, great celerity with elegance and accuracy of execution. As a specimen of the general manner of his future publications, he has just published an excellent map of the state of Ohio, from a late actual survey, by Hough and Bourne, on a scale of five miles to an inch. It will be accompanied by a statistical account of the state of Ohio.

The following view of the present state of the local geography of the several states may be useful to many of our readers.

Massachusetts and Maine.—Separate maps of them were published a few years ago, by Carlton. They are correct as far as they go, but not well engraved.

New-Hampshire.—We understand that an excellent map of this state, by Car-ragan, on a scale of three miles to an inch, is now prepared for publication.

Connecticut.—There is a very fine map of this state, and well engraved, from an actual survey, under state authority, in 1812, by M. Warren and G. Gillet, on a scale of two and a half miles to an inch. This must not be confounded with Damerum's map, which, though later and sufficiently commodious, is much inferior.

Rhode-Island.—There is a small map of this state—but there should be a better one, especially of its sea-board.

Vermont.—There are several bad maps of Vermont. Whitelaw's, though not well engraved, is pretty good.

New-York.—Dewitt's large state map, though well engraved, and prepared under the inspection of a man of great professional merit, was compiled, in part, from

bad materials, and cannot be highly recommended. It contains several errors of importance. The minutest features of the topography of the country, its mountains, smaller streams, &c. are much neglected, and the civil divisions of the state have been a good deal altered, since the date of this survey. There is an excellent map, on a large scale, by Sauthier, (1:75,) which, for the then settled part of the state, (from Lake George to the sea,) is admirable, and well deserves republication. Eddy's map, of twenty miles round the city of New-York, is neat and correct. Lay's, of the upper part of the state, is convenient, and sufficiently accurate for ordinary purposes. But it becomes this munificent state to take measures for a far more minute and perfect geographical survey than it has yet had. If this charge were confided to the corps of engineers, or the scientific professors of the military academy at West Point, New-York might, at an expense comparatively trifling, boast of a survey, we confidently say, not inferior to those of Mudge, Rennel, or Vallancey.

New-Jersey.—By Watson—four miles to an inch.

Pensylvania.—By Howell—The original on a scale of five miles to an inch. The same reduced to ten miles to an inch—Both are very good and distinctly engraved, but by no means so minute as to the physical geography of the country, or so magnificent in execution as this opulent and most important state ought to possess.

Maryland and Delaware.—By Griffith.—Five miles to an inch— a good map.

Virginia.—Originally surveyed by the late Bishop Madison, since improved by others. This is a fine six-sheet map, and altogether one of the very best state maps; certainly the best of those of the great states.

North-Carolina.—Surveyed in 181, by Price and Hothers—very good indeed.

South-Carolina, Georgia, Kentucky, and Tennessee, have no good maps. Mr. Melish states that there is a good map of Georgia in MS. If so, it should be published. It would well repay the expense.

Ohio.—Hough and Bourne, just published. We have not seen it, but good judges speak highly of its merit.

Louisiana.—B. Lason has published a good map of the lower part of the state. It is distinctly but not handsomely engraved. The work of Messrs Daryl & Brinquier, announced in our last number, will probably add much to our geographical knowledge of this state. Those gentlemen have also in manuscript a good map, from actual survey, of the greater part of the state.

There are manuscript maps of the several territories in the public offices of government. Bradley's general map presents the only good geographical view of them which has yet been published, but that is by no means sufficiently particular and exact for purposes of business.

Wells & Lilly, Boston, have reprinted from the London edition, *Discipline*, a novel—2 vols. 12mo. The design of this novel is to portray a brilliant female character, free indeed from every coarser vice, but proud, malicious, selfish, and frivolous, gradually purified and exalted into high excellence, by the salutary discipline of adversity, and the operation of religious principle. These volumes have almost every merit that can recommend fictitious writing—interest of narrative—happy delineation of character—vivid description of scenery and of manners, and purity and elegance of style. The religious opinions of the authoress, without being dilated into undefined generalities, are neither narrow nor fanatical. The moral instruction, of which the story is intended to be the vehicle, is naturally interwoven in the narrative; nor is the reader obliged to labour through any of those heavy masses of controversial divinity, which are so frequently smuggled into novels of a grave cast, under the unsuspected forms of sentimental love letters, and tea-table conversations.

Van Winkle & Wiley, New-York, have reprinted *A New Covering to the Velvet Cushion*, one vol. 18mo. This work is intended as a set-off to the *Velvet Cushion*, and to support the cause of the English dissenting interest among the novel readers, as the *Velvet Cushion* had done that of the establishment.

OBITUARY.

Died—August 20th, at Flatbush, (L. I.) suddenly, RICHARD ALSOP, Esq. of Middletown, (Conn.) in the 56th year of his age.

This gentleman, though he was occasionally engaged in agricultural and commercial pursuits, had devoted the far greater part of his life to literature. At a period when there was, in this country, little general taste for literature, and without that stimu-

lus to mental cultivation which professional pursuits often afford, he manifested, in early youth, a love of letters, and an enthusiastic fondness for poetry, which he retained throughout his whole life. His early poetical compositions were chiefly of a fugitive kind, and were published in the newspapers and magazines of the times. Some of these have been since embodied and preserved in a collection of "American Poetry," printed twelve or fifteen years ago at Litchfield, (Conn.) He first became generally known as an author, by several pieces of satirical poetry: the first of these was published at New-York, and the others, under the title of the *Greenhouse, the Echo, &c.*, from time to time, at Hartford. These were all designed to ridicule the then opposition, and to support the administration of President Adams. They had great pungency, wit, and sprightliness, and were, at the time, exceedingly popular; a good deal of the wit was local, and much of the sprightliness has evaporated by time, but a considerable portion of these poems may still be read with pleasure. In 1800 he published a "Monody," in heroic verse, on the death of Washington; and some year after, a very elegant and polished translation from the Italian of Berni, under the title of "The Fairy of the Lake." It is rather undervaluing than exaggerating the merits of this performance to say that it deserves a place in every library by the side of the Ariosto and Tasso of Hoole.

He had, for many years been employed on a larger work "The Charms of Fancy," an excursive poem, in which he took a wide range of remark and description. A short time before his death, he had translated and prepared for the press, "*Aristodemus*," a tragedy of great merit, from the Italian of Monti; and he had for some time been amusing himself with translating from the Greek, into English blank verse, the poem of Quintus Calaber on the war of Troy.* All these, together with a prose translation of a posthumous work of Florian are still in manuscript. He had also commenced an epic poem on the conquest of Scandinavia, by Odin, in which he intended to have recourse to the Scandinavian mythology as a source of imagery and illustration.

Mr. Alsop, at different times, enriched the literature of his country by the publication of several prose translations from the French and Italian; some of these are of an ephemeral nature, but his excellent translation of "Molina's History of Chili," with notes, &c. by the translator, 8 vols. N. York 1804; is a most valuable contribution to science and the knowledge of geography. His last publication was "The Adventures of John Jewitt," (See *Analectic Magazine* vol. 3 p. 493.) in which he has worked up the rude story of an unlettered man, with a pleasing simplicity of style which is likely to make it almost as popular in this country as Robinson Crusoe.

In familiar acquaintance with the literature of England, France, and Italy, he had scarcely an equal, certainly not a superior in this country; and although not a minute grammarian, his attainments in classical learning were very respectable. His knowledge was general and various. The "Universal Receipt Book" published some time ago from a collection which he had gradually made in several years, though not to be spoken of as a scientific or literary production, affords some evidence of his habits of observation and attention to every subject of practical utility.

He could scarcely be called a man of science, but there were few persons better acquainted with the more elegant parts of natural history. He was particularly skilful, and took great pleasure in preserving and preparing rare plants, flowers, and birds of gay plumage or uncommon occurrence.

Except for a period when he was engaged in business at New-York, he always resided in Middletown, his native village, where he lived in a very gentlemanly and hospitable style.

He was perhaps, somewhat deficient in energy and decision, but his character was extremely amiable, and his morals were without reproach. Though a warm politician, he was free from acrimony and malignity; and the satirist of democratic politics was the personal friend of Joel Barlow.

Few men, in private life, have lived more beloved, or died more lamented. He has contributed very much to the literary improvement and not a little to the literary reputation of his country; and in the whole mass of his various publications, it would be difficult to find a single sentence in any way unfriendly to morals or religion, or

"One line which, dying, he might wish to blot."

* One of the later Greek poets who continued the Iliad. Some account of this writer may be found in the *Analectic Magazine*, vol. 3. p. 494.



J. H. P. Pinet

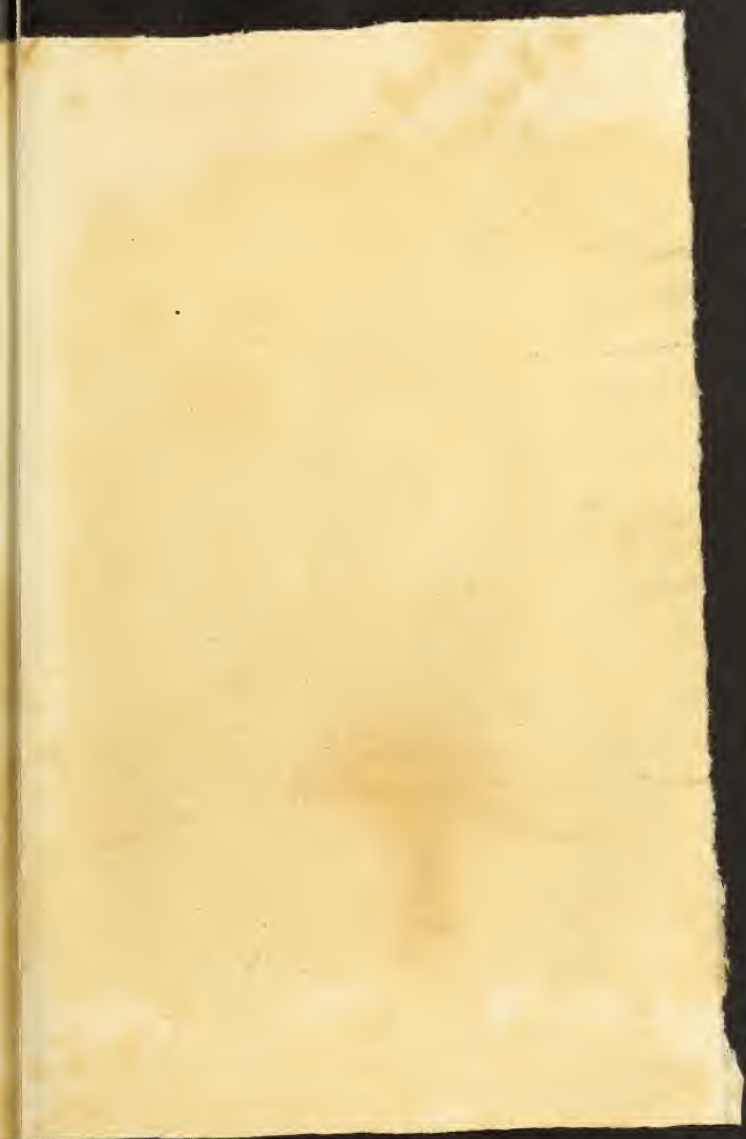
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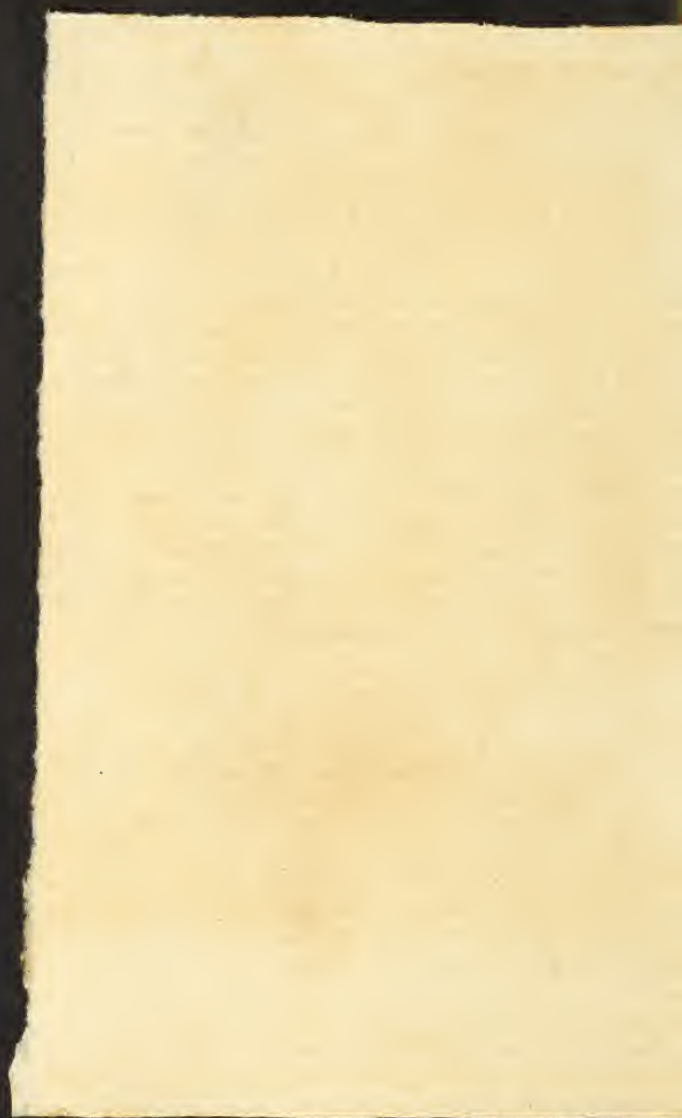
LEWIS WARRINGTON ESQ.^R
(of the United States Navy)

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soul elevating: till then they can delight and improve those only who have fancy enough to transport themselves into the poet's circumstances and mood of mind, and leisure enough to work out with him the speculations and feelings consequent thereupon. In default, however, of time or inclination on his own part, may it be allowed to us, who admire him on principle, to state, more fully than under common circumstances, that conception of his writings, whether rightly or wrongly formed, on which we ground our admiration: discharging thereby, as far as in us lies, our debt of gratitude to the poet, and showing, perhaps, to some who have paid less attention to the subject, how they may improve themselves by the poem, and unlock all its treasures of noble and benevolent emotions.

The principles, then, which seem to us to shine like a glory round every page of true poetry, and which the present work seems principally intended to enforce, are these; that whatsoever material or temporary exists before our senses, is capable of being associated, in our minds, with something spiritual and eternal; that such associations tend to ennoble and purify the heart; lastly, that the end of descriptive verse is to make them habitual to our minds, and its business, to unfold and exemplify them; to teach men to

“ Find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.”

Or, as one hath sung yet more divinely,

“ Man is the world's high-priest, and doth present
The sacrifice for all, while they below
Unto the service mutter an assent,
Such as springs use that fall, and winds that blow.”

Whosoever shall act up to these words in their full import, as Mr. Wordsworth has done, must of course expect to be laughed down by those whose imaginations are too dull to perceive, and whose hearts are too hard to feel ought beyond the hurry and the bustle of the world around them; by those who can perceive no joy in communing with themselves, or with the works of nature; who like Fleet-street as well as Valcluse, and the Canal in St. James's Park better than Windermere; whose minds are set upon intrigues and fees, business and bustle, places and preferments, and all the toilsome varieties of digging and delving, which “ the least erected spirit that fell” exacts of his votaries. To such as these the retired poet cannot speak: they have not learned the alphabet of his language; but there are many of better and more honest feelings, delighted according to rule by scenery and verse, who are yet so startled by the new and abstruse combinations which this principle has produced, that they throw the book aside in disgust, pronouncing the author puerile or unintelligible; whom, they had met with earlier in life, before their habits of criticism

were formed, they would readily have excused and admired him. These are the men to whom we would fain speak a good word for Mr. Wordsworth and his theory; and, as among them one argument from authority is worth two from speculation, we will refer them, in the first place, to the direct testimony and example of some of the brightest luminaries of the land. Bishop Hall shall be the first; who, in his *Proeme to Occasionall Meditations*, thus, in few words, delivers the rule in question:

“Our active soul can no more forbear to think than the eye can chuse but see when it is open. To doe well, no object should pass us without use; every thing that we see reads us new lectures of wisdom and piety. It is a shame for a man to be ignorant or godless under so many teachers. For me, I would not wish to live longer than I shall be the better for my eyes: and have thought it thankworthy thus to teach weak minds to improve their thoughts upon all like occasions.”

But the great teacher, as well as exemplar, of this branch of Christian discipline was Robert Boyle, whose preface to his *Occasional Reflections* is as sound in philosophy, as the work itself is rich in poetry and devotion. He has there shown at large the good effects of the habit on the mind and heart, comprehending all in one word, “heavenly mindedness.” There he has taught us to make the whole world a school of wisdom, to transmute every pebble that lies in our way into a precious jewel, every chance breath of air into a whisper from heaven. The exclusion of proud and impure thoughts from the imagination is the least advantage which we might thus ensure to ourselves. The heart also would be partaker of the benefit; for the influence of these two is always reciprocal, and with whatsoever we engage our fancy long, that is sure to become, if within our reach, an object of our hopes or fears. Moreover, by considering all things sensible with respect to some higher power, we are more likely to get an insight into final causes, and all the wonderful ways of Providence; and, above all, it tends to give an habitual sense of the presence of God.

“In a word, when the devout soul is come to make that true use of the creatures, as to look upon them as men do upon water that the sun gilds with his beams; that is, not so much for itself as for the reflective virtue it has to represent a more glorious object: and when she has, by long practice, accustomed herself to spiritualize all the objects and accidents that occur to her, I see not why that practice may not be one of the most effectual means for making good that magnificent assertion of the apostle, ‘That all things work together for good to them that love God:’ a devout occasional meditation, from how low a theme soever it takes its rise, being like Jacob’s ladder, whereof though the foot leaned on the earth, the top reached up to heaven.”*

* Boyle’s Works, vol. ii. p. 161. folio.

ANALECTIC MAGAZINE.

FOR OCTOBER, 1815.

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The Excursion; being Part of the Recluse, a Poem. By Wil-
liam Wordsworth. 4to. 447. pp. 1814.

[From the British Critic.]

THE name of metaphysical, by which Johnson has distinguished the poetry of Donne, Cowley, and their imitators, might perhaps as justly, though somewhat in a different sense, be applied, in our own days, to that class of writers, in which Mr. Wordsworth holds so distinguished a place. It is not meant that there exists any striking resemblance in their modes of thinking and writing, any farther than as they are both careless how far they wander from common associations of thought and language. Not content, as most imitators of nature have been, with embodying the brighter hues which play on the surfaces of things, both these schools have searched deeply into their hidden workings and mutual attractions: but as their objects were very different, so they did not collect the same materials, nor make the same use of them. The metaphysical poets of the seventeenth century seem to have sought out for nothing but remote resemblances in

things apparently the most unlike: they assemble at will brilliant images from all quarters, and their delight is to show what rapid, dexterous, and manifold permutations and combinations may be made of them: we are thus perpetually amused by the spirit and luxuriance of the author, but are ready enough to lay down the book for any other gaudy or glittering amusement. For what reason, except that in all this there is nothing to melt, or ennoble, or calm the spirit? nothing which can be brought to our minds by our daily and hourly occupations and feelings, which comes home "to our business" and "bosom," mixing itself with our goings out and our comings in, our fireside talk, and our nightly reveries? The defect will be more distinctly felt, if we look to the result of a different sort of metaphysical observation, as exemplified in the writings of our author, and of others, his partners in friendship and in fame. These also are metaphysicians, but they have analyzed mind and matter, not with a purpose of cold and barren speculation, nor of glittering and useless comparison, like their predecessors just mentioned: but considering that the end of poetry is to instruct through the imagination and the passions, they have regarded every thing naturally felt or imagined by man, as being, so far, a proper subject for them; and they have used their abstract knowledge, not to provide playthings for the fancy, but to furnish a clue to the windings of the heart. The consequence is, that their poetry is every where deeply and highly tinged with feeling: it may be often obscure, sometimes trivial, but it can never be unimpassioned. Peculiar as it seems in its principles, and refined in its operations, we must not expect that it should ever be universally popular, but it will meet with few moderate partizans: where it is admired, it will be beloved and idolized.

Of Mr. Wordsworth this is more especially true, because he has deviated farthest and most avowedly from the ordinary track, and is constantly professing and enforcing his peculiar notions; which, if they be not truly poetical, and such as to furnish not thought only, but materials for thinking, impressions deep and lasting, as well as strong impulses, they cannot but afford more disgust than the common frailties of authors, inasmuch as they are more obvious and obtrusive. He owes it, therefore, to his own fair fame, distinctly to set forth the principles, on which rests a practice so repugnant in many instances to his readers' habits of judging. Since his poetry is the shadow of his philosophy, the result of intense reflection, and a peculiar way of combining and abstracting, its interest depends in a great measure on a right understanding of the process which formed it. But there are few who have music enough in their souls to unravel for themselves his abstruser harmonies: only let him sound the key note, and the apparent confusion will vanish: let him make his tones well understood, and they will be to every ear delightful, to every

But the blaze of that day was too bright to last: in the next generation, aided by artificial manners and a satirical, heartless spirit of criticism, the form of poetry begun to encroach on its substance, and scenes were described for the mere sake of describing them, on the same principle that versification was turned into a game of battledoor and shuttlecock; the reader's desire of amusement at the least possible expense of thought, producing, in the writer, an effort to make the pleasure derivable from his work as near to that of mere animal sensation as might be. Yet many men of sense and spirit were reconciled to the couplet style, by the strong lines which it occasionally produced, forgetting (the exclusive admirers of Dryden especially) that mere condensation of thought is not poetry, and that the true Pierian spring flows bright and pure, as well as deep.

The shackles, however, were burst by Thomson, and Collins, and Akenside, and, since their day, the works of nature have not wanted observers able and willing to deduce from them lessons, which Providence, if we may speak it without presumption, intended them to convey. But none have ever entered so profoundly into this theory of their art as those commonly known by the name of the Lake Poets, particularly Mr. Wordsworth, who, being by nature endowed with feelings of exquisite delicacy, by fortune placed in the very palace of solitude and contemplation, by education and habit taught to love what is lovely, and revere what is sacred, has made it his daily and hourly business to spiritualize all sensible objects; and hath not been afraid or ashamed of reflecting seriously and deeply (for there is surely room for deep and serious reflection) on the humblest and most trivial accidents of scenery and character.

What he has thus felt, he has made known with too little respect for "the age of sophists, economists, and calculators;" and often, we must in earnest allow, with too manifest a disregard of the common notions of men on poetical subjects. Still, that he is not so thoroughly heretical as many suppose; that where he is wrong, he is wrong by the misapplication of right principles, not by the wilful adoption of erroneous ones, and that where he excels, he excels in the highest kind, even in the walks of Milton and Spenser, and all those who have immortalized the perishable things which they described, by joining them with the eternal things which all hope or imagine; these are positions which we find forcing themselves more and more on our minds, the more diligently we study his works, and compare them with the remains of those mighty masters.

We have thought proper to preface our remarks on the Excursion with a statement of this principle, which seems to us the key to most of its intricacies, and many of its highest beauties. But let us take the author's own exposition of it.

" Trust me, that for th' instructed time will come
 When they shall meet no object but may teach
 Some acceptable lesson to their minds
 Of human suffering, or of human joy.
 For them shall all things speak of man: they read
 Their duties in all forms; and general laws,
 And local accidents, shall tend alike
 To rouse, to urge, and with the will confer
 Th' ability to spread the blessings wide
 Of true philanthropy. The light of love
 Not failing, perseverance from their steps
 Departing not, they shall at length obtain
 The glorious habit by which sense is made
 Subservient still to moral purposes,
 Auxiliar to divine. That change shall clothe
 The naked spirit, ceasing to deplore
 The burthen of existence."

Mr. Wordsworth has embodied this among other favourite speculations, in a long Poem, to be called the *Recluse*, "as having for its principle subject the sensations and opinions of a poet living in retirement." And he has selected this, the second of three parts whereof the whole work is to consist, because "having more reference to passing events and an existing state of things than the others, greater progress was naturally made in it;" nor is it so connected with them as to be hurt by separate publication: for it is in itself nothing like a fragment, but a complete body of thought and imagery, having for its general scope to teach by description, and by simple narrative in form of description, that lesson paramount to all others, which, as we have seen, Boyle drew from the same source, "That all things work together for good to them who love God and man."

" — — — One adequate support
 For the calamities of mortal life
 Exists, one only:—an assur'd belief
 That the procession of our fate, howe'er
 Sad or disturb'd, is order'd by a Being
 Of infinite benevolence and power,
 Whose everlasting purposes embrace
 All accidents, converting them to good.
 The darts of anguish fix not where the seat
 Of suffering hath been thoroughly fortified
 By acquiescence in the Will Supreme
 For time and for eternity; by faith,
 Faith absolute in God, including hope,
 And the defence that lies in boundless love
 Of his perfections; with habitual dread
 Of aught unworthily conceived, endured

The poetical use of this habit is no less obvious than its religious and moral application. Such as may be willing with us to believe, that poetry has for its object the teaching man truth through the fancy and the affections, or, as the same hath been far better expressed, that its essence is "impassioned imaginative reason:" these will be at no loss to discern how needful it is that the poet should form such associations, before the description of natural objects can form any part of his work. It is bringing fire from heaven to mix up with the clay, ere the Promethean rod can give it life and motion. In proportion as it is successfully practised, all things material become invested with the splendours of mind; till, in the end, not a form, not a colour, not a motion in the boundless landscape of nature, animate and inanimate, but is waited on by some feeling of the heart, or some shadow bodied forth by the imagination. And whereas the external or historical delineation of each object can be but one, the treasures of poetical description, thus conducted, are as various and inexhaustible as the workings of the mind of man. But even waving what may be paradoxical in this doctrine, and avoiding any discussion which may call up that question with a thousand answers, What is poetry? it may be enough to consider, that in painting with words, no less than with colours, those artists are always considered as the best, who make us feel as well as see their work, and excite sympathy as well as admiration.

It would be a very engaging task to trace the progress of descriptive poetry with a view to this principle, to mark how the great hierophants of nature have instinctively used it as the true key to her high mysteries, and how among her inferior ministers it has had more or less influence, according to circumstances of age, nation, and character. Ancient Greece, the land of fair forms, delicious airs, and leisurely contemplative habits, availed herself of it both in her poetry and her mythology to the uttermost that her corrupt religion would allow.

" In that fair clime the lonely herdsman, stretch'd
On the soft grass through half a summer's day,
With music lull'd his indolent repose:
And, in some fit of weariness, if he,
When his own breath was silent, chanc'd to hear
A distant strain, far sweeter than the sounds
Which his poor skill could make, his fancy fetch'd,
Even from the blazing chariot of the sun,
A beardless youth, who touch'd a golden lute,
And fill'd th' illumin'd groves with ravishment.
The nightly hunter, lifting up his eyes
Towards the crescent moon, with grateful heart
Call'd on the lovely wanderer who bestow'd
That timely light, to share his joyous sport:

And hence, a beaming goddess with her nymphs,
 Across the lawn, and through the darksome grove,
 (Not unaccompanied with tuneful notes
 By echo multiplied from rock or cave)
 Swept in the storm of chase, as moon and stars
 Glance rapidly along the clouded heavens,
 When winds are blowing strong. The traveller slaked
 His thirst from rill or gushing fount, and thank'd
 The naiad. Sunbeams upon distant hills
 Gliding apace, with shadows in their train,
 Might, with small help from fancy, be transform'd
 Into fleet Oreads sporting visibly, &c. P. 179.

The Romans were too busy in governing the world; their skies were less serene, and their religion more civil and less imaginative than the Greek. Accordingly, we find the descriptions of their minor poets in general less touching.

“ The woods and shores are forsaken of their nymphs;
 From haunted spring, and dale
 Edg'd with poplar pale,
 The parting genius is with sighing sent.”

The influence of the sister art is too apparent: the work is beautiful in its kind, but it lies lifeless before us. This is too often the case in all the Latin poets that we know, except the two mighty enchanters, Virgil and Lucretius, whose descriptions each in their kind possess absolute sway over us; the one by his sweetness captivating the heart; the other by his awfulness thrilling and overpowering the imagination.

When poetry revived in modern Europe, superstition had again been at work, peopling the landscape with a new set of shadows, and, in copying the visible and external forms of things, it was not possible to leave out the airy drapery of sympathies and fancies, wherewith she had invested them. One principal reason why the descriptions of the Italians and of our own best and oldest bards do so thoroughly inthrall the mind, may be this; that when they wrote, the impressions of chivalrous and monastic enthusiasm were not quite worn out of the surface of nature, and every tree and every spring was haunted by remembrances of love and piety. At the same time, the spirit of the age exercising them in free inquiry, they were ever striking out new combinations, and searching all the depths of analogy; whence it came to pass that they were at once the most imaginative and the most philosophical of all observers; and if ever the archetype of perfect descriptive poetry was present in man's mind, it was extracted from the pages of the poets in the days of Elizabeth; and he who framed it for himself was Milton.

Impatiently; ill done, or left undone,
 To the dishonour of his holy name.
 Soul of our souls, and safeguard of the world,
 Sustain, thou only canst, the sick of heart!
 Restore their languid spirits, and recall
 Their lost affections unto thee, and thine!" P. 141.

This is the lesson and the prayer to the teaching of which Mr. Wordsworth has turned the conversation and incidents of a two days' ramble among the mountains of Cumberland. The first book, which is entitled "The Wanderer," represents the meeting of the poet with an old friend, one of the chief speakers in the moral dialogues which follow; and gives an account of his education, and habits of life and thought. 'This man is a sort of philosophical Burns, born in a shepherd's hut, trained among mountains and torrents at a Scottish village school, and, by his solitary occupation, exercised in reflection and poetry.

"O then what soul was his, when on the tops
 Of the high mountains, he beheld the sun
 Rise up, and bathe the world in light! He look'd—
 Ocean and earth, the solid frame of earth
 And ocean's liquid mass, beneath him lay
 In gladness and deep joy. The clouds were touch'd,
 And in their silent faces did he read
 Unutterable love. Sound needed none,
 Nor any voice of joy; his spirit drank
 The spectacle: sensation, soul, and form
 All melted unto him; they swallowed up
 His animal being: in them did he live,
 And by them did he die: they were his life.
 In such access of mind, in such high hour
 Of visitation from the living God,
 Thought was not: in enjoyment it expired.
 No thanks he breath'd, he proffer'd no request;
 Rapt in still communion that transcends
 Th' imperfect offices of prayer and praise,
 His mind was a thanksgiving to the power
 That made him: it was blessedness and love." P. 13.

We could almost wish, not for our own pleasure, but to avoid scandalizing such as feel by rule, that our author had given a being thus educated some higher employment than that of

"A vagrant merchant bent beneath his load."

Instinctively, as it may seem, he apologizes for it himself—

"Yet do such travellers find their own delight,
 And their hard service, deem'd debasing now,
 Gain'd merited respect in simpler times,

When squire and priest, and they who round them dwell
 In rustic sequestration, all, dependent
 Upon the pedlar's toil, supplied their wants,
 Or pleas'd their fancies with the wares he brought."

And certainly, they who feel no delight in the sublimities of this man's song, and the devout and affecting feelings which he utters, merely because he is called a pedlar, must needs be the slaves of names to an extraordinary degree, and that is a kind of service not very manly nor very philosophical.

With this "gray-haired wanderer," the poet surveys a ruined cottage with its garden, and hears from him the tale of its last inhabitant. It is "an ordinary sorrow of man's life," yet he has made it singularly affecting. A wedded pair, earning their bread in comfort and industry, are smitten first by famine, then by sickness, then by want of employment.

"A sad reverse it was for him who long
 Had fill'd with plenty, and possess'd in peace
 That lonely cottage. At his door he stood,
 And whistled many a snatch of merry tunes
 That had no mirth in them; or with his knife
 Carv'd uncouth figures on the heads of sticks.
 Then, not less idly, sought, through every nook
 In house or garden, any casual work
 Of use or ornament, and with a strange,
 Amusing, yet uneasy novelty,
 He blended, where he might, the various tasks
 Of summer, autumn, winter, and of spring.
 But this endured not: his good humour soon
 Became a weight in which no pleasure was,
 And poverty brought on a petty mood
 And a sore temper: day by day he droop'd,
 And he would leave his work, and to the town,
 Without an errand there, direct his steps,
 Or wander here and there among the fields.
 One while he would speak lightly of his babes,
 And with a cruel tongue: at other times
 He toss'd them with a false unnatural joy:
 And 'twas a rueful thing to see the looks
 Of the poor innocent children. 'Every smile,'
 Said Margaret to me, here beneath these trees,
 Made my heart bleed.'" P. 30.

Finally he is driven to become a soldier: he quits his home without a farewell, and no more is heard of him. The gradual decay of his wife is traced through the different visits of the pedlar, as by one who knows and pities human miseries. The story, beside its inherent beauty, gives great interest to the progress of the poem, by the development which it affords of

the pedlar's character, and his way of drawing comfort from the observation of things natural.

"Be wise and cheerful, and no longer read
The forms of things with an unworthy eye—
She sleeps in the calm earth, and peace is here.
I well remember that those very plumes,
Those weeds, and the high spear-grass on that wall,
By mist and silent rain-drops silver'd o'er,
As once I pass'd, did to my heart convey
So still an image of tranquillity,
So calm and still, and look'd so beautiful
Amid th' uneasy thoughts which fill'd my mind,
That what we feel of sorrow and despair,
From ruin and from change, and all the grief
The passing shows of being leave behind,
Appear'd an idle dream, that could not live
Where meditation was. I turned away,
And walk'd along my road in happiness." P. 47.

The second book introduces us to a new character, and the third makes us thoroughly acquainted with him. This is a retired man, once a school mate of the Wanderer, who having no sound principles, had been first dissipated, then happy in domestic life; but having lost the stay of that happiness, had sunk in despair. Whether his bliss or his despondency be more feelingly described is hard to say.

"My demerits did not sue in vain
To one, on whose mild radiance many gazed
With hope, and all with pleasure. This fair bride—
In the devotedness of youthful love,
Preferring me to parents, and the choir
Of gay companions, to the natal roof,
And all known places and familiar sights,
(Resigned with sadness gently weighing down
Her trembling expectations, but no more
Than did to her due honour, and to me
Yielded, that day, a confidence sublime
In what I had to build upon)—this bride,
Young, modest, meek, and beautiful, I led
To a low cottage in a sunny bay,
Where the salt sea innocuously breaks,
And the sea breeze as innocently breathes,
On Devon's leafy shore: a shelter'd hold,
In a soft clime encouraging the soil
To a luxuriant bounty.
Wild were the walks upon those lonely downs,
Track leading into track, how mark'd, how worn
Into bright verdure, among fern and gorse

Winding away its never ending line,
 On their smooth surface, evidence was none;
 But, there, lay open to our daily haunt,
 A range of unappropriated earth,
 Where youth's ambitious feet might move at large;
 Whence, unmolested wanderers, we beheld
 The shining giver of the day diffuse
 His brightness o'er a tract of sea and land
 Gay as our spirits, free as our desires,
 As our enjoyments boundless. From these heights
 We dropp'd. at pleasure, into sylvan combs,
 Where arbours of impenetrable shade
 And mossy seats detained us side by side,
 With hearts at ease, and knowledge in our hearts
 'That all the grove and all the day was ours.' " P. 118.

After her death,

"What followed cannot be review'd in thought,
 Much less retrac'd in words. If she, of life
 Blameless, so intimate with love and joy,
 And all the tender 'motions of the soul,
 Had been supplanted, could I hope to stand?
 Infirm, dependent, and how destitute!
 I call'd on dreams and visions, to disclose
 That which is veil'd from waking thought; conjur'd
 Eternity, as men constrain a ghost
 To appear and answer; to the grave I spake
 Imploringly; look'd up, and ask'd the heavens
 If angels travers'd their cœrulean floors,
 If fix'd or wandering star could tidings yield
 Of the departed spirit: what abode
 It occupies, what consciousness it retains
 Of former loves and interests? Then my soul
 Turn'd inward, to examine of what stuff
 Time's fetters are compos'd, and life was put
 To inquisition long and profitless.
 By pain of heart, now check'd, and now impell'd,
 The intellectual power through words and things,
 Went sounding on, a dim and perilous way." P. 126.

He was awakened from his trance of sorrows by the French Revolution, and for a time felt all the zeal of a reformer; till being gradually undeceived and disappointed, he retires to that utter solitude in which he is here found, little satisfied with himself, and mistrusting both God and man. Into this man's mouth the poet has put, with great force and probability, the usual arguments of sceptics and despondents against a superintending Providence, and the final prevalence of good or evil. And he has answered them by the mouth of the wanderer in the fourth

book, which is inscribed, "Despondency Corrected." Our extracts are becoming too large, but we cannot grudge our readers the delight and improvement to be found in the following passage.

"Then, as we issued from that covert nook,
He thus continued, lifting up his eyes
To heaven: 'How beautiful this dome of sky,
And the vast hills, in fluctuation fix'd
At thy command, how awful! Shall the soul,
Human and rational, report of thee
Even less than these? Be mute who will—who can,
Yet I will praise thee with empassion'd voice;
My lips, that may forget thee in the crowd,
Cannot forget thee here; where thou hast built
For thy own glory, in the wilderness!
Me didst thou constitute a Priest of thine,
In such a temple as we now behold
Rear'd for thy presence; therefore am I bound
To worship, here and everywhere, as one
Not doom'd to ignorance, though forc'd to tread,
From childhood up, the ways of Poverty;
From unreflecting ignorance preserv'd,
And from debasement rescued. By thy grace
The particle divine remain'd unquench'd,
And mid the wild weeds of a rugged soil,
Thy bounty caus'd to flourish deathless flowers,
From Paradise transplanted. Wintry age
Impends: the frost will gather round my heart;
And, if they wither, I am worse than dead!
Come, Labour, when the worn-out frame requires
Perpetual sabbath; come disease and want;
And sad exclusion through decay of sense,
But leave me unabated trust in thee,
And let thy favour, to the end of life,
Inspire me with ability to seek
Repose and hope among eternal things,
Father of heaven and earth! and I am rich,
And will possess my portion in content." P. 142.

He then points out resources against despondency, in the contemplation of truth and nature, in a right estimate of our own insufficiency, in the study of natural history, in rural amusements, in rural legends; this affords scope for a noble digression on the origin of mythology, and for an animated assertion of the right which the will and affections, as well as the reasoning faculty, have to be considered in the training of man's mind. In conclusion, the rule of associating things material with things spiritual is enforced, and its effects thus energetically summed up.

“ So build we up the being that we are.
 Thus, deeply drinking in the soul of things,
 We shall be wise perforce : and while inspir’d
 By choice, and conscious that the will is free,
 Unswerving shall we move, as if impell’d
 By strict necessity, along the path
 Of order and of good. Whate’er we see,
 Whate’er we feel, by agency direct
 Or indirect shall tend to feed and nurse
 Our faculties, shall fix in calmer seats
 Of moral strength, and raise to loftier heights
 Of love divine, our intellectual soul.” P. 197.

In the fifth book, “ the Pastor,” the doctrines begin to be exemplified. The Solitary has left his cottage to accompany his friends on a part of their ramble, and coming to a church-yard, they are led to consider how far the simple mountaineers, who tenant most of those graves, were concerned with the evils and consolations which they have been speaking of. In good time the village pastor appears, and is requested to give an account of his dead flock. This he agrees to, repeating first the arguments of the Wanderer, only with more distinctness in his profession of Christianity. “ Life,” he says,

“ ——— is energy of love,
 Divine or human, exercis’d in pain,
 In strife and tribulation ; and ordained,
 If so approved and sanctified, to pass
 Through shades and silent rest, to endless joy.”

This theme is followed up in the sixth and seventh books, called, “ The Church-yard among the Mountains ;” in which a great number of characters, such as might be supposed gathered together within the precincts of a Cumberland burying ground, are sketched with all the truth of Crabbe’s descriptive pencil, and with all the delicacy of Goldsmith’s, interspersed with many touches such as none but Wordsworth could throw in. Every one of these has its beauty, some sterner and some lighter : but the longest and most interesting is that of Ellen, the forsaken penitent. Perhaps all poetry might be fairly challenged to produce a passage of sweeter and simpler beauty than the following :

“ It was the season sweet, of budding leaves,
 Of days advancing tow’rd their utmost length,
 And small birds singing to their happy mates.
 Wild is the music of th’ autumnal wind
 Among the faded woods ; but these blithe notes
 Strike the deserted to the heart—I speak
 Of what I know, and what we feel within.

—Beside the cottage in which Ellen dwelt,
 Stands a tall ash-tree, to whose topmost twig
 A thrush resorts, and annually chaunts,
 At morn and evening, from that naked perch,
 While all the undergrove is thick with leaves,
 A time-beguiling ditty, for delight
 Of his fond partner, silent in the nest.
 —‘ Ah why,’ said Ellen, sighing to herself,
 ‘ Why do not words, and kiss, and solemn pledge,
 And nature that is kind in woman’s breast,
 And reason that in man is wise and good,
 And fear of Him who is a righteous Judge,
 Why do not these prevail for human life
 To keep two hearts together, that began
 Their spring-time with one love, and that have need
 Of mutual pity and forgiveness, sweet
 To grant, or be received; while that poor bird—
 Oh, come and hear him, thou who hast to me
 Been faithless, hear him, though a lowly creature,
 One of God’s simple children, that yet know not
 The universal Parent; how he sings,
 As if he wished the firmament of heaven
 Should listen, and give back to him the voice
 Of his triumphant constancy and love;
 The proclamation that he makes, how far
 His darkness doth transcend our fickle light?’ ” P. 288.

In the eighth book we are conducted to the parsonage, and in the ninth make an afternoon’s voyage over a neighbouring lake, with the return from which the poem closes, the effect upon the Solitary being good, but not complete enough to be called conversion. These two books furnish scenes well calculated to come in aid of those arguments of hope and comfort which fill those before them. A happy family, and a fine summer’s evening, are sights of themselves well nigh sufficient to cure despondence. In this part of the work we find some political digression; the eighth book contains a dissertation on manufactures, and their baneful result on the souls and bodies of their slaves: And in the ninth, the sight of two free-hearted and joyous children draws from the Wanderer a discourse on the natural activity, and consequent freedom of mind: whence he gathers it to be the duty of a nation in no wise to consider her children as mere instruments for making money, but to give them, as far as may be, an equality of that moral and religious instruction, whereon the true liberty depends, and for the sake of which alone outward freedom is to be valued.

We close our extracts with the pastor’s thanksgiving, regretting only that we cannot insert the whole of that high-minded prayer of which it forms the conclusion.

“ ————— O ye who come
 To kneel devoutly in yon reverend pile,
 Call'd to such office by the peaceful sound
 Of Sabbath bells; and ye, who sleep in earth,
 All cares forgotten, round its hallow'd walls!
 For you, in presence of this little band
 Gather'd together on the green hill-side,
 Your pastor is embolden'd to prefer
 Vocal thanksgivings to th' eternal king:
 Whose love, whose counsel, whose commands have made
 Your very poorest rich in peace of thought
 And in good works: and in him, who is endow'd
 With scantiest knowledge, master of all truth
 Which the salvation of his soul requires.
 Conscious of that abundant favour shower'd
 On you, the children of my humble care;—
 On your abodes, and this beloved land,
 Our birth-place, home and country, while on earth
 We sojourn,—loudly do I utter thanks
 With earnest joy, that will not be suppress'd.
 These barren rocks, your stern inheritance;
 These fertile fields, that recompence your pains;
 The shadowy vale, the sunny mountain top;
 Woods waving in the wind their lofty heads,
 Or hush'd; the roaring waters, or the still;
 They see the offering of my lifted hands,
 They hear my lips present their sacrifice,
 They know if I be silent, morn or even:
 For, though in whispers speaking, the full heart
 Will find a vent; and thought is praise to him,
 Audible praise, to thee, Omniscient Mind,
 From whom all gifts descend, all blessings flow.” P. 419.

It will naturally be asked, by those who are strangers to the work, how it is that we despair of the popularity of a poem so noble in design, and so rich in the best ingredients of beauty as these passages, and countless more, prove the *Excursion* to be. One word may account for our fears: the author is too intent on his system. Looking exclusively to the sacred lesson which he had to teach, he has been too careless on the one hand as to his manner of teaching it, too refined on the other, in forcing it on all occasions into notice. To the former cause may be ascribed many prosaic lines, and some whole paragraphs, chiefly of description, which, though they succeed in placing the scenes described full in the attentive reader's eye, and in preparing him, if he be at all used to such reflections, for the moral or religious discussion which is to follow, must needs be wearisome to the mass of those, whose judgment makes the fashion of the day in these matters. For example:

" Upon a semicirque of turf-clad ground
 The hidden nook discover'd to our view
 A mass of rock, resembling, as it lay
 Right at the foot of that moist precipice,
 A stranded ship, with keel upturn'd, that rests
 Fearless of winds and waves. Three several stones
 Stood near, of smaller size, and not unlike
 To monumental pillars: and, from these
 Some little space disjoin'd, a pair were seen,
 That with united shoulders bore aloft
 A fragment, like an altar, flat and smooth," &c. P. 97.

But the crying sin of Mr. Wordsworth is too much refinement in the application of spiritual associations to natural objects. Agreeing with him to the full in considering this as the essence of descriptive poetry, we yet feel and lament that he has not sufficiently distinguished between the common feelings of mankind and the wanderings of his own solitary spirit. He is too familiar with his art to see where the beginner finds difficulty. He listens to a lamb bleating, or gazes on the flight of a bird, and the visionary associations which spring up within him he takes for the ordinary stirrings of the heart, which all men who have leisure to feel at all, must feel as well as himself at the like objects. He passes abruptly from the picture to the result of the reverie it produced, and makes his writings obscure and fantastical for want of a little care in unravelling a thread of ideas so familiar to himself that he deems it easy to all mankind. This was to be expected from a man of strong imagination, living in the shadow of mountains, amidst the roar of winds and waters, and talking daily with Nature about the secret things of Providence. If Mr. Wordsworth had reflected enough on this tendency of a life like his, he would probably have smoothed off many allusions which now come so abrupt and unexpected as to startle even his more experienced readers; and by so doing he would have come nearer the end of poetry; which is not perfected until, to every man according to his measure, the cup of delight and instruction be full.

His occasional lapses into childish and trivial allusion may be accounted for from the same tendency. He is obscure, when he leaves out links in the chain of association, which the reader cannot easily supply: he is puerile, when he sets before us some object commonly accounted low or uninteresting, and leaves us to use it for ourselves to the same purpose of fancy or feeling, unto which it hath become in his own mind habitually instrumental. In his descriptions of children this is particularly the case,

because of his firm belief in a doctrine more poetical, perhaps, than either philosophical or Christian, that

Heaven lies about us in our infancy.

Though the tenderness and beauty resulting from this opinion be to us a rich overpayment for the occasional strainings and refinements of sentiment to which it has given birth, it has yet often served to make the author ridiculous in common eyes, in that it has led him to state his own fairy dreams as the true interpretation and import of the looks and movements of children, as being even really in their minds.

Such are the faults of composition, into which the habit of associating what we see and hear with what we believe and hope will be most apt to betray a mind, that can think and feel intensely. But there is an error in conduct to which it often leads, which it may be pardonable to mention here, because it is closely connected with the course and object of this work. That root of bitterness which lies so deeply imbedded in our nature, putting forth its shoots to lay hold of every wholesome plant, and poison it in return for its support—our original corruption—hath not failed to mingle itself even with our habits of pure and devout meditation, enticing us to rest satisfied with ourselves, if we have formed holy imaginations, and longed after heavenly things, though we have not embodied our feelings in active zeal and charity. This is the sin which most easily besets the fervid and melancholy mind, smitten with the love of scenery and poetical meditation: and if not duly checked by a strong practical sense of duty, its effects are but the more lamentable for the nobleness of the heart in which it abides. At once restless and indolent, ever turning giddily round in a maze of his own making, without advancing a single step in the race of glory and benevolence; if ever human mind became pitiable in the eyes of men and angels, it is that man's, who spends his life in beating the air with the strength of right principles habitually separate from his practice. The *Excursion*, however, though its subject be so dangerous, is so far from deserving any censure in this kind, that all its tendencies are strong in encouragement of real, industrious, social virtue. The two men of sentiment, the Pastor and the Wanderer, are both represented as doing good to all within their sphere. And in the following passage the exercise of duty is recommended to the solitary as the chief and only comfort of the sick soul.

“ ———— What then remains?—To seek out
Those helps, for his occasions ever near,
Who lacks not will to use them; vows, renew'd
On the first motion of a holy thought;
Vigils of contemplation; praise; and prayer,

A stream, which, from the fountain of the heart
 Issuing, however feebly, nowhere flows
 Without access of unexpected strength.
 But, above all, the victory is most sure
 To him, who, seeking faith by virtue, strives
 To yield entire submission to the law
 Of conscience; conscience reverenc'd and obey'd,
 As God's most intimate presence in the soul,
 And his most perfect image in the world.
 Endeavour thus to live; these rules regard,
 These helps solicit; and a steadfast seat
 Shall then be yours among the happy few
 Who dwell on earth, yet breathe empyreal air,
 Sons of the morning. For your nobler part,
 Ere disencumber'd from her mortal chains,
 Doubt shall be quell'd, and trouble chas'd away;
 With only such degree of sadness left
 As may support longings of pure desire,
 And strengthen love, rejoicing secretly,
 In the sublime attractions of the grave." P. 151.

Who can estimate the advantage which would result to mankind, if all men endowed with Mr. Wordsworth's talents would devote them to the expression, by their life and writings, of sentiments pure and ennobling like these? Is it indeed for purposes of vanity or applause, or to be the plaything of an idle hour, that poetry was sent into the world? that a few are gifted above their fellows with eyes that can see deep into their own minds, and wide around them on the operations of Nature and Providence; with a tongue that can wield all the powers of language for gracefulness or terror; with the port and march almost of superior beings, bowing all hearts to receive their words as it were an oracle? Are all these things for our amusement, or are they talents, for the use of which we shall be called to a severer account, in proportion as they are more rare and precious than those even of the monarch or conqueror. These are awful questions, and it nearly concerns every man of poetical genius to ask them of his own heart, and to act conscientiously up to the answer he receives: that the noblest faculties of our nature may be employed to the noblest ends, and the reason, the fancy, and the affections concur in doing good to mankind, and giving glory to God.

Hebrew Melodies. By Lord Byron. 8vo. pp. 54. London, 1815.
New-York, reprinted. Swords, 18mo.

[From the Eclectic Review.]

HERE, certainly, his lordship has failed: instead of rising above his subject, as he has been accustomed to do, he has sunk under it. Not that the failure is of a kind likely to injure his reputation as a poet: these songs, by the help of the melodies for which they were written, and under the sanction of their author's name, stand a fair chance of rivalling in popularity the compositions of his friend Moore, of which indeed they often reminded us.—The failure to which we allude, is one that respects taste and judgment, and consists in attempting to accommodate subjects selected from the Hebrew Scriptures to the light measures of a love song, at the expense of every thing characteristic of the scope and purpose of the original. The following specimen is taken at random.

JEPHTHA'S DAUGHTER.

" Since our country, our God—Oh my Sire!
Demand that thy daughter expire;
Since thy triumph was bought by thy vow—
Strike the bosom that's bared for thee now.

" And the voice of my mourning is o'er,
And the mountains behold me no more;
If the hand that I love lay me low
There cannot be pain in the blow!

" And of this, oh, my father! be sure—
That the blood of thy child is as pure
As the blessing I beg ere it flow,
And the last thought that soothes me below.

" Though the virgins of Salem lament,
Be the judge and the hero unbent!
I have won the great battle for thee,
And my father and country are free!

" When this blood of thy giving had gush'd,
When the voice that thou lovest is hush'd,
Let my memory still be thy pride,
And forget not I smiled as I died." P. 13, 14.

In this, and the greater part of these compositions, the reader will seek in vain to discover the author of the *Corsair*; there is neither depth of feeling, nor vigour of expression, nor play of fancy to redeem them from the condemnation to which, on the score of taste, putting aside all religious considerations, they are liable. A ballad, entitled "*Vision of Belshazzar*," begins in the following style :

"The king was on his throne,
The satraps throng'd the hall;
A thousand bright lamps shone
O'er that high festival,
A thousand cups of gold,
In Judah deem'd divine—
Jehovah's vessels hold
The godless heathen's wine !

"In that same hour and hall," &c. &c.

Jam satis.—It is perhaps unnecessary to remark, that in these "*Hebrew Melodies*," though there may be some melody, there is nothing beyond the titles and the occasional introduction of a name, to support the designation of Hebrew : unless the fact of their having been written for Jewish airs is thought sufficient.—One is at a loss to imagine how an admirer of the poetical beauties only, of the Old Testament writings, could sit down to execute such a travestie of their genuine character.—"King Agrippa, believest thou the prophets?"—In one respect alone they are Jewish poems :—We allude in particular to such as that "*On the day of the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus*." They are as *Jewish*, in opposition to every thing *Christian*, as Messrs. Nathan and Braham could have desired.

The following is one of the happiest efforts in the collection.

THE WILD GAZELLE.

"The wild Gazelle on Judah's hills
Exulting yet may bound,
And drink from all the living rills
That gush on holy ground ;
Its airy step and glorious eye
May glance in tameless transport by :—

"A step as fleet, an eye more bright,
Hath Judah witnessed there ;
And o'er her scenes of lost delight
Inhabitants more fair,
The cedars wave on Lebanon,
But Judah's statelier maids are gone

“ More blest each palm that shades those plains
 Than Israel’s scattered race ;
 For, taking root, it there remains
 In solitary grace :
 It cannot quit its place of birth,
 It will not live in other earth.

“ But we must wander witheringly,
 In other lands we die ;
 And where our father’s ashes be,
 Our own may never lie :
 Our temple hath not left a stone,
 And mockery sits on Salem’s throne.” P. 9, 10.

Shall we be told that Lord Byron has given us another instance of the impossibility of succeeding in Sacred Poetry ?—We reply, that these specimens only afford a fresh proof, which was not wanted, that the Scriptures are not honoured by the attempts of mere artists or poets to illustrate them ;—that something beside genius is necessary in order to secure success ; that devotional feeling and religious knowledge are no less indispensable requisites ; that, in order to sweep the harp of David, a man needs be not only preëminently a poet, but emphatically a Christian. Although subjects relating to religion are, from their very sublimity, less susceptible of ornament than the ordinary themes of poetry, and the feelings connected with the sacred subjects, from their very elevation, less easily combine with the materials of fancy, we can never consent to dissociate poetry from its noblest purpose. We trust that some Christian lyrist, gifted with genius equal to that of our noble author, may yet arise to vindicate the themes he has profaned. It ought to excite no surprise, that the hand of Genius itself should become withered by an unhallowed attempt to touch the Ark.

ORIGINAL.

THE ADVENTURES OF HENRY BIRD.

[*For the Analectic Magazine.*]

HENRY BIRD removed in 1797 from Frederick county, Virginia, where he was born in 1767, to the head waters of Sandusky, in the state of Ohio. He was accompanied by two of his neighbours, John Peters and Thomas Philips, in partnership with whom he had purchased a little tract of six hundred and sixty acres of land. At that time, there were no inhabitants within eight or nine miles of the spot they had chosen. The first thing they did was to build a log hut, with the assistance of their neighbours, who each brought a bushel of wheat to support the new-comers until they could raise their own grain. Such is the custom in all these little frontier settlements, where necessity has revived many good old patriarchal customs, and established a neighbourly connexion among the first settlers that is not seen in other communities.

Here Bird lived till the year 1811, during which time he became the father of five children, and saw the country change from a wilderness inhabited by panthers, bears, buffaloes, wolves, and wild turkeys, to cultivated farms, belonging to sturdy, independent yeomanry. The first year he came, though no hunter, he killed two panthers, and had an irruption made into his pig-sty, which adjoined one end of his hut, by a bear, who carried off one of his best pigs. For a long time, he was disturbed at night by the howling of wolves close under his windows; but as the country became cleared and more thickly settled, they gradually receded into the woods, and seldom came near the house. The Indians were all about them, and a friendly intercourse had long subsisted between Bird, and a warrior of the Shawanese tribe, called the Big Captain, who often came and slept at his house.

But after the battle of Tippecanoe, they all disappeared; and as this was a signal that they meditated revenge, the inhabitants gathered together, two or three families in a hut, that they might

be the better able to resist any sudden attack. Bird's friends, Peters and Philips, came to his house with their families, because it was larger than theirs, having, as he says, "two fire-places with a partition between." The whole number thus collected amounted to nineteen, three men, three women, and thirteen children, some of them quite grown up.

On the 17th of October, 1811, "just after daylight was gone," to use his own expression, while Bird was lying down on the bed, his wife roasting a piece of buffalo, and Peters and Philips, with three of the daughters were sitting round the fire, eight guns were discharged through the window, which killed the whole party at the fire, and wounded Bird in the hip with two balls. He sprung out of bed, but dropped on the floor, and at the same instant the Indians, eighteen in number, burst open the door with a horrible yell. Bird endeavoured to climb up so as to reach one of four loaded muskets, which hung against the wall, but was followed by an Indian who struck him in the shoulder with his tomahawk. This blow brought him down, and the Indian cut and hacked away at his left side, which was uppermost, until he thought him quite dead. Then, having killed the whole nineteen, and being fearful that the firing might have roused the neighbourhood, they seized the four rifles, the Big Captain gave the retreating war whoop, and they all retired to their canoes, which had been left at the head of a creek communicating with the waters of the Great Sandusky.

Here they lay until morning, when, finding all quiet, they returned to the house and fell to stripping the dead bodies, amounting to eighteen. When they had done this, they piled them up in the middle of the room. The Indians attempted to strip off Bird's hunting shirt of tow-linen, and were going to scalp him and throw him on the pile with the rest, when the Big Captain came. Bird spoke to him by name, begged to be tomahawked, and told the captain "he never used *him* so when he came to see him." The Big Captain then, without making any reply, began to examine his wounds, which when he had done, he exclaimed with wonder, "that the great spirit would not let him die. I will carry you home and cure you," said he.

He ordered two Indians to put Bird in a blanket and carry him down to his canoe, whither he followed him; and while the rest

of the party were bringing down the plunder, dressed his wounds ; for the Indians always carry with them materials for dressing wounds when they go to war. By this time they had loaded their canoes, and when the last party left the house, they set it on fire in order to burn the dead bodies, among which were Bird's wife and five children. This done, they went down the Sandusky into lake Erie, which they crossed and coasted down to the lower end, till they came to a creek the Indians called *Yo-hoh* ; up which they proceeded about fourteen miles, to the old Shawanese town. This was a distance of near four hundred miles ; during all this time the Big Captain dressed Bird's wounds with considerable skill, but handled him so roughly as to put him to very great pain. Bird thinks he remembers every thing that passed in this long transportation, and when I asked him about the state of his mind, said " he was so taken up with his own pains that he had no time to think of his murdered family."

The Big Captain carried him to his own wigwam, where he lay two-and twenty moons before he could walk with crutches. When he grew able, his business was to light the Big Captain's pipe, and fetch water for him. In this last occupation he sometimes met, at the spring, American white women, whose families mostly had been murdered, and who were now slaves to the Shawanese. One of these he knew ; she had lived in Ohio, and her story was that of hundreds of others, whose husbands and children had been surprised at their firesides and murdered. Bird promised, should he ever live to escape, that he would give information of the fate of these unhappy women, whose number in this single village was fifty-eight, and who, doubtless, have long been considered dead.

The Indians are the most jealous and suspicious of their prisoners of any people in the world. One of them had observed this conversation, without overhearing it, and gave notice that there was a plot among the white slaves to run away. Bird and the poor woman were then brought before the Big Captain, and threatened with death if they did not confess their plots. He persisted in refusing to make any disclosures, and the Big Captain ordered his two thumb nails to be twisted off. Finding that Bird still refused to make any disclosures, he at last became convinced of his inno-

cence, and, by way of satisfaction, directed him to twist off the thumb nails of the accuser. This, however, he declined.

From the time that Bird left off his crutches he had meditated making his escape, although he was in general treated pretty well by the Big Captain, except when the chief was in liquor. At such times even his wife did not dare to come near him, for his passions were terrible, and he was accustomed to indulge them with impunity, because it is a law of the Indians, that a drunken person is not accountable for his actions. It is the liquor, and not the man that is to blame. In order to throw the Big Captain off his guard, Bird affected on all occasions to prefer being the slave of such a great warrior to living among the white men, and working hard all day like a beast. "I lied," said Bird; "I don't deny it, but I thought it excusable in this case." The Big Captain, however, was very suspicious, and would never give him a chance to escape.

One evening in the latter part of February, when Bird had been near forty moons a prisoner, the Big Captain and his Lady both got very drunk, and as the rivers were now frozen, he resolved to take advantage of this circumstance to attempt gaining Detroit, or some other settlement of the whites. He had from time to time, by little and little, furnished his knapsack with a good quantity of jerked venison to serve him in his long journey. On the night of one of the last days of February, 1815, he left the Big Captain's wigwam, and took a direction as nearly south as possible, through the woods, in order to strike the shores of lake Erie. There was an Indian path to the lake, but he did not dare to take that, for fear of being overtaken by the Indians, should they discover his absence. It was a cold moonlight night, yet still he found much difficulty in keeping a direct course, and it was broad daylight before he struck the lake. From thence he continued up the lake, until about twelve o'clock, and had got, as they told him afterwards, about thirty miles from the town, when he was seized by a party of five Indians, as he was sitting on a log eating a piece of jerked venison. The Big Captain had discovered his flight at daylight, and set off with three hundred men, divided into parties of five each, to scour the woods in every direction.

They tied his hands behind him, and drove him in this way about a mile, to a rising ground, where they fired their guns, and

lighted a fire, by setting fire to an old dry walnut tree, as signals for the other parties to come in. Here they passed the night, during which time about one half of the parties had come in. The morning after, they drove Bird into the town, and a council was called to decide on what was to be done with him. It was concluded upon, that as he was determined not to stay with them, he should be "*burnt three days.*" The famous Shawanese Prophet, brother to Tecumseh, was at this council; his opinions are of great weight with the Shawanese, as he is considered to speak the will of the Great Spirit. Bird has seen him often. He is about fifty, very ill looking, and no warrior. He was continually exhorting the Indians to fight the Americans, and keep them from taking away their lands. The influence of the prophet may be estimated by the fact that at one time he had prevailed upon some of the tribes to abstain from spiritous liquors; but they afterward returned to their old habits.

The Big Captain came to tell Bird what they were going to do with him. It was what he expected, and had made up his mind to it. About an hour after sunrise he was taken a little outside the village to the war-dance ground, where he supposes three or four hundred Indians had collected. They tied him down on his back, with his feet fastened to a stake, and the Big Captain seized a fire-brand, which he held first against his hand, then against his arm, taunting him at the same time, by asking "if he intended to run away again soon?" This was done by others in turn, for thirteen different times, at intervals of half an hour, and sometimes of an hour, so that he might be as susceptible as possible to the pain. The intervals were filled up with dancings, tauntings, and expressions of contempt for white men. The louder he groaned, the louder they shouted, exclaiming that "Indians never groaned, but the white man was no better than a woman." This ceremony continued till within about two hours of sunset, at which time the fingers of his right hand were almost consumed, and his arm burnt quite to the bone. I saw his hand and arm myself, or I could never have been brought to believe that human nature could have endured such long suffering.

At this time there came up one Randall McDonald, a Scotch trader from Quebec. He had been all through that country,

buying furs, and was now on his way home, with a caravan of sixteen mules and four horses, loaded with skins. He was well known to the Indians, and offered to purchase Bird for a gallon of rum, which, he told the Big Captain, would afford them a much better frolick than burning a poor white man. The bargain was struck—the Big Captain took the rum—Randall M'Donald, with his own hands, cut Bird loose, put him on one of his horses, and set out immediately. They travelled all night, for fear the Indians would repent their bargain after drinking the liquor, and reclaim the poor half-burnt victim. In nine days, Bird thinks, they reached Kingston, where Randall bought him some clothes, and got a surgeon to attend him. They staid four days at Kingston, and then went down to Quebec. All the time during this journey he was attended kindly by Randall, who took him home to his house in Quebec, employed a surgeon, and he soon got well enough to be able to travel on foot. The good Scotchman then told him he might take his choice, either to remain with him or go home. Bird chose the latter; and Randall gave him money to carry him to the frontier; and sent him off with his good wishes. In these miserable times of national antipathies and savage warfare, it is gratifying to trace, in the conduct of Randall M'Donald, that steady, untiring benevolence, which adorns and exalts our nature. That he should have saved the prisoner at the stake is nothing. But that he should carry him with him, and support him, through such a long, tedious journey, dress his wounds in the wilderness, afterward take him to his home, and finally give him money to support him till he got to his own country, is what, I fear, few could have done under the like circumstances. Let us, then, do honour to this benevolent Scotchman, who saved one of our citizens from the stake, and sent him safe to his home.

The money given him by Randall M'Donald lasted Bird till he came to Vermont; from whence to Washington, he subsisted on the benevolence of his countrymen. In general, he says, he had little to complain of. His story almost always gained him food and lodging, and, with very few exceptions, he was seldom turned away from any man's door. Misery and poverty so seldom knock at the doors of an American farmer, that his heart is not

yet steeled to apathy by becoming familiar with objects of distress. From the borders of Vermont, he travelled by land to Albany, where the Patroon* got him a passage, free, to Egg-Harbour, and he says he thought his lady would never have done sending provisions on board the vessel for him. From Egg-Harbour, he came across New-Jersey to Delaware Bay, which he crossed to Jones's creek in the state of Delaware, whence he went to Haddaway's ferry, crossed the Chesapeake to Annapolis, and arrived at Washington the 6th day of July, 1815. His object in coming there, was to fulfil his promise to the poor women of the old Shawanese Town. It is with pleasure I add, that he was admitted to an audience of the president, and that measures have been taken, by the proper authority, to recover these unfortunate captives, should they be still alive.

I saw him, and inquired particularly into his story, which he repeated as I have given it, without variation or embellishment. There was a striking manliness in his deportment, and he told his tale with such an air of simple truth, that I could swear to every word of it. I asked if he had any objection to its being made public? He said none, provided I did not make a fine story about him. He was going among some distant relations in Frederick county, who he said would take care of him as long as he lived, and he did not want them to think he wished to be the hero of a story. He had more than forty wounds—his shoulder was partly cut off, his thigh gashed with seams, his side scarred with a tomahawk, his fingers almost burnt off, and one of his arms in some places nearly bare to the bone. Yet, he neither repined or complained that his lot was harder than that of other men, but exhibited, more than any being I ever saw, an example of that philosophy which is the offspring, not of reasoning, but of suffering, and of that inflexible hardihood which a long succession of labours, dangers, and hardships ever inspires. P.

* Stephen Van Rensselaer, Esq. of Albany, commonly known by this title in the state of New-York.

Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind. By Dugald Stewart, Esq. F. R. S. &c. Vol. II. 4to Edinburgh. Boston, reprinted, 8vo.

The Quarterly Review, No. xxiv. January, 1815.

IN common with many of our countrymen we had adopted the metaphysical doctrines of Dugald Stewart ; and, until the appearance of some strictures on his last work, in a late number of the *Quarterly Review*, it never occurred to us that the application of the inductive method could lead to false conclusions in relation to the intellectual faculties of man. But we must now be compelled to abandon this belief, if the strictures of the *Quarterly* critics possess a weight at all proportionate to the confidence with which they are advanced. According to them, Stewart's theory is radically absurd ; his application of the *novum organum* altogether paradoxical ; and his whole system conducive of no good practical purpose whatever. This is certainly a heavy sentence upon the labours of a man whose brilliant powers of intellect have been directed for more than forty years to the investigation of the phenomena of the human mind : and when we consider the nature of the tribunal from which the judgment proceeds, and the mixed character of the individuals who discharge the censorial functions, we cannot acquiesce in their decision till we have fairly and fully examined the arguments upon which it is founded. Such an examination we flatter ourselves to have made ; and the result of it is a decided conviction that the inferences of the *Quarterly Reviewers* proceed from an entire misapprehension, if not a gross misstatement, of the analogy which Mr. Stewart institutes, to show that mind and matter are precisely upon the same footing in respect to the means by which their laws and properties are respectively ascertained. That our readers may have the merits of the controversy (if such it may be called) fairly before them, we shall state as succinctly as possible the substance of Mr. Stewart's reasoning on this head, and extract his own eloquent illustration of that part of his doctrine to which the observations of his critic more immediately refer. In prosecuting this inquiry, attention should be paid to the guarded and cautious language of Mr.

Stewart : for it is, we apprehend, in consequence of neglecting this precaution that the Quarterly Reviewers have been led to confound distinctions which the delicate discrimination of this eloquent philosopher had nicely traced, and to draw conclusions from premises of which Mr. Stewart is altogether innocent. A short paragraph in the Introduction to the first volume of his *Elements*, contains a clear and concise statement of the *analogy* referred to.

“ The notions we annex to the words *matter* and *mind*, as is well remarked by Dr. Reid, are merely relative. If I am asked what I mean by matter ? I can only explain myself by saying, it is that which is extended, figured, moveable, hard or soft, rough or smooth, hot or cold ; that is, I can define it in no other way than by enumerating its sensible qualities. It is not matter, or body, which I perceive by my senses ; but only extension, figure, colour, and certain other qualities, from which the constitution of my nature leads me to infer something which is extended, figured, and coloured. The case is precisely similar with respect to mind. We are not immediately conscious of its existence, but we are conscious of sensation, thought, and volition ; operations which imply the existence of something which feels, thinks, and wills. Every man, too, is impressed with an irresistible conviction, that all these sensations, thoughts, and volitions, belong to one and the same being ; to that being which he calls *himself* ; a being which he is led, by the constitution of his nature, to consider as something distinct from his body, and as not liable to be impaired by the loss or mutilation of any of his organs.” Vol. I. Pp. 2, 3.

These considerations, in our view, conclusively establish the propriety of employing the same *organ* to the phenomena both of mind and of matter ; nor can we think with the Quarterly Reviewer that an exact analogy should be found to subsist between the properties of body and the affections of mind ; or, in their own less definite language, that mind and matter must be shown to be in “ the same class of existence,” before their respective phenomena can be investigated by one common method of induction. It is indeed not very easy to unfold the meaning which Mr. Stewart’s critic has wrapt up in that mysterious phrase “ *the same class of existence.*” We have always thought that the inductive method had no sort of relation to the *nature* of the facts about which

it was employed ; but referred merely to the order in which our investigation ought to proceed when occupied in deducing conclusions from those facts. We see no reason to think that Bacon's *organ* is exclusively confined to the department of physics ; or that this exact analogy should be required before the same *organ* could be applied to our intellectual phenomena. When the facts relating to any subject had been ascertained and recorded, we had thought that the only legitimate way of treating them was by the method of induction ; nor do we yet see any ground to give up this opinion.

Since it appears that, in point of evidence, the phenomena of mind and of matter are upon precisely the same ground ; and since the operations of the one are analogous to the properties of the other, philosophers have now pretty generally abandoned all disquisitions concerning the nature or essence of either, and have confined themselves to the humbler task of observing their phenomena, and of ascertaining their general laws. All questions concerning the manner in which mind exists ; whether it be extended, or unextended ; whether it be lodged in the brain, or diffused over the body ; are exactly in the same predicament with those which have been started respecting matter ; if it really exist or not, independent of percipient beings : if it be possible or not that it could be created—and accordingly such inquiries are no part of the plan which Mr. Stewart proposed to himself. His province was to record phenomena, and ascertain the laws by which they take place ; pursuing, in this respect, the same course which Newton adopted in investigating the phenomena of the material world.

We shall insert another passage of Mr. Stewart's own eloquent observations on the comparison which he institutes between the operations and laws of mind, and the properties and laws of matter, reminding our readers, at the same time, that this is the part of Mr. Stewart's statement which the Quarterly Reviewers have chiefly misrepresented.

“ Upon a slight attention to the *operations* of our own minds, they appear to be so complicated, and so infinitely diversified, that it seems to be impossible to reduce them to any general *laws*. In consequence, however, of a more accurate examination, the prospect clears up ; and the phenomena, which appeared, at first, to be too

various for our comprehension, are found to be *the result* of a comparatively small number of simple and uncompounded faculties, or of simple and uncompounded principles of action. *These faculties and principles are the general laws of our constitution, and hold the same place in the philosophy of mind, that the general laws we investigate in physics hold in that branch of science.* In both cases the LAWS which nature has established are to be investigated only by an examination of facts; and, in both cases, a knowledge of these laws leads to an investigation of an infinite number of phenomena." Vol. I. p. 8, 9.

Here is a distinction which ought to be kept in view. We see that there is as much difference between the operations of our minds, and the simple, uncompounded principles of which they are the results, as there is between the weight of a body and the general law of gravitation. But the Quarterly Reviewer has altogether lost sight of this important distinction; and to this unaccountable oversight all the hallucinations into which he falls may be traced. We shall subjoin Mr. Stewart's further illustrations of his parallel, as we do not trust ourselves to give an abstract of them in our own language, since this is the rock on which his critic has split.

"In the investigation of physical laws, it is well known, that our inquiries must terminate in some general fact, of which we can give no account, but that such is the constitution of nature. After we have established, for example, from the astronomical phenomena, the universality of the law of gravitation, it may still be asked, whether this law implies the constant agency of mind; and (upon the supposition that it does) whether it be probable that the Deity always operates immediately, or by means of subordinate instruments? But these questions, however curious, do not fall under the province of the natural philosopher. It is sufficient for his purpose, if the universality of the fact be admitted."

"The case is exactly the same in the philosophy of mind. When we have once ascertained a general fact, such as the various laws which regulate the association of ideas, or the dependence of memory on that effort of the mind which we call attention, it is all we ought to aim at in this branch of science. If we proceed no further than facts of which we have the evidence of our own consciousness, our

conclusions will be no less certain than those in physics: but if our curiosity leads us to attempt an explanation of the association of ideas, by certain supposed vibrations, or other changes, in the state of the brain; or to explain memory, by means of supposed impressions and traces in the censorium, we evidently blend a collection of important and well-ascertained truths with principles which rest wholly on conjecture." Vol. I. p. 9, 10.

Let us now turn to the representation which is given of the above reasoning in the Quarterly Review, and bring the respective statements of Mr. Stewart and his critic into immediate contrast. After stating cursorily the various fluctuations which have attended the question as to the foundation of our belief in an external world, and alluding to the intellectual principles of Dr. Reid, the critic proceeds:

"In addition, however, to these, we are taught that there are many other original, simple, and uncompounded *phenomena* in the mind, which Dr. Reid distinguishes as the intellectual *faculties*; such are memory, abstraction, conception, and so forth, all of which, as well as the instinctive principles above mentioned, he considers as being ultimate *laws* in our constitution, in the same manner as hardness, colour, extension, taste, are ultimate *laws* in the constitution of material substances." No. XXIV. p. 286.

Here the phenomena and the laws by which they take place are jumbled indiscriminately together. Hardness, colour, extension, are, according to this classification, ultimate *laws* in the constitution of matter; and memory, the "result of simple and uncompounded principles of action," is put without distinction among those very principles themselves! We cannot wonder at the subsequent absurdities of the reviewer, when we find him starting with such vague and loose notions.

By comparing the language here employed, with that of Mr. Stewart himself, on this subject, we shall find, that where the reviewer has adopted the same words which had been used by Stewart, they are collocated so very differently as to betray a real misapprehension of the distinction conveyed in the original. Stewart by no means asserts, (as his critic seems to

think,) that the operations of our minds are "simple and uncompounded phenomena," but that these operations are the "result of a comparatively small number of simple and uncompounded principles of action." Here is as plain a distinction as between the cause and its effect—between the descent of a heavy body and the principle of gravitation.

After committing this gross oversight, it is not strange that the reviewer should carry the same confusion through the whole discussion. Accordingly, we next find him comparing the properties of body with the simple and uncompounded principles of intellectual action. Indeed, the opposite points of the analogy are so strangely mixed up, that it is difficult to seize the critic's meaning.

"Mr. Stewart, says he, moreover considers it as a most unphilosophical opinion, to suppose the properties of body as in any way linked together, or as being effects produced by any correspondent powers in material substances themselves; they are merely contemporaneous phenomena, and the only business of legitimate philosophy is simply to ascertain and record them. Accordingly, since our intellectual *faculties and principles* are ultimate laws in our constitution, *and hold the same relation in respect to mind that the properties of body hold to matter*, it is plain, that to suppose them as being merely various *operations* of one and the same substance, is altogether a prejudice; they are nothing more than naked facts, associated perhaps in time and place, but which we have no reason to consider as being either actions of an individual substance, or effects of any single cause." No. XXIV. p. 286.

Here again the operations of mind are used as synonymous with the faculties and principles of which they are the result, and by this means a conclusion is drawn which is directly at variance with the explicit language of Mr. Stewart. As quoted above, Mr. Stewart says expressly, that "every man is impressed with an irresistible conviction that all his sensations, thoughts, and volitions, belong to *one and the same being*; to that being which he calls himself," &c. But, according to the Quarterly critic, we have not the least reason "to consider them as actions of the same individual substance." Indeed, it would be idle to prose-

cute this part of the subject any further. It has been sufficiently proved, we think, that the strictures of the reviewer are by no means warranted by Mr. Stewart's language; and to unravel all the perplexities into which his perverse ingenuity has led him, would require a constant repetition of the same remarks. We have only to bear in mind the distinction between principles and operations, laws and properties, to detect all these errors.

After these preliminaries, the Quarterly Reviewer aims a bold blow at the root of Stewart's system, denying that consciousness can furnish any evidence whatever, either of the existence of mind, or of the multifarious intellectual operations from which its existence is inferred. To establish this point, a division of our philosophical inquiries is made, which, to the best of our knowledge, is entitled to the praise of originality. "He may," says the critic, "either consider the mind, as it is in itself, or else in the objects about which it is conversant; the first may be named the method by inquiry into the *subjects* of our consciousness, the latter the method by inquiry into the *objects* of it." We confess, that we are unable to discern clearly the meaning of this. In what lies the difference between a *subject*, and an *object*, of consciousness? The mind is certainly conversant upon outward substances; but can it be correctly said that these are objects of consciousness? Am I conscious of my pen, ink, or paper? And yet is not my mind conversant about these by means of sensation and perception? The reviewer has not at all remedied this lame division by his subsequent explanations. "In the one case, (says he,) to use the phraseology of Mr. Stewart, our aim is, to ascertain the 'simple and uncompounded faculties, or the simple and uncompounded principles' of which the mind consists; in the other case, it is to ascertain the nature, the certainty, and the limits of the knowledge which it possesses." Without examining the accuracy of the position, that the "mind consists" of simple and uncompounded principles, we would merely suggest a doubt whether the nature, the certainty, or the limits of our knowledge, can enter into any inquiry concerning the objects of consciousness?

But quitting this point, let us see if the reviewer have not fallen into an absurdity, more palpable than that of which he labours to convict Mr. Stewart.

"It is admitted by Mr. Stewart, (says he,) that 'the mind is not conscious of its own existence;' nevertheless, as every *act* necessarily implies an *agent*, we *demonstratively* infer, from the things which we see, and feel, and think, the existence of *some* substance or other by which they are perceived. *So far it is agreed.* But the slightest reflection will convince us, that in the same manner, and from the same reason, that the mind is not *conscious* of its own existence, so neither is it *conscious* of the existence of those distinct and independent faculties with which it is commonly considered as being endowed. The question therefore is, can we necessarily and demonstrably infer from this internal feeling, the separate existence of those particular attributes, in the same manner that we infer from it the existence of some thinking substance* in general?"

Here it is plainly admitted, that there is a certain "internal feeling," called consciousness; and it is roundly said (p. 290.) that "as for the subjects of our consciousness, we confess that they have altogether eluded our search." But can we be conscious, without being conscious of *something*? It is admitted, on all sides, that there are such intellectual operations as thought, sensation, and volition; while even the Quarterly Reviewers do not pretend to deny that these operations produce in us certain "internal feelings." Now it is manifest that, if this internal feeling had always been one and the same, it could never have given rise to any distinction between the several operations of the human mind. It is only by means of this feeling that we know any thing at all concerning their operations; and it is clear that the constitution of our nature leads us irresistibly to infer the existence of the operations themselves from the feelings which they produce. This belief is not the result of any process of circuitous induction; and if any person resolutely denies that he is conscious of his intellectual operations, it is impossible to disabuse him by ratiocination.

But the reviewer is not sceptical enough. He grants that the existence of mind is demonstratively inferred from its own operations, "because, an *act* necessarily implies an *agent*." But ought we not to have the most convincing evidence of the existence of

* It would have contributed greatly to perspicuity, if the Quarterly Reviewers had attended to Mr. Stewart's remarks on the employment of the word *substance*. *Stewart's Elements*, Vol. I. Note A.

the act, before we infer the existence of the agent? And how, then, do we ascertain the existence of an intellectual act but by the "internal feeling" which it produces? In other words, how are we assured of the operations of the human mind unless they are the subjects of consciousness? Mr. Stewart's critic is then precisely in this situation: He agrees that "some thinking substance in *general*" is demonstrably inferred to exist from the operations of the substance; but he utterly refuses to grant that we have any possible means of ascertaining the existence of those operations!

We cannot dismiss the subject without giving the reviewer an impartial hearing. His own candour demands this at our hands; and we the more cheerfully yield to the demand, because in our view it will contribute to fortify the strictures we have made upon his criticism. He proposes to illustrate, by example, the question contained in the last sentence of the paragraph which we have just considered.

"Suppose we conceive in our imagination, (says he,) the idea of a rose: it is plain we are able to consider it in general, and merely as it is, a rose; or we may consider it in relation to the circumstance of our having, at a particular time, plucked it; or we may consider it in relation to the genus of which it is a species; or as it is a red object, a fragrant object, or a large or a small object. In all these cases, however, the mind is altogether unconscious of putting forth any different *exertion*, and the only distinction which it is able to observe among all these various operations, consists in the simple fact of its having considered a particular object under different relations. But whether these operations be performed by the distinct agency of various, "simple and uncompounded faculties" as we suppose the light and motions of the planets by distinct and independent causes, or whether it be the indivisible and homogeneous power, operating merely upon different objects, this is a point upon which consciousness is able to afford us no information whatever. It is by the same set of muscles that we walk, run, and dance; by the same organs of sense that we are respectively made acquainted with the most dissimilar sounds and the most dissimilar colours: this is certain; but whether the endless variety of objects which the understanding is capable of considering, be comprehended by means of *one and the same*, or by means of *many and different faculties*, whether imagination and memory, and abstraction and conception, and the other intellectual

operations, are only different *actions* of the mind, or different properties of it, would seem to be a question altogether beyond the reach of human philosophy to determine." P. 288, 289.

"We are now talking of the understanding, and of its peculiar attributes only; and we will admit that the *intellectual* part of our nature is as distinct from the sentient part of it, as the property of heat, in the sun, is from its property of light. But how various are the effects which each of these is able to produce! The same heat which gives warmth to the atmosphere gives life to vegetation, and while it softens one substance, will be found to harden others: phenomena, at least as different from each other as any which we can trace among our intellectual operations." Id.

In these observations, while the writer thinks he is refuting the metaphysical heresies of his northern neighbour, he is, in fact, only employing a somewhat more circuitous mode of establishing the same doctrine. He sets out with the false assumption that Stewart considered the mind as composed of independent, and no way connected faculties; that, in short, the metaphysical heretic had made the essence of his system consist in the hypothesis, that the operations of mind were not the actions of one individual thinking substance. We have already shown, that no such doctrine is to be found in the "*Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind*;" and that, on the contrary, Mr. Stewart seemed to have anticipated the objection by stating in explicit terms the very opposite of such a supposition. But if we are able to discern the distinct meaning of the Quarterly Reviewer amidst the cloud of heterogeneous metaphors which surround it, we believe he intends to go further than is warranted by the speculations of Mr. Stewart, or than is consistent with sound philosophy. He wishes to establish not only that the operations of the mind belong to the same individual substance, but that the substance itself is a homogeneous agent; or that at any rate, consciousness cannot afford us any evidence at all of the distinct existence of separate faculties or principles of action. Accordingly, in the example of the rose, the different operations of abstracting, comparing, and remembering, are supposed to be the results of an "*indivisible power*," just as the actions of walking, running, and dancing, are performed by

the same individual set of muscles. We might answer to all this, that the analogy here introduced is very fallacious—that to run is only to walk with rapidity ; that to dance, is only to walk in measured movements ; and that, in fine, the three actions are identical. But is it, we would ask the reviewers, by the same set of muscles that we walk, run, and dance, eat, wink, and write ? On the contrary, have we not distinct and separate corporeal faculties and members, all belonging to the same individual acting substance ? And if the analogy teaches any thing, does it not clearly exhibit the mind as consisting of different intellectual faculties united in one individual thinking substance ?

The other analogies of the reviewer are either alike radically defective, or, if pursued with candour, contribute to strengthen the position which Mr. Stewart has assumed. The language which is held in conducting these analogies ought to be critically attended to. The different effects of expansion and contraction* produced by solar heat, depend entirely upon the discrepant natures of the substances which are the subjects of its operation : and, indeed, we believe that contraction will be found to be the effect of precedent expansion. It is a general chemical proposition, that heat expands all bodies. But it is well known that many a useful instrument, Wedgewood's thermometer for example, is constructed upon the contracting property of clay ; and that this contraction results from the previous expansion and evaporation of the water contained in the clay ; by which means it occupies less space after, than before it was subjected to the action of caloric. But there is a more fundamental objection to the analogy, as conducted by Mr. Stewart's critic. Heat expands air, and contracts clay, merely because clay and air are radically different sorts of substances. Heat never expands the same body at one time and contracts it at another, as we perceive the same thing at one time and remember it at another. Here, then, is the important point from which the critic's analogy begins to diverge from a parallel. He has compared the *different* effects of the *same* agent acting upon *different* subjects, with the *different* effects of

* We ought to remark, that expansion and contraction, are only *terms of art*, for what the Quarterly Reviewer calls hardening and softening.

different principles of action operating upon the *same* subject; a comparison which exhibits a complete inversion of every rule of analogical reasoning.

The other comparison of this writer is derived from our organs of sense. He says, "by the same organs of sense we are respectively made acquainted with the most dissimilar sounds, and the most dissimilar colours," and he would therefore infer, that for ought we know, the mind may be in the same situation, with regard to the peculiar objects about which it is conversant. The observations just made will apply with equal cogency to this comparison. It is true, that we are made acquainted with the most dissimilar colours by the same organ of sense; but it is equally true, that the same object is not perceived to be invested with different colours. The grass is green, and the sun is red; but neither the one nor the other is red and green at the same time. Here, then, as in the former case the reviewer has neglected legitimate analogy. Smell, taste, sight, touch, hearing, are all organs of sensation; as memory, abstraction, comparison, are organs of our intellectual operations. The five first may be employed about one and the same object; and the same is the case with the three last. This is the analogy for which we contend. Instead of such a comparison, however, the Quarterly Reviewer singles out an individual organ of sense, and compares its functions with the general procedure of the mind: whereas, he ought to have compared the province of one sense when employed about different objects, with the office of an individual faculty of the mind, when occupied in the same manner. His analogy should have been this: It is by the same organ of sight that we are made acquainted with the most dissimilar colours; and it is by the same faculty of memory that we remember the most dissimilar objects or events.

Thus far, the criticism of the reviewer is directed at the very foundation of all mental philosophy. By denying the efficacy of consciousness, to ascertain the different operations of the human intellect, he closes the only avenue to the interior and domestic economy of the mind. He next endeavours to establish the inapplicableness of the inductive method to reasoning upon the operations of the human understanding. His arguments on this head, are founded upon what he supposed himself to have proved re-

specting Mr. Stewart's philosophy itself; and it therefore appears almost superfluous to enter upon a formal refutation of this part of the criticism. We shall, however, since we have commenced the discussion, follow out the subject.

"If we pursue the analogy, (it is said) we shall find it to be just as unfavourable to Mr. Stewart's *method* of philosophy, as what we have hitherto said, is to his philosophy *itself*. For, to take the same examples as before, should we be curious to know why the same property in the sun occasions so many dissimilar effects, as we are daily witnesses to, it would surely be in vain, like the schoolmen of old, to institute inquiries into the nature and essence of heat, considered as it *is in itself*: all that we can learn of it is, from the specific differences which we may observe amongst the objects themselves, on which heat is seen to operate. It is precisely the same in the case of mind; if we should be desirous of investigating the nature of our understanding, or of intellectual operations, it is not to *them* that analogy would direct our attention, but solely to the objects about which they are conversant. It is, however, obvious, that these last are not like the objects of sense; they cannot be put, like pieces of gold, into a crucible; whether they be ideas or notions, or conceptions or abstractions, (it matters not by what name we call them,) it is plain they are not subjects susceptible of experiment: and whatever knowledge we may arrive at, concerning the various metaphysical peculiarities and relations by which they are distinguished from each other, must be acquired, most assuredly, by *general reasoning*, and not, as Mr. Stewart supposes, by inductive analysis. In the same manner, as all that philosophy can teach us concerning heat, is from the objects which it acts upon; so all it can teach us concerning the human understanding, is from the objects about which it is conversant; but unless we suppose the objects of our understanding to be in the same class of existence as the *objects of our senses*, it is surely paradoxical to assume that they are susceptible of the same method of investigation." P. 289, 290.

We are compelled to repeat, that the writer is here labouring under an unaccountable misconception of Mr. Stewart's avowed object, in the investigation of our intellectual phenomena. This "metaphysical heretic" wisely abandoned to the schoolmen all speculations concerning the nature either of body or of mind;

and contented himself with recording phenomena, and ascertaining the general laws by which they take place. Unfortunately again for the reviewer, his analogy, when carried through and conducted fairly, will be found to fortify Mr. Stewart's paradoxical assumption. As it was seen that the rays of the sun produced very dissimilar effects when different objects are subjected to their influence, and that the same object was effected in several different ways by their action, philosophers concluded, that there must be as many correspondent causes in the substance which produced such various results. Accordingly, it was discovered by experiment, not only that the rays of the sun were a heterogeneous compound of light and heat, but that light itself was composed of seven distinct and separate elements. Subsequent experiments have ascertained the existence of another ingredient in the composition of the sun's rays, which, from the peculiar effects this has been found to produce of particular substances, has been called the *chemical ray*. But was the procedure by which these conclusions were arrived at, in the language of the Quarterly Metaphysician, merely confined to the observation of the "specific differences among the objects themselves," which were the subjects of solar influence? Have not both light and heat been more unceremoniously treated, than being thrust into a crucible, or crammed into a retort? Is not, in short, by far the greatest part of modern chemistry employed exclusively in unfolding the nature and effects of these two substances?

Here, then, we fix the points through which a parallel between the two sciences in question, can be legitimately drawn. It was early perceived that memory, abstraction, comparison, were all distinct and independent intellectual actions, and that, like the several properties in the beams of the sun, they might be operative upon one and the same, or upon many and different, subjects. This analogy, (if any is necessary,) in our humble conception, sufficiently warrants Mr. Stewart in applying the inductive analysis to the investigation of our intellectual phenomena.

After establishing, as he supposes, the paradoxical impropriety of inquiring at all into the operations of mind, the reviewer tells us that the only legitimate employment of philosophy is, to attend to the objects about which they are conversant; a direction which,

if followed, would oppose an insurmountable barrier to the progress of intellectual investigation. The objects to which our attention should be directed are, ideas or notions, conceptions or abstractions: but what evidence have we of the existence of these? or by what means are we to discover their metaphysical peculiarities? It is clear, that they are subjects incapable of any thing like chemical analysis. They are, in short, insusceptible of any sort of experiment; and it is utterly impossible for us ever to ascertain the least satisfactory information concerning them. Thus, then, the Quarterly Reviewer has first attempted to prove the futility of the received plan of intellectual philosophy, and has, next, substituted another, for our consolation, which it is absolutely impossible to follow!

It has always appeared to us that, although chemical action takes place at insensible distances, there is, nevertheless, a principle of operation analogous to the law of motion, by which two bodies in concussion are said mutually to act upon each other. To express ourselves more clearly—when two substances act chemically upon each other, the experiment cannot be exclusively claimed by either: for example, when gold is subjected to the action of aqua fortis, the experiment itself belongs as much to the latter as to the former. Two equally important propositions are the result of the process: First, that solubility in aqua fortis is a property of gold; and, Secondly, that the power of dissolving gold is a property of aqua fortis. Something like this, we apprehend, must take place in the intangible operations of the human mind. While it is employed upon the peculiar objects about which it is conversant, as much may be learned concerning the mind itself, as concerning those peculiar objects; and even if we have no means of ascertaining the properties of the latter, we can, nevertheless, observe a specific difference in the operations of the former. It matters not, then, that ideas or abstractions cannot be roasted in a crucible, or “divided by a prism.” If we can only ascertain the distinct operations of the mind, and the peculiar laws by which they are regulated, the end of legitimate intellectual philosophy is sufficiently answered.

A great deal has been said, both by the Edinburgh and by the Quarterly Reviewers, respecting the futility of all speculations con-

nected with the human understanding, because we are incapable of making either the operations of mind, or the objects about which it is directly conversant, the subjects of tangible experiment. This objection has been sufficiently refuted by Mr. Stewart himself. There is one observation, however, which might be added to his own masterly dissertation. Experiment is never called in to the aid of investigation, except when nature herself has not arranged the subjects of it so as to give us the result after which we are inquiring. But whenever the arrangement in question *has* been made by nature, we ought to be grateful for the labour which she has thus anticipated us in performing: and it makes no difference what hand manages the experiment, since it is to the result alone that our attention is directed. The impossibility then of our mental operations being subjected to *artificial* arrangement, is no objection at all to the prosecution of the philosophy of the human mind.

The objection which the Quarterly Metaphysician infers against the philosophy of mind, on account of the difficulty attending the study, forms that kind of paralogism which proves too much. The same arguments would have applied, with equal validity, to the laborious studies of Newton.

The remainder of the criticism which we have been considering, is employed upon Dr. Reid's theory respecting instructive speculative principles; and upon an analysis of each specific article treated of in the second volume of Mr. Stewart's *Elements*. These arguments might be easily answered:

Verum hæc ipse equidem, spatiis exclusus iniquis,
Prætereo, atque aliis post me memoranda relinquo.

VIRGIL.

THE NAVY.

THE expediency of a considerable naval establishment in the United States, which was long one of the leading points of national policy on which the two great political parties in this country differed, has been decided, as all such questions are best decided, by experience. The events of the last three years have sufficiently demonstrated the importance of a navy, both as the means of protection and of annoyance, and furnish unanswerable arguments in favour of a gradual augmentation of it, in proportion as the resources of the nation, and the necessity of commercial protection, shall increase. The experiment of obtaining satisfaction and security by means of commercial restrictions operating on the aggressor ; as well as that of remaining at home and looking to other nations to carry our productions, and to supply our wants have failed of effect ; either in consequence of political changes that could not be foreseen, or because these measures were not consonant to the habits and dispositions of the people, who alone, in a free country, can give energy and effect to political regulations. The conclusion naturally to be drawn from the failure of the restrictive system, is, that this nation will in future be a commercial nation, and the experience of many latter years ought to convince us, that a commercial nation without the means of protecting its trade, on that element which has been termed "the highway of nations," (aptly enough since at one time or another, it has been infested by highway robbers of almost every nation,) cannot long escape those evils which seem to be the inevitable consequence of weakness in every situation. The events of the war just concluded have, as we before remarked, demonstrated the utility of a navy as the means of territorial defence, and the experience of many years of suffering, has established its importance as an instrument for protecting our commerce. With regard to these general propositions, there seems indeed to be little diversity of opinion, but there are a considerable number of persons in the United States, who differ in various points connected with this subject. It is supposed by some, that in order to render a navy effectual for the at-

tainment of these great objects, it is absolutely necessary that it should be as large as that of Great Britain, and that consequently the attempt is preposterous, because it is impossible, even admitting that the whole resources of the country were appropriated to that single purpose.

There are too, and we are sorry to observe it, men of considerable influence, weight, and respectability, inhabiting districts remote from the apprehension of maritime invasion, and not so immediately connected with the interests of commerce, as to be able to trace them home to themselves, who seem to consider all contributions toward the protection of our coasts and commerce as thrown away on objects that have no connexion with either their own safety or prosperity. They do not perceive those ties of interest and of affinity, which, though not bare to the senses, yet, like the ligaments of the human frame, connect, and bind together the most important and the most insignificant parts; nor are they aware, that there is a kindred blood circulating, and a common pulse vibrating, through the extremest parts of this great republic. Actuated and impelled by little local interests and feelings, which operate on a certain class of minds, not in proportion to their magnitude, but their nearness, they apparently act under the belief that the safety and prosperity of those whom they sometimes hear of, but never see, can have no possible bearing on their own. Thus, shutting their eyes to the great object of our federative union, they seem never to have known, or to have forgot, the great political axiom, that the prosperity of the several parts, constitutes that of the whole; that the social compact is founded on the mutual sacrifice of local interests, to the end of the universal good; and that the circulation of the principle of life and action, through the different parts of the human frame, is not more equable, than ought to be the pervading influence of that sacred principle of union, which is the life blood of our national existence. It is to establish this community of interests and feelings, that all political associations like ours, are formed, and it is the more necessary to repeat and enforce so trite a truth, because so many men appear to have forgotten, that our union was formed for the very purpose of neutralizing the local interests of its separate members, and combining their whole force and energy for the attainment of great national objects.

With a view to obviate the objections of those whose feelings and motives we have attempted to analyze, it is our intention to offer a view of this most important question to the consideration of the reader, which, we hope, will satisfy him, that the resources of this nation are amply sufficient to create a navy, equal to any force which the greatest maritime power can permanently maintain on our coast, and that every portion of the United States is equally interested in the attainment of this great object. The facts and arguments adduced in support of the first proposition will carry additional weight, when it is known that they are furnished by professional men, whose character, talents, and experience, give them a right to the respect and confidence of their countrymen. Those intended to enforce the latter assertion, must pass for what they are intrinsically worth, as they derive no aid from those authorities, but depend for support on their justness and truth alone.

Experience, the great teacher of wisdom, and the surest guide in every discussion, has shown us, that in a war with Great Britain, or any other power possessing a great superiority of maritime force, the Bay of Chesapeake and Long-Island Sound, are the two principal stations by the possession or command of which the enemy is enabled, most essentially, to injure the interests of the United States. In their present defenceless situation, so far from affording any advantages to commerce, or any means of communication between the different parts of our country, they offer harbours and protection to an enemy, enable him to intercept our trade coastwise, and give him the means of penetrating into the very heart of the country. With the safe and excellent navigation of these waters, from the easy access and egress they afford at all seasons of the year, the enemy has constantly before him a choice of fine harbours, attended with every facility in procuring the supplies of fresh water necessary for his consumption. Nor is this the worst. His occupation of these important stations enables him to force an intercourse with an extensive range of country, and thus furnish himself with fresh provisions and all kinds of vegetables essential to health and comfort. But there is a consequence still more fatal than all these, resulting from the command of these waters. By an intercourse so extensive and unrestrained, by practising on the

fears or the cupidity of human nature, at a time when the municipal laws are embarrassed or paralyzed in their execution, he enjoys facilities in corrupting our citizens, obtaining the most minute information of the designs of our government, of the movements and operations of our army and navy, and implanting the seeds of disaffection in the very heart of our country. The alternative of remaining undisturbed in the enjoyment of those daily comforts which custom has made necessary, of pursuing the occupations which are essential to the attainment of those comforts, and of preserving our property—perhaps our lives, on the one hand, and of being plundered and driven from home in exile and beggary, on the other, is embarrassing to the strongest mind and best regulated principles. It is, therefore, naturally to be inferred, without ascribing any extraordinary turpitude to a people thus circumstanced, that some of them will yield to the pressure of the times, and obtain security, at the price of the sacrifice of their most sacred duties. We have felt that the possession of the Chesapeake and Long-Island Sound enables our enemy to remain all the year in the centre of the country—to interrupt our coasting and foreign trade—to supply himself with fresh provisions and water—to cut off the intercourse of the southern and eastern States—to plunder and harass our farmers—and to corrupt our citizens. Evils like these are worth remedying, and if the remedy be a little expensive, we should consider the number and magnitude of the disorders that call aloud for its application.

Possessing, as we do, a country abounding in every material necessary to the construction of a navy, it may be worth while to inquire into the means by which a recurrence of these evils may in future be avoided, and having discovered these, to ascertain whether they are within the reach of our strength and resources. In the pursuit of these inquiries, the first object that strikes our attention is the power of the enemy against whom our precautions may be directed. A question of this nature leads us directly to the British navy, because that is now the only force which either immediately or remotely threatens the permanent safety or interests of the United States. We have nothing to fear, but from the wooden walls, and the scalping knife; and the observations we shall make in a subsequent part of this essay, will

show that by guarding our sea coast effectually against the one, we shall best be able to protect the interior frontier from the other.

England, we are told, has a thousand ships; and, had she ten thousand, her means of annoying this country would be no greater than now, unless she could man and send them hither. The list of effective vessels belonging to the British navy, (see p. 334.) will show, that of the thousand ships of England, little more than one fourth are in a capacity for actual service. But this is quite immaterial, when we know the fact, that if they were, it would be utterly impossible to man them, even with the aid of impressment at home and abroad. England cannot man her wooden walls; and ships without men, are but wood. We have heard of one vessel which was navigated by a single man, with the aid of a stout Newfoundland dog; but vessels intended to cope with our tars, must have plenty of men, and good men too, or they will soon change masters.

The truth is, that the navy of England is now like the armour of John of Gaunt in the Tower of London, too heavy for the present use of Britons. Even the champion of England cannot sustain the weight of the latter, nor can the united resources of the nation support the former. Add to this, that the army is now superseding the navy in the affections of the nation; the glory of Nelson fades before the lustre of Wellington, and the navy of England, when it no longer reigns in the hearts of the people, will soon cease to reign on the waves of the ocean: it will moulder away under the influence of this new passion of its patrons, and its end may be, like its beginning, unnoticed and obscure.

From the late war, we have derived not only glory, but the most invaluable lessons of experience. The former, will serve to animate to future exertions; the latter, teach us to direct those exertions to the most salutary results. One of the lessons of experience to which we would point public attention is, the important fact, that after making peace with all the rest of the world, and when she was at full liberty to direct all her resources against this country, England was obliged to dismantle many of her seventy-fours, and almost all her inferior class of frigates, to give to her larger frigates and razees that complement of men which the admiralty deemed absolutely necessary to enable them to cope

with our ships of war. In addition to this, the pride of America will never let her forget, that general orders were ultimately issued, that no English frigate should singly engage an American, if it could possibly be avoided.

After the peace with France, on the abdication of the late emperor, not a single seaman was discharged from the British navy in consequence of that event; and we know that every exertion was made to coerce, harass, and desolate this country by means of that navy. All the ships that could be spared from the protection of her commerce, menaced as it was in every sea by our public and private armed vessels—all that England could man, and that were thought capable of coping with those of the United States, were sent upon our coast. This force, then, will enable us to ascertain the means of annoyance which that country, in its highest exultation, in its flush of successful vigour, after having triumphed over the object of her hatred and her fears, could bring into operation against the United States. It consisted of from eleven to thirteen ships of the line; from fifteen to eighteen frigates; and from thirty-five to forty sloops of war, brigs, schooners, and bomb vessels. That this force effected any thing of importance, was solely in consequence of the exposed state of the Bay of Chesapeake, and Long Island Sound, of which they were enabled to retain the command during nearly the whole war. It gained no permanent advantage, nor did it achieve any splendid conquests; but, with the exception of one solitary instance, never attempted any place of consequence, without meeting with disaster and disgrace. It attempted to seal our ports "hermetically," but, except at those two places we have so frequently referred to, the experiment succeeded in no one instance. Our vessels of war, and letters of marque, used to go out to sea, and return with impunity, notwithstanding every exertion to prevent them. If, then, at a time when England was buoyed up by the most splendid successes in Europe, without an enemy to encounter but ourselves, she could do nothing more, we are authorized to conclude, that what she could not do then, she will never be able to perform; and that by employing but a very small portion of the revenues of our country, in the gradual creation of such a force, and in erecting such fortifications as we shall directly enumerate,

we should in a few years be able to maintain the freedom of the western world of waters, even against England and her thousand ships.

Never had Gréat Britain stronger motives for employing the whole of her disposable naval force against an enemy, than during the late war with this country. The public voice of the nation had denounced us as dastard enemies, who had taken advantage of the depression of her fortunes, to join her bitterest foe, in most unprovoked hostility; the sentiment of national pride had been wounded, by frequent defeats, where it was most susceptible—in the character of its naval prowess; and the cupidity of her officers and seamen had been tempted by the hope of incalculable plunder. Animated by these impulses, and spurred on by these hopes, she made every exertion; and from the nature and extent of these exertions, we are to judge what she will be able to do, if we adopt the plan which follows.

The foundation of the plan we have to propose would be, the selecting and fortifying a proper site for a naval rendezvous and depot in the Chesapeake, as contiguous and convenient to the Atlantic ocean as possible: and the fortifying of Newport, with the east end of Long-Island by means of Gardner's Island, and the islands more immediately at the entrance of the sound. This done, and it would be easily done, twelve ships of the line, twenty good frigates, thirty sloops of war, brigs, and schooners, eight steam batteries,* and fifty row-gallies, would answer every purpose of defence and annoyance. Let not the timid politicians who hold the purse strings of the people, start at the magnitude of these means; or suppose, for a moment, that their creation by gradual, and, if they please, sparing appropriations, will burthen their constituents with any extraordinary weight of taxation: we have already four ships of the line, nine or ten stout frigates, very nearly the requisite number of sloops, brigs, &c. and one steam frigate. Almost one half of the force is already created, and we have a revenue of forty, fifty, and some say, sixty millions a year.

* Rumours of the failure of this most important invention have unaccountably prevailed in many parts of this country. But recent experiments, at New York, have set the question at rest. It is now no longer a doubtful experiment.

Prepared in this way, the disposition of the force above specified, which is recommended by the authority we before alluded to, on the eve of a war is to place ten ships of the line, two frigates, one brig, two schooners, two steam vessels, and two galleys in the Chesapeake; two ships of the line, fifteen frigates, ten sloops of war, brigs and schooners, one steam vessel, and ten galleys at Newport: Ten sloops of war, brigs and schooners, one steam ship, and five galleys at New-York; one brig, one schooner, one steam ship, and five galleys in the Delaware; one steam ship and five galleys at New-London; one schooner, one steam ship, and five galleys at New-Bedford; two brigs, one schooner, one steam ship, and five barges, at the mouth of the Mississippi, and the remaining force at Boston and Portsmouth.

Having made this disposition of the naval force, it is recommended to despatch fifteen frigates and sloops of war, brigs and schooners, singly, and in various different directions, which, for obvious reasons, cannot be particularized, to annoy the commerce of the enemy, with orders to return to port the moment their provisions are consumed, and equip and proceed to sea again. An arrangement of this kind would perplex the enemy, and embarrass his operations more effectually, we believe, than any other that could be devised, and completely effect the object which it is the desire of this essay to prove can be attained with our present resources—namely, the protection of our coasts and commerce, and the effectual annoyance of our enemy. From the concentration of our ships of the line in the Chesapeake, where they would be protected against a superior force by batteries at the rendezvous, he would be entirely embarrassed in his mode of operation. If he continued on our coast, he must necessarily concentrate his force to guard against an attack from our ships of the line. In doing this he would of course be precluded from giving any effectual blow either to our coast, or trade, and in the mean time our frigates and light vessels will be taking and destroying his merchant ships in both hemispheres, even at the mouths of his own harbours. The effect of these captures would be to oblige him in a little time to draw off his force for the protection of his own commerce, which would suffer in proportion to its magnitude and interest. Our country trade would then be without any ma-

terial embarrassment, and the intercourse between the most extreme parts of the republic remain uninterrupted. In an inquiry of this nature, it ought also to be kept in view, that to maintain twelve ships of the line perpetually on our coast, an enemy must necessarily have twenty four, and even then the chances of war, the casualties of the seas, will render the keeping up that number extremely uncertain and precarious. When in addition to this it is also remembered that the maintenance of enemy's ships at such a distance from Europe, is at least three times greater than that of supporting ours, it is no unpardonable presumption to believe, that no European power, would venture to infringe upon our maritime rights, if they were guarded in the manner we have ventured to recommend.

Having stated the force we consider adequate to the purposes of protection and annoyance, of national honour and individual security, the next inquiry naturally is, into the expense of building, and keeping up such an armament in time of war. The cost of building, it is computed, will be not more than ten millions and a half, and that of maintaining the whole, in time of actual service, about six and a half millions of dollars, which is little more than his majesty, the King of Great Britain, receives annually, to keep up his state, and for the maintenance and support of his household merely. It should be remembered that more than one third of the force above required is already in existence, and that the cost of preserving it in time of peace is comparatively nothing to that estimated as necessary in time of war. To all these expenses the resources of the United States are fully equal; the computed revenue of the present year exceeds the whole estimated cost of building these ships, more than five fold, and the expense of maintaining them in actual service, almost ten times told. But admitting this were not the case, in legislating for a country like ours, in marking out a line of policy becoming her future destiny, we should look forward to what she will be in a few years. We should bear in mind that while other countries are declining into the vale of years, ours has not yet reached her meridian, but is marching with a pace rapid as steady, to wealth, strength, and importance; and that her progress depends not upon impulses accidental or temporary, but on causes arising from, and inseparably

connected with, natural and political advantages, the operation of which is uniform and inevitable. Among these advantages none are more palpable than the means of creating and supporting a navy. The country furnishes the materials for ships,* and our people, spread along the oceans, bays, and mighty lakes and rivers, washing almost every man's doors, acquire in early life an aptitude for the profession of a sailor. It is perhaps owing to the early habit of being accustomed to the perils of the watery element, that our seamen become the most hardy, active, expert, and adventurous of any in the world. Neither dangers known, or unknown, deter them from entering upon the most perilous enterprises in pursuit of fortune, and they are seen in the remotest regions of the earth, from the scorching coast of Africa, to the arctic circle, where the sun is visible at midnight. Their number is increasing every day in proportion to the population of the country, which advances in a ratio without parallel, and to the extension of a commerce that is without limit or perspective. When in addition to these advantages, we take into consideration the immense revenues and government domains possessed by our government, which does not waste its wealth in bribes, pensions, sinecures, or secret-service money, but is constituted upon principles of rigid economy, what are we not authorized to anticipate, if the people *will* that such things shall be done?

The next objection to the existence and support of a naval establishment, such as we have endeavoured to demonstrate will be sufficient for every future emergency, is, that the United States have no community of interest in the creation of a navy; that some portions of the union are without the sphere of its protection, and that, consequently, it would be unjust to oblige them to participate in the burthen of supporting an armament from which they never can derive any benefit. Even if this view of the subject were true in fact, still such reasoning disgraces the intellect in which it was engendered. In the eye of the enlarged and liberal-minded politician, who looks neither to the north or the south, the

* In a late conversation with a distinguished American diplomatist, M. Talleyrand, on being told that the United States would soon have at least twelve ships of the line, replied gravely "Twelve! you cannot find timber in your whole country for that number" Such is the gross ignorance of the most enlightened European politicians with respect to this country.

east or the west, the interior or the exterior, the United States form one great body, animated and impelled by one soul ; having one great community of interest—one common feeling of national glory. If such are not the ligaments that bind us together, to what purpose did the separate members give up a portion of the rights which they previously possessed ; or why did they divest themselves of privileges, the resignation of which was to be followed by no corresponding benefits ?

But this reasoning on the separate interests of the different parts of this great confederation, erroneous as it is in every instance, is most peculiarly so as respects the object of this Essay. Every portion of the United States is more or less interested in the security of our commerce, and the protection of our coasts. The price of every production of our country, even in the remotest regions, is materially dependent on the risk and danger in transporting it to foreign markets ; and even if no other duty impelled us, the common tie of brotherhood and humanity is sufficient to create an interest in the security of those who are exposed to the dangers from which we ourselves are happily exempted. But we are willing to concede this last point, and to consider this question as one of mere narrow self interest, because even so considered, the objections are not tenable. Wherever we can resort to experience, reasoning is mere foppery, and as we before observed, one of the great advantages arising from our late contest is the precious experience derived both from our successes and defeats.

During that contest, the whole of our western and northwestern frontier, was either invaded or menaced with invasion. The victory of Perry on lake Erie, and that of Macdonough on Champlain, in a great measure arrested the evil, and saved the first from actual suffering, the latter from evils which, but for this, would certainly have been inflicted. Here is demonstration of the importance of a naval force employed on the lakes ; and it is equally demonstrable, that a force, giving adequate protection to our maritime frontier, would leave the government at full liberty to employ its land forces in defence of the inland borders, or in carrying the war into the territory of the Indians and their allies. There is a mutual action and re-action from either, and whatever relieves the one from the danger of invasion, operates equally in

enabling the other to defend itself and annoy its enemy. While, therefore, the maritime states should concede to the interior an adequate force for every purpose of defence against the enemies to whom they are exposed on the land, the others would do well to return the compliment by consenting to contribute their proper proportion, to such means as are necessary to guard their fellow-citizens in another quarter, from the perils of the seas. This would be much better than railing at each other, or, on the one hand, accusing government of wasting the resources necessary to the defence of one part of the union, in fruitless attempts to carry the war into an enemy's territory, or repining, on the other hand, at contributing to the support of a navy which would protect the territory exposed in consequence of this division of the national force.

Experience has amply demonstrated, that, in the present iron age of the world, when the nations of Europe seem to be relapsing again into that state of society in which war becomes the means of acquiring plunder rather than glory, it is absolutely necessary to keep alive, in our country, the elements of efficient defence. It is, we think, extremely probable, that for some years to come, wars will be frequent in the world, and bloody revolutions common. The contest between the hereditary and elective principle of government, is not yet finally decided; and its decision though dependent essentially upon the question of the progress or the debasement of human intellect, will finally be settled, not by reasonings in the closet, but by bloody contests. The commercial system makes neighbours of the most distant nations, unites them in bonds of friendship, or brings them together as rivals in the same pursuit. A war between any two nations of Europe, generally involves, in the end, the majority of the greater states, and the lesser ones are obliged to become parties, either through the operation of a vehement ambition on the part of their little kings to imitate their betters, or from being bribed or bullied out of their neutrality. The fire which is thus lighted up in the old, will hardly fail of being communicated to the new world, just as the plague is by our merchant ships, and whether willing and prepared, or not, we shall be obliged to enter the lists in defence of our rights. There is another feeling which will operate

against our neutrality ; we mean the bitter antipathy toward us cherished by the present race of trembling despots in Europe. Here is the only spot in which power has been repulsed in the crusade against the rights of the human race. It is here, that all the calumnies published by their hirelings against the sacred principle of freedom, are refuted by the chastened liberty, the smiling content, the diffused intelligence, the animated activity, the unexampled plenty, that reigns in every region, and pervades every class of beings in this unequalled country. As these consumers of the inheritance, these invaders of the sacred birthright of man, contemplate at a distance this land, teeming with all the blessings of nature, and promising all the elegancies of art, like the first immortal victim of an insatiate love of power, when he saw afar off the paradise of our first parents, they, too, wither with burning spleen, and their first wish is to destroy the happiness which, as they cannot themselves partake, they cannot endure that others should enjoy.

That standing armies, such as are adequate to the exigencies which we are probably fated to encounter, are dangerous to the public liberty, the history of the world demonstrates. Wherever there are great standing armies, the people, relying on them for defence and protection, grow enervated and unwarlike, ready to fall an easy prey ; while, from their habits of blind subordination, the soldiers become machines in the hands of ambitious leaders. But in a country like this, where the habitual economy of the government, and the spirit of all its institutions, are hostile to the existence of a standing army in time of peace, it must necessarily happen, that great armies will come to be disbanded, as at the conclusion of the revolutionary war ; when nothing but the influence of our great chief prevented those arms that had protected us, from being turned against the bosom of the country.

Now, the distinction between a soldier and sailor is this : A soldier, in acquiring the habits of his profession, for the most part, loses those that are essential to the pursuit of every other, and, consequently, when he is discharged, is entirely unfitted for the pursuits necessary to his subsistence. He will, consequently, very often become idle, poor, and discontented, and, as such, a fit instrument in the establishment of a military despotism.

Feeling this to be the fate which awaits them, soldiers are easily excited to acts of outrage against the civil authority, and gradually prepared to take advantage of their numbers, their discipline, and the occupation of those strong holds, that are considered the keys and fetters of the country, and are generally confided to the protection of regular troops, to do what has often been done, and will be done again—subjugate the country they had saved from its enemies. That such is very often the result of disbanding large armies is undeniable, and such consequences arise, not from the soldier being worse than other men, but because he is placed in situations of greater trial and temptation. The profession of a sailor, on the contrary, exposes him to none of these temptations, and few of the facilities we have enumerated. While serving his country in war, he is qualifying himself the better to pursue his profession in peace; and his discharge from the service only throws him into one where there is less danger, and higher wages. There is, consequently, no danger to be apprehended from his idleness, discontent, or poverty. But even if his dismissal did occasion these results, his peculiar habits, and modes of warfare, do not give him those advantages on land that are possessed by soldiers regularly organized, and accustomed to act in great bodies. An army that would be competent to the purposes of defence, we have above enumerated, (if such a thing were possible,) would be dangerous to our freedom; but from a navy adequate to them all, no possible injury to the public liberty could be reasonably apprehended. A navy would be a rallying point for the affections of the people—it would create, mature, and preserve, what most we want—a national feeling, a national spirit: it would belong neither to the south nor the north, and, consequently, swallow up those little local partialities that foster interests exclusive of that for our country at large; it would constitute the strongest bond of union, the bond of national pride, and introduce into the hearts of all, the dearest communion, that of national glory.

These sentiments have nothing to do with party, for in such a cause we should be ashamed to feel or express a sentiment that was not exclusively inspired by the subject on which we have ventured to deliver an opinion. In giving this opinion, no other

motive has governed us, than a warm and steady wish to serve the permanent happiness and prosperity of a country deservedly dear to all: a country possessing every claim to our affection, and doubly rivetted by unmerited calumnies, and undeserved aggression. Every citizen ought now to be zealously anxious for her safety, glory, and happiness; and every citizen is firmly bound, by his attachment to the country of his birth or his adoption; by his attachment to those pure principles of liberty, of which she is the only refuge; by the memory of the happiness he has enjoyed in her bosom; by the hope that his posterity may succeed to that inheritance; and by his devotion to those excellent institutions, that lay at the root of all that is good in the exercise of human power, to uphold, defend, and vindicate the means which he believes best adapted to enable our country to repose in future in the lap of honourable security.

Hope is the leading string of youth; memory the staff of age. It is for young nations like ours, to enjoy the present with thankfulness—to look to the future with animated confidence. Even now we see, far as the eye can reach, or even imagination extend, a grand and powerful association of FREEMEN spreading over our immense region, not like the desultory empire of the ancient or the modern Alexander, composed of numerous distinct tribes of barbarians, animated by hereditary hatred; without the common ties of language, laws, manners, religion, civilization, or mutual happiness, but possessing the same manners with little diversity; speaking one universal language; obeying the same laws; and bowing before the same altars. We see this free people presented, on the one hand, with a boundless theatre for activity and enterprise in the ocean that dashes on their shores; and, on the other, an exhaustless field for laborious industry in those territories, where the axe of the woodman and the crash of the falling tree has never been heard. Lending our minds to the charms of an anticipation founded on the authority of the past, we behold these people spreading into the interminable wilderness, not like the youthful swarm of bees, never to return, and never to remember the parent hive, but carrying with them, not only the habits, names, and institutions, but the memory and the affections that bind them to the spot of their nativity. They form, not new na-

tions, but new communities : divided by distance, but united by kindred blood, and connected by those feelings that constitute what is called *nature* in the heart of man.

Pursuing this train of animating anticipation, we contemplate this people increasing in numbers beyond example, without avoiding or jostling each other ; without clashing in the daily pursuits of life, or feeling the want of those comforts which the monopoly of the rich filches from the necessities of the poor. We are led to compare their situation with that of the same class of people in the country to which we are accustomed to be referred for examples of national freedom and happiness, and where the change from gilt to covered buttons, the disuse of any common appendage of dress, or the most trifling caprice of fashion, throws thousands of industrious workmen out of bread, and drives them into savage riot. There, when driven from one path of industry, no resource remains to the labourer, because every other is preoccupied, and overstocked—while in this ample country a thousand avenues are open before him, and the period is far distant indeed when there will be a spot, where, in any circumstance, the industrious labourer cannot obtain the means of comfortable subsistence. When thus we sum up a few of the actual and anticipated means of glory and happiness that lie open before us, surely it is not too much to say, that there never was a country better worth defending, nor one better able to defend itself, without loading the people with any extraordinary burthen, or maintaining establishments dangerous to the public liberty.

STATE OF THE BRITISH NAVY.

Actual state and condition of the British Navy on the first day of January, 1813, compiled from an *Exposé* addressed to the Lords of the Admiralty, by Captain William Layton of the Royal Navy; a copy of which is now in the possession of the Commissioners of the United States' Navy.

Number of First Rates, from 100 to 120 guns.—Total, 15.

Of which, unfit for service,	4
Building,	5
Fit for service, or in ordinary,	6

Total, 15

Number of Second Rates, of 98 guns.—Total, 20.

Of which, two were irreparable,	2
Unfit for sea,	5
Defective,	3
Building,	3
Fit for service, or in ordinary,	7

Total, 20

Number of Third Rates, of 80 guns.—Total, 15.

Of which, one was ineffective,	1
Unfit for service,	4
Decayed,	4
Hulk,	1
Building,	2
Effective, or in ordinary,	3

Total, 15

Third Rates, of 74 guns.—Total, 159.

Of which, unfit for service,	15
Decayed,	32
Defective and rotting,	26
Repairing,	8
Building,	17
Effective, or in ordinary,	61

Total, 159

Fourth Rates, of 64 guns.—Total, 38.

Of which, ineffective and unfit for service,	4
Decayed,	25
Hulks,	2
Troop ships,	2
Effective, or in ordinary,	5

Total, 38

Fourth Rates, of 50 guns.—Total, 21.

Of which, are decayed and unfit for service,	10
Store ships,	3
Troop ships,	2
Building,	4
Effective, or in ordinary,	2

Total, 21

Fifth Rates, of 44, carrying 56 guns.—Total, 11.

Of which, decayed, ineffective, and unfit for service,	4
Store ships,	3
Hospital ships,	2
Effective, or in ordinary,	2

Total, 11

Fifth Rates of 32, mounting 38 guns.—Total, 39.

Of which, decayed, ineffective, and unfit for service,	12
Condemned, and worn out,	2
Repairing,	2
Troop and store ships,	2
Effective, or in ordinary,	21

Total, 39

Frigates of 36, mounting 44 guns.—Total, 78.

Of which, decayed, ineffective, and unfit for service,	10
Worn out,	1
Repairing,	1
Building,	10
Effective, or in ordinary,	56

Total, 78

Frigates of 38, mounting 46 guns.—Total, 80.

Of which, decayed,	4
Store ships,	2
Building,	15
Effective, or in ordinary,	59

Total, 80

Frigates of 28, mounting 34 guns.—Total, 15.

Of which, decayed and ineffective,	3
Effective, or in ordinary,	7

Total, 15

Vessels of War, the actual state and condition of which are not specified.

Ships of 24 guns,	Total, 7
Ships of 22 guns,	Total, 6
Sloops of War, number not stated.	

NOTE.—It is to be observed, that of the ships classed as “effective,” a very great proportion are *in ordinary*, and probably decayed and unfit for service; because, if they were not entirely defective, there would be no necessity for building new vessels of the same class. Allowing, however, that this is not the case, the numbers will stand as follows:

First Rates, of 100 to 120 guns,	6
Second do of 98 do	7
Third do 80 do	3
Third do 74 do	61
Fourth do 64 do	5
Fourth do 50 do	2
Fifth do 44 do	2
Fifth do 32 do	21
Frigates, 36 do	56
Frigates, 38 do	59
Frigates, 28 do	7
Vessels, 24 do	7
Ditto 22 do	6
Total,	242

POETRY.

HEALTH, AN ALLEGORY.

(ORIGINAL.)

For the Analectic Magazine.

Fancy, hast thou lately seen
A vig'rous youth of graceful mien,
With glowing cheek of ruddiest hue,
And eye of mild ethereal blue?

Of manly form and sprightly air,
And clust'ring locks of auburn hair,
His teeth, like purest iv'ry white,
His feet as wanton zephyr light?

His name is *Health*—he ne'er is found
In dissipation's giddy round,
Where idle folly casts away
The pearl of time from day to day;

Where *Luxury*, in gaudy vest
And folly's tinsel trappings drest,
Barters his vigour, bloom, and ease,
For visage wan and tott'ring knees;

But in the fresh'ning woodland's shade,
Near silver stream or breezy glade,
At blush of dawn he loves to rove,
Wakening the music of the grove.

Upon the mountain's airy height
In humble cot of snowy white
He dwells, with *Temperance*, and *Joy*,
And *Exercise*, a smiling boy.

There *Age*, as if in manhood's prime,
Laughs at the wrinkles of old time,
And cheer'd by *Health*, is blithe and gay,
Till nature beckons him away.

Charleston, S. C.

E. J.

DOMESTIC LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

Our collection of Volcanic minerals has been lately enlarged by the addition of some specimens collected on the summit of Teneriffe, by John Ogden Dey, Esq. of New-York. They consist, in part, of calcareous tufa, naked sulphur, calcareous sulpharets of lime, (gypsum,) and sulpharets of clay, (alum,) all procured from the crater of that stupendous height. This gentleman performed his expedition, with a party of friends, on the 29th and 30th August, 1814. From a slight inspection of Mr. Dey's journal, we are satisfied of his talent for observation and power of description, as well as of his enterprising spirit. It would be worthy of publication and perusal in connexion with other narratives of similar undertakings.

There has lately been published at Newburyport, Mass. an octavo volume, entitled *Biographical Accounts of distinguished Officers in the U. S. Navy*. It is stated in the title page to be compiled by a Mr. Folsom, but, in truth, the far greater part of the volume is merely a reprint of the biographical sketches contained in the former volumes of this Magazine; the compiler, however, has not thought proper to give his readers any intimation of this circumstance. The remainder of the book is made out by similar extracts, taken with as little ceremony from the Port-Folio and other publications.

In a former number (Vol. V. p. 347,) we announced the first volumes of the proposed Boston edition of Ernesti's Cicero, in twenty or twenty-two vols. 12mo. Since that time several additional volumes have been published, and the work continues in every respect to answer the expectations which we then formed of it. Ernesti's edition of Cicero needs no praise of ours to add to its well-established reputation, and the neatness and convenience of the present reimpression of it are sufficiently obvious on the slightest inspection. The general opinion which we ventured to pronounce on the typographical accuracy of this edition was founded on a cursory examination of the volumes then published; this is now fully confirmed by a more critical perusal of various parts of the first seven volumes. We cannot quite bestow upon them that rare title of "immaculate books," which is so glorious and precious in the eyes of book collectors, but they are far more accurate than the last and best German edition of Ernesti; most of the typographical errors of Ernesti being corrected, and the few that remain are, generally, of the most trivial kind.

This very correct and elegant American edition of Cicero, which is meant as a specimen of complete series of the *Scriptores Romani*, gives us great pleasure; in the first place, because it is a favourable indication of the progress of literary taste among us, and, secondly, because there is a portion of the European literary world with whom a valuable critical edition of all the Latin classics will add more to our national reputation than the invention of the steam-boat, the de-

fence of New Orleans, or the victories of the lakes. And though we do not exactly agree with the scholars of Oxford in their exclusive admiration of classical learning, we glory in the confidence that there is no department of learning or of the arts which our young republic will long leave untried, or try without success.

Wait and Son, Boston, have recently published an original work, entitled *Sketchs of Epidemic Diseases in the State of Vermont, from its Settlement to 1815*; to which are added *Remarks on Pulmonary Consumption*, by Joseph A. Gallup, M. D. of Woodstock, Vt. 8vo. pp. 419. This book is respectable in a literary point of view, and valuable as a collection of facts. Of the correctness of its medical doctrines we can offer no opinion.

T. Brown, Boston, proposes to publish, by subscription, a work to be called the *Military Chronicle*, giving particular accounts of all the battles fought by the armies of the U. S. from the battle of Tippecanoe, with the Indians, (Nov. 7. 1811,) to the defeat of the British at New-Orleans. It will be printed in one 8vo. volume of about 500 pages, price, in boards, 2 dols.

Telletson and Weld have in the press a *Picture of Boston*, giving an account of its institutions, buildings, &c. &c. on the plan of the *Pictures of London, Paris, Liverpool, and New-York*.

J. Haddock, of Hartford, is about to publish a volume of *Sermons on practical subjects*, by Edward D. Griffin, D. D. of Newark, N. J.

Curtis & Co. Albany, are about to publish, *Letters written during three years residence in Chili*, containing an account of the revolutionary struggle in that province, an original work, by Samuel B. Johnson, an American citizen, who was for some time in the service of the patriots.

Mercein & Co. New-York, are reprinting the *Speeches of Charles Fox*, from the last London edition, compiled under the inspection of Lord Erskine.

C. W. Eddy, M. D. New-York, is engaged in preparing for publication a new *elementary work containing the principles of Botany and vegetable Physiology*, illustrated from the works of Linnæus, Willdenow, Smith, and Lenebrer, with a new arrangement of the class Cryptogamia. It will be printed in 8vo. illustrated with thirteen explanatory plates.

Joseph Coppinger, of New York, has lately written, and will soon publish, a small treatise, entitled, *The American Practical Brewer and Tanner*. This has been drawn up by the Author after an experience of twenty-five years in the Brewing and Malting Business, and will doubtless be found useful to those concerned in Brewing, Malting, and Tanning. The different processes are given with fidelity and exactness, and some at least will be found new and interesting. Some papers translated from the transactions of the academy of Arts and Sciences at Paris, may afford useful hints to the Tanners of this country. By this method, the heaviest soal leather can be completely tanned in

twenty-one days, which, in the old way, takes from twelve to eighteen months, and calf skins can be tanned in three or four days, which usually took six or eight months. The volume will contain the process of brewing Porter, Pale Ale, Table Beer, &c.; also, remarks on the construction of vats, breweries and malt houses, the mode of raising hops, preparing seed barley for sowing, malting Indian corn, &c. &c.

Dr. R. Bayard, professor of obstetrics in the medical faculty of Queens College, will shortly publish, *A treatise on some of the most important cases in Midwifery, with observations on the Diseases of Women, and the effects of Medicine in the puerperal state.*

Conrad & Co. Philadelphia, are printing *A Manual of Mineralogy*, by Arthur Aikin. A succinct analytical notice of the original English edition of this useful book may be found in our August number.

In a former number (See *Analectic Magazine*, vol. 5. p. 173,) we inserted a brief statement of the plan of a course of lectures delivered by John Bristed, Esq. at New-York, during the winter of 1814, 1815. This gentleman has again entered upon the same field of useful and honourable literary exertion, and intends soon to commence a second course of public lectures, of which he has drawn up the following analysis.

"The Prospectus, published in the year 1814, presents a general outline of the track of lecturing intended to be pursued, ultimately, if health, opportunity, and public encouragement shall permit. The present Analysis is designed to give a more particular account of the first course of general lectures.

The Introductory Lecture will exhibit a full exposition of the whole course; much detail in the present analysis is therefore unnecessary. It will be first attempted to explain the causes of the scantiness and the unpopularity of *Metaphysical* studies, and to point out the best mode of cultivating that very important and interesting branch of human science. As connected with, and essentially benefited by, the study of metaphysics, it is then recommended to pursue a course of *History*, of *Biography*, and of *Voyages and Travels*; the best modes of writing and of studying, which are explained. An opportunity is then taken to make a practical application of the preceding elementary observations to the character and condition of the people of the United States; together with historical allusions to the condition and character of the European nations, both ancient and modern; all tending to prove, that the most intimate connexion subsists between the permanent national power of every country, and the aggregate amount of its general intelligence.

It is then endeavoured to investigate the means, by which individual students may best cultivate their own natural faculties; so as to enable them to profit most by the plan of study which has been marked out in its elementary principles, and enforced by practical illustrations: for instance, the great advantages resulting from the habit of *writing down* all our acquired knowledge, whether derived from observation, or from reading, or from reflection, or from conversation, are par-

ticularly set forth, and earnestly inculcated. The chief constituents of intellectual greatness are then explained; and the best means of developing the powers of native genius pointed out. These means are illustrated by biographical sketches of the intellectual career of Dr. Adam Smith, the political economist, and of Dr. Robertson, the historian; occasion being taken to mark out the great features of difference between ancient and modern systems of legislation; and also to trace the chief practical lines of historical composition.

Considered as the most important branch of moral philosophy, an inquiry is then made into the effects of *infidelity* upon the conduct and fortunes of individuals, and upon the character and destiny of nations; the elementary propositions being all supported by a regular induction of facts, derived from ancient and modern history. The career of nations is then explored by the light of *political economy*, in the general acceptation of that comprehensive term; in order to ascertain by what best means of military and naval prowess, of diplomatic skill, of financial wisdom, of municipal policy, a country can be most speedily aggrandized, most permanently exalted. This inquiry is traced through a summary analysis of the principal institutions and exploits of ancient Greece and Rome, of feudal Europe, of modern France, modern Russia, and modern England; more especially, the military, the diplomatic, and the financial systems of England, Russia, and France, are examined; and those branches of study by which the quickest, and most intimate acquaintance with the causes of the growth and decline of nations may be acquired, are pointed out.

The concluding lecture enumerates those subjects which yet remain to be discussed, in order to complete the outline traced in the general prospectus, published in the year 1814. The whole course will consist of *fifty-six* lectures, of which two will be delivered in each week, beginning in November, 1815, and continuing until the whole course shall be finished.

The introductory lecture to the second course will give a full account of the track intended to be pursued in the course of lectures on *law*; in which it is designed to follow the same course, in regard to American law, which Blackstone has pursued with respect to the municipal law of England, in his deservedly celebrated commentaries. The constitutional law of the United States, contained in the federal and state constitutions, will be first expounded; then the statute and common law of the state of New-York will be exhibited in the same order as the English law is laid down in Blackstone's Commentaries; and the points of agreement, of distinction, and of opposition, between the legal codes of New-York and of England, as evidenced in the statutes and in the common law reporters, will be noticed.

The same plan will be pursued, in respect to the statutes and reporters of the United States, and of the several separate states; until a complete digest of *American Jurisprudence* shall be displayed; so that it is hoped the student may be materially assisted in his efforts to become an *American* lawyer: that is to say, well acquainted with the legal codes of the different states; and, therefore, better qualified

to contribute his aid towards the improvement of the municipal systems of America, according to the best lights of political philosophy, and growing civilization.

The first *fifty* lectures of the law course will be delivered during the ensuing winter; beginning on the first Tuesday in November, 1815. and delivering two lectures every week, until the whole course be finished. It is intended to deliver *fifty* additional lectures every succeeding winter. until the whole proposed course, embracing the constitutional, statute, and common law of the United States, and of the separate states of America, shall be accomplished.

A number of the citizens of Charleston have formed a Society under the title of the *Literary and Philosophical Society of South-Carolina*, with a view to promote Literary and Philosophical investigation, to encourage the improvement of the Arts and Sciences, and to obtain and diffuse whatever information can reflect light on the Civil, Political, or Natural History of their country. The objects embraced by the society are indicated by the classes into which it has distributed its members. They are as follow :

1. Mathematics, and Mechanical Philosophy. 2. Chemistry, including Electricity, Galvanism, and Mineralogy. 3. Zoology and Botany. 4. Anatomy, Surgery, Physiology, and Medicine. 5. Agriculture and Rural Economy. 6. Manufactures, Commerce, and Internal Navigation. 7. History, Geography, Topography, and Antiquities. 8. Belles Lettres, including Languages ancient and modern, and Education public and private. 9. Fine Arts.

Accurate statements of the progress of national improvements, of our resources and our wants; results of actual and careful experiments in Science or in Art; researches into the Civil and Natural History of our country, its topography, its mineralogy, its botany, the present condition of its navigable streams, its agriculture and rural economy; accounts of discoveries or improvements in any of the above departments of science will be gladly received; and from the communications which may be made the society expects, from time to time, to publish such as may be most interesting, from their novelty, or valuable, from their application to the wants or conveniences of life.

The society also intends to establish a MUSEUM in the city of Charleston, for the purpose of collecting and exhibiting, for public instruction and amusement, all such objects as are most interesting, curious, or useful in nature or in art. Stephen Elliott, Esq. of Charleston, has been elected president, and has lately published an inaugural address, pointing out the objects of the institution.

Messrs Darby & Bringier, whose important geographical work on Louisiana was announced in our July number, have since made arrangements with Mr. Melish, of Philadelphia, for the publication of it in numbers, in the following order:

1. *The State Map of Louisiana, accompanied with a Geographical Description of that country.* Price 9 dollars. This Map is projected

on a scale of ten geographical miles to an inch, and will be handsomely engraved on two large plates, each about 30 inches by 24, and printed on fine vellum paper, handsomely coloured. The Geographical Description will form about 400 pages 8vo. handsomely printed on fine paper.

II. *General Map of the United States and contiguous British and Spanish possessions, with a Geographical Description.* Price 7 dollars. This part of the work is selected as the second number, because it has a very important connexion with the view of Louisiana, and will be ready in time to accompany the map of that country. The map is projected on a scale of 60 miles to an inch, and includes the whole Louisiana territory, showing its relation to the United States, and the contiguous British and Spanish possessions. It will be handsomely engraved on 4 plates; the whole Map will be about 4 feet 2, by 3 feet 2 inches. It will be printed on fine vellum paper, and coloured. The Geographical Description will be handsomely printed in 8vo. corresponding with that of Louisiana.

III. *Map of Upper Louisiana, and a Geographical Description of that country.* Price 9 dollars. The Map of this extensive and important region is projected on a scale of 10 geographical miles to an inch, to correspond with that of Lower Louisiana. It will be handsomely engraved on 6 plates, each about 23 by 21 inches. The whole map will be about 5 feet 6 by 3 feet 6 inches, printed on fine vellum paper, and coloured, to correspond with the other maps. The Geographical Description, in an 8vo. volume, will accompany the map, in boards.

IV. *Map of the Country between the State of Louisiana and the Spanish Internal Provinces.* This map is projected on the same scale as those of Upper and Lower Louisiana, with which it is meant to correspond. It will be engraved in the same manner, on one plate 30 inches by 24, and will be printed on fine vellum paper, and coloured. Price 1 dollar.

V. *Historical Account of the Settlement, Progress, and Present State of Louisiana.* This will be comprised in one volume, octavo, containing about 400 pages, and be delivered to subscribers in boards, price 2 dollars.

VI. *Chart of the Mississippi and adjacent Waters, and a Description of the Events of the late War, at New Orleans.* The Chart will be neatly engraved on two plates, each about 31 inches by 22, the whole about 3 feet 8 by 2 feet 8 inches. It will be printed on fine vellum paper, and the forts will be coloured. The Description will be in octavo, to correspond with the other works, and will be drawn with special reference to the Chart, describing the forts, passes, soundings, &c. The price of the Chart and Description will be 3 dollars, payable on delivery. The price of the work, as arranged for publication in separate numbers, will amount to 30 dollars, but the price to subscribers, for the whole, will remain as originally fixed at *Twenty-five dollars.*

The prospectus of Messrs. Darby & Bringier's work is accompanied with recommendations by Gen. Jackson, Gen. Gaines, and other very respectable names.

FOREIGN LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

The very singular decay of the plum and the peach tree in various parts of the United States, while it is a source of serious concern to the gardener and the epicure, has caused much curious speculation among the more scientific cultivators of natural knowledge. It almost seems to be established as a universal law, that there is a great system of revolution going on among fruits and trees as well as states and empires ; that plums and peaches are subject to the same mutations with popes and potentates. As every thing that can contribute to explain or to remedy this phenomenon is of value, we insert the following extract of a letter from St. Helena. The decay of the chestnut trees of that island may perhaps soon furnish a subject of scientific investigation, or of amusement, to the imprisoned Napoleon.

A Letter from St. Helena.—"I take this opportunity of requesting your attention to a singular fact, in natural history, which has lately been noticed to me. On regretting the appearance of some stately chestnut trees near Mr. Doveton's country house, which seemed to have been some time dead, I was assured, that within these last four or five years, the greater number of the chestnut trees, of every age, in this Island, have either died or are dying. On inspecting several at the Plantation House, in both these states, I could perceive no insects, nor any other source of destruction, beyond the ordinary indications of decay in an aged tree. I was long embarrassed by these singular phenomena, until it was accidentally mentioned, that on the first introduction of the chestnut, the rats had been so troublesome in the destruction of the seed, that it became an established practice, which has since been continued, to propagate the plant by means of suckers only. This is the fact which I should wish you to investigate as a philosophical botanist. The theory of Mr. Knight, regarding the certain decay of all engrafted fruits, or such as are propagated by any other means than the seed, may receive an unexpected illustration, in the singular fact which I have stated. In both cases, these dissevered portions of the original tree are destined to follow the decay of their parent ; and a theory which seems strange only to superficial observers, will be seen to accord with the beautiful simplicity of nature, in all her works. In vegetable, as in animal existence, limits are placed to the prolongation of individual life ; and the species can be preserved by no other means than the reproduction of new individuals."

M. Werner, a German dramatist, some time ago wrote several tragedies founded on the life of Luther, and highly favourable to protestantism ; this M. Werner has for some time occupied the imaginations of the good Christians at Vienna, as much, or nearly as much, as the Congress itself. That assembly, indeed, treated on temporals on-

ly; M. Werner treats on spirituals. Once he depicted the principles and effects of Lutheranism, with all the powers of his muse, and all the seductive colouring that his imagination could devise or employ—now he glows with all the fervour of Catholicism, and horrors upon horrors rise at his command, to enshroud the shade of guilty Luther in the blackest darkness of despair and eternal night.

The history of his conversion to the Church of Rome is this: He had repaired to Vienna for the purpose of amusing himself some years back. One evening, he was fixed in deep contemplation on those gloomy masses which compose the gothic Cathedral of St. Stephen: suddenly, a door opened—torches glimmered—a priest carried the host in procession to a dying person; struck with the sight, the poet felt a revolution in his internal sensations; his opinions felt the same revolution; he went to Rome, abjured his Lutheranism, and reconciled himself to the Church, in the Basilica of St. Peter. As an act of penitence and expiation, he passed two years in eremitical seclusion at the foot of Mount Vesuvius. Now returned into Germany, he displays his talent as a preacher, and his sermons, fraught with zeal for Catholicism, draw immense crowds. This incident presents a curious whole: In the morning, at the Church, the city *en masse* listens, admires, and repents: in the evening, at the theatre, the city *en masse* throngs the house, to see the Lutheran tragedies, composed by the same preacher who had moved their very souls in the morning! In vain does he declaim against his own plays: his auditors, intent on doing him justice as a poet, become his spectators also.

Several of the foreign princes have formed part of his congregation. A sepulchral voice, a pale countenance, haggard eyes, and fervid expressions, contribute to announce, in M. Werner, another St. Januarius. He lodges with the order of the Servites; he continues a course of personal discipline of scourgings and other mortifications of the body; nevertheless, he does not refuse invitations to dinner when affectionately pressed; and he entertains charitable hope of being able to edify the company by his maxims, his observations, and his morals.

Lately published, *The Life of Philip Melancthon, comprising an Account of the most Important Transactions of the Reformation.* By F. A. Cox, A. M. 8vo. This volume affords a correct view of the life of this excellent man, and a tolerably compressed account of the reformation. It exhibits considerable industry, and is written with a commendable spirit of impartiality.

APPENDIX TO THE NAVAL CHRONICLE.

NAVAL REGISTER.

<i>Names and Rank.</i>	<i>Dates of Commissions.</i>	<i>Where Stationed.</i>
CAPTAINS.		
Alexander Murray	1 July, 1798	Navy Yard, Philadelphia
John Rodgers	5 March, 1799	President of the Navy Board, Washington
James Barron	22 May, -	Absent from the U. S. — Not on duty
William Bainbridge	20 do 1800	Independence 74, Mediterranean
Hugh G. Campbell	16 Oct. -	Charleston, S. C.
Stephen Decatur	16 Feb. 1804	Frigate Guerriere, Mediterranean
Thomas Tingey	23 Nov. -	Navy Yard, Washington
Charles Stewart	22 April, 1806	Furloughed June 25, 1815
Isaac Hull	23 do -	Charlestown, Mass.
Isaac Chauncey	24 do -	Washington 74
John Shaw	27 Aug. 1807	Frigate "U. States"
John H. Dent	29 Dec. 1811	Newport, R. I.
David Porter	2 July, 1812	A Commissioner of the Navy Board, Washington
John Cassin	3 do -	Navy Yard, Gosport, Va.
Samuel Evans	4 July, 1812	Navy Yard, N. Y.

Charles Gordon	2 March, 1813	Frigate Constellation, Mediterranean
Jacob Jones	3 do -	Frigate Macedonian, Mediterranean
Charles Morris	5 do -	Frigate Congress, Mediterranean
Joseph Tarbell	24 July	Norfolk, Va.
Arthur Sinclair	24 do -	Lake Erie
Oliver Hazard Perry	10 Sept. -	Frigate Java
Thomas Macdonough	11 do 1814	Portsmouth, N. H.
Lewis Warrington	23 Nov. -	Sloop Peacock
Joseph Bainbridge	23 do -	Staten Island N. Y.
William Craze	24 do -	Independence 74
Johnston Blakeley	25 do -	Sloop Wasp
James T. Leonard	4 Feb. 1815	Lake Champlain
James Biddle	28 do -	Sloop Hornet
Charles G. Ridgely	28 do -	Sloop Erie
Robert T. Spence	28 do -	Baltimore Navy Yard
Dan. T. Patterson	28 do -	New-Orleans
MASTERS COMMANDANT.		
Samuel Angus	24 July, 1815	New-York, recruiting
Mel. T. Woolsey	24 do -	Lake Ontario
J. Orde Creighton	24 do -	Newport, R. I.
Edw. Trenchard	24 do -	Corvette John Adams
John Downes	24 do -	Brig Epervier
John D. Henley	24 do -	Baltimore, recruiting
Jesse D. Elliott	24 do -	Sloop Ontario
Robert Henley	12 Aug. 1814	Washington
Stephen Cassin	11 Sept. -	Furloughed March 10, 1815
Daniel S. Dexter	10 Dec. -	Washington
James Henshaw	10 do -	New-York Navy Yard
David Deacon	10 do -	Boston, recruiting

Lewis Alexis	No. 4.	10 Dec.	1814	New-Orleans
Michael B. Carroll	No. 1.	4 Feb.	1815	Ditto
Sidney Smith	-	28 do	-	Plattsburg, N. Y.
Thomas Brown	-	1 March,	-	Philadelphia, recruit-
William Lewis	-	3 do	-	ing Guerriere, Mediter-
LIEUTENANTS.				
Nathaniel Haraden	-	31 March,	1807	Washington Navy
Francis L. Mitchell	-	18 Feb	1809	Yard Furloughed June 5,
George Merrill	-	30 April,	-	1815 New-Orleans
Samuel Woodhouse	-	4 May,	-	Lake Erie
Charles C. B. Thompson	-	15 do	-	Philadelphia
Joseph Nicholson	-	15 June,	-	Newport, R. I.
Alexander S. Wadsworth	-	21 April,	1810	Brig Prometheus
John Pettigrew	-	22 do	-	Washington 74
George W. Rodgers	-	24 do	-	Brig Firefly, Mediter-
George C. Read	-	25 do	-	anean
Henry E. Ballard	-	26 do	-	Brig Hippewah, Me-
Thomas Gamble	-	27 do	-	diteranean
William Carter, Jr.	-	28 do	-	Baltimore
Benedict I. Neale	No. 2.	4 June,	-	Brig Spark, Mediter-
Joseph I. Nicholson	No. 3.	4 do	-	anean
Walter Stewart	No. 4.	4 do	-	Frigate Macedonian
Wolcott Chauncey	-	7 do	-	Frigate Constellation
John H. Elton	-	8 do	-	Ship Alert
Edmund P. Kennedy	-	9 do	-	Schooner Torch, Me-
Jesse Wilkinson	-	10 do	-	diteranean
Alexander J. Dallas	-	13 do	-	Brig Saranac, Medi-
				terranean
				Norfolk, Va
				Mediterranean
				Schooner Spitfire,
				Mediterranean

John B. Nicolson	20 May,	1812	Brig Flambeau, Me-
Beckman V. Hoffman	21 do	-	diteranean
George Budd	23 do	-	Cyane
Thomas A. C. Jones	24 do	-	Furloughed May 29,
Joseph S. Macpherson	26 do	-	1815
John Porter	27 do	-	Furloughed July 18,
John T. Shubrick	28 do	-	1815
William Finch	4 Jan.	1813	Frigate Java
William B. Shubrick	5 do	-	Brig Boxer, Mediter-
Henry Wells	6 do	-	anean
Benjamin W. Booth	7 do	-	Frigate Guerriere
Alexander Claxton	8 do	-	Independence 74
Enos R. Davis	10 do	-	Frigate Constitution
Charles W. Morgan	3 March,	-	Boston
Samuel P. Macomber	4 do	-	Frigate "U States"
Raymond H. J. Perry	5 do	-	Ditto
Lawrence Kearney	6 do	-	New-York Navy Yard
William H. Watson	7 do	-	Franklin 74
Thomas Hendry, Jr.	8 do	-	Frigate Guerriere
Edwall A. Parker	9 do	-	Newport, R. I.
Edward R. M'Call	11 do	-	Brig Enterprise
Daniel Turner	12 do	-	Mediterranean
William H. Allen	24 July,	-	Ditto
Step. D. M'Knight	24 do	-	Frigate "U. States"
David Connor	24 do	-	Frigate Java
John Gallagher	24 do	-	Brig Flambeau
Thomas Holdup	24 do	-	Not in the United
James A. Dudley	24 do	-	States--On duty
James P. Oellers	24 do	-	Sloop Hornet
Wm. M. Hunter	24 do	-	Frigate Congress
John D. Sloat	24 do	-	Frigate Java
			Independence 74
			Furloughed March 4,
			1815
			Independence 74
			Furloughed March
			16, 1815

John Packett	No. 11	24 July,	1813	Furloughed April 25, 1815	Kervin Waters	30 June, 1814	Portland, Mas. Frankln 74
Wm. H. Cooke	No. 12	24 do	-	Brig Spark	William H. Odenheimer	16 July,	Brig Epervier
John J. Varnall	No. 13	4 do	-	Frigate Guerniere	Edward Barnewall	22 do	Ditto
Mat. C. Perry	No. 14	24 do	-	Brig Chippewa	John M. Maury*	9 Dec.	Sloop Wasp
Chas. W. Skinner	No. 15	24 do	-	Sloop Ontario	Frederick Baur	9 do	Franklin 74
Joseph Wragg	No. 16	24 do	-	Ship Alert	Benjamin Cooper	9 do	Sloop Peacock
James Sanders	No. 17	24 do	-	Franklin 74	Philip F. Voorhees	9 do	Brig Flambeau
James Reilly	No. 18	24 do	-	Sloop Wasp	Henry Gilliam	9 do	Frigate Congress
Sam. W. Adams	No. 19	24 do	-	Lake Ontario	William D. Salter	9 do	Brig Prometheus
John R. Madison	No. 21	24 do	-	Frigate Congress	William A. Spencer	9 do	Frigate Macedonian
Dugomier Taylor	No. 22	24 do	-	Frigate Java	William L. Gordon	9 do	England†
George Pearce	No. 23	24 do	-	Washington 74	David Geisinger	9 do	Brig Firefly
Fred. W. Smith	No. 24	24 do	-	Sloop Ontario	Richard Winter	9 do	Frigate Constitution
Hen. S. Newcomb	No. 25	24 do	-	Furloughed February 28, 1815	John T. Wade	9 do	Furloughed March 10, 1815
Nat. D. Nicholson	No. 26	24 do	-	England*	John Percival	9 do	Sloop Peacock
Thos. Tillinghast	No. 27	24 do	-	Sloop Wasp	James Ramage	9 do	Furloughed February 28 1815
Otho Norris	No. 29	24 do	-	Washington 74	William V. Taylor	9 do	Frigate Java
John T. Newton	No. 30	24 do	-	Sloop Hornet	Mervine Mix	9 do	Brig Firefly
P. A. J. P. Jones	No. 31	24 do	-	Boston	Thomas M. Newell	9 do	Savannah
Samuel Henley	No. 32	24 do	-	Sloop Peacock	Edward Haddaway	9 do	St. Michael's, Md.
Augs. Conckling	No. 33	24 do	-	Philadelphia	Charles F. McCawley	9 do	Sloop Erie
Joseph Smith	No. 34	24 do	-	Frigate Constellation	John H. Bell	9 do	Ditto
Laur. Rousseau	No. 36	24 do	-	Sloop Erie	Dulany Forrest	9 do	Frigate Java
George W. Storer	No. 37	24 do	-	Independence 74	Bladen Dulaney	9 do	Schooner Spitfire
Henry B. Rapp	No. 40	24 do	-	Frigate Guerniere	Thomas W. Magruder	9 do	Frigate "U. States"
Lewis German	No. 41	24 do	-	England†	Francis B. Gamble	9 do	Frigate Macedonian
Joseph Cassin	No. 42	24 do	-	Frigate Constellation	Richard Dashiell	9 do	England†
Robert M. Rose	No. 43	24 do	-	Little Plymouth, Va.	John Tayloe	9 do	Frigate Constitution
Beverly Kennon	No. 44	24 do	-	Frigate Constellation	George B. McCulloch	9 do	Frigate "U. States"
Edward Shubrick		9 Oct.	-	Furloughed May 20, 1815	Robert Spedden	9 do	Baltimore
Charles A. Budd		18 June,	1814	Lake Champlain	Thomas T. Webb	9 do	Frigate Macedonian
Francis H. Gregory		28 do	-	Frigate Congress			

* Captured in the Brig Siren.
† Ditto.

* The relative rank of those officers whose commissions are dated the 9th of December, 1814, has not been established.
† Captured in the Siren.

‡ Captured in a prize to the Essex.

Walter G. Anderson	1814	Norfolk, Va.	Edward B. Balbit	1 May,	1815	Independence 74
Stephen Champlin	9 do	Brig Chippewa	George Hamersley	5 do	-	Brig Saranac
Charles T. Stallings	9 do	Frigate Constellation				
Jamies McGowan	9 do	Brig Enterprise	SURGEONS.			
William Lowe	9 do	Brig Saranac	Edward Cutbush	24 June,	1799	Hospital, Washington
E. A. F. Vallette	9 do	Furloughed April 10,	Peter St. Medard	14 July,	-	Not on duty
		1815	Samuel R. Marshall	16 Jan.	1800	Hospital, New-York
John H. Aulick	9 do	Brig Saranac	Lewis Heerman	27 Nov.	1804	Hospital, New-Or-
Charles T. Clarke	9 do	Brig Boxer				leans
Silas Duncan	9 do	Frigate Guerriere	Joseph G. P. Hunt	27 do	-	New York
Thomas Cunningham	9 do	New-Orleans	Jonathan Cowdry	27 do	-	Norfolk, Virginia
Isaac McKeever	9 do	Ditto	Samuel D. Heap	27 do	-	Hospital, Philadel-
Robert F. Stockton	9 do	Schooner Spitfire				phia
Nat. L. Montgomery	9 do	Mediterranean	Robert L. Thorn	3 March,	1809	Portsmouth, N. H.
Walter N. Montcath	9 do	Furloughed May 22,	Samuel R. Trevett, Jr.	3 do	-	Charlestown, Massa-
		1815				chusetts
A. C. Stout	9 do	Lake Erie	Wm. P. C. Barton	28 April,	-	Philadelphia
Silas H. Stringham	9 do	Brig Spark	Joseph W. New	18 June,	-	Savannah, Georgia
George Vaneleave	9 do	Frigate Macedonian	Joseph S. Schoolfield	18 do	-	Hospital, Norfolk, Va.
Paul Zantzing	9 do	Brig Firefly	George Logan	14 April,	1810	Hospital, Charleston,
John W. Gibbs	9 do	Furloughed April 17,				S C
		1815				
John T. Drury	9 do	Brig Epervier	Amos A. Evans	20 do	-	Independence 74
Charles E. Crowley	9 do	Boston	Robert Morrell	31 May,	-	New-Orleans
William Laughton	9 do	Schooner Nonsuch	Robert S. Kearney	28 July,	-	Frigate "U States"
Nelson Webster	9 do	Sloop Ontario	James Page	5 March,	1811	Hospital, Baltimore
William A. C. Farragut	9 do	Furloughed April 27,	John D. McReynolds	2 Oct.	-	Hospital, Mediterra-
		1815				nean
Richard G. Edwards	9 do	Furloughed March	Thomas Harris	6 July,	1812	Frigate Macedonian
		14, 1814	William Turk	24 do	1813	New-York
William Mervin	4 Feb.	Lake Ontario	Hyde Ray	24 do	-	Sloop Erie
William K. Latimer	4 do	Sloop Erie	William Baldwin	24 do	-	Savannah
Gustavus W. Spooner	4 do	Washington 74	Wm. W. Buchanan	24 do	-	Lake Ontario
Isaac Mayo	4 do	Sloop Hornet	Samuel Ayer	24 do	-	Portland
William H. Brailsford	4 do	Independence 74	E. L. Lawton	24 do	-	Neptune
William Elliott	4 do	Schooner Torch	Charles Cotton	24 do	-	Newport, R. I.
Thomas Crabb	4 do	Corvette John Adams	Gerard Dayers	24 do	-	Frigate Congress

William Caton No. 9	24 July,	1813	Lake Champlain	John D. Armstrong	27 May,	1812	Schooner Helen
Robert A. Barton No. 10	24 do	-	Sloop Ontario	William C. Whittlesey	7 July,	-	Frigate Constellation
Benj. P. Kissam No. 11	24 do	-	Sloop Hornet	Peter Christie	8 do	-	Middletown, Connect-
John A. Kearney No. 13	24 do	-	Frigate Constitution				icut
Richard C. Edgar No. 14	24 do	-	Furloughed May 29, 1815				Hospital, New-York
B. Washington No. 15	24 do	-	Washington 74	John Young, Jr.	9 do	-	Brig Torch
Wm. M. Clarke No. 16	24 do	-	Sloop Wasp	Samuel Jackson	10 do	-	Lake Ontario
Thos. Childester No. 17	24 do	-	Schooner Enterprise	Andrew B. Cook	21 Dec.	-	Ditto
Jas. Inderville No. 18	24 do	-	Brig Epervier	James C. Garrison	22 do	-	Wilmington, N. C.
Geo. T. Kennon No. 19	24 do	-	Frigate Constellation	E. D. Morrison	24 July,	1813	Charleston, S. C.
Walter W. New	6 Oct.	-	Corvette John Adams	Horatio S. Waring	24 do	-	
Samuel Horsley	15 April,	1814	Franklin 74	John H. Gordon, Acting Surgeon	24 do	-	Mediterranean
Robert C. Randolph	15 do	-	Brig Saranae	Samuel M. Kissam	24 do	-	Sloop Hornet
Charles B. Hamilton	15 do	-	Sloop Peacock	Leonard Osborne	24 do	-	Brig Firefly
Usher Parsons	15 do	-	Frigate Java	Thos. Willmarson	24 do	-	Brig Prometheus
William Swift	15 do	-	England*	John Dix	24 do	-	Brig Flambeau
Josephus M. S. O. Conway	27 June,	-	New-Orleans	Benj. Austin, Jr.	24 do	-	Furloughed June 13, 1815
Richard K. Hoffman	16 July,	-	Frigate Guerriere	Thomas Cadle	24 do	-	Sloop Peacock
Richmond Johnson	1 March,	1815	Brig Boxer	Leuco Mitchell	24 do	-	Furloughed June 8, 1815
Thomas B. Salter	22 May,	-	Elizabethtown, N. J.			-	Brig Spitfire
SURGEONS' MATES.							
John Harrison	16 Jan.	1805	Hospital, Washington	Silas D. Wickes	24 do	-	Brig Epervier
Smith Lewis	23 do	1809	Frigate President, Ju- ly, 1811	Isaac Baldwin, Jr.	24 do	-	Schooner Nonsuch
Gustavus R. Brown	1 March,	-	Lake Champlain	Wilnot F. Rogers	24 do	-	Charlestown, Massa- chusetts
Manuel Phillips	18 July,	-	Furloughed June 22, 1811	Thomas Rogerson	25 Oct.	-	Frigate Congress
William Barnwell	28 do	1810	New-York	George S. Sproston	8 Nov.	-	Lake Erie
William Belt	23 Sept.	1811	Furloughed July 24, 1815	John C. Richardson	17 May,	1814	Sloop Erie
Donaldson Yeates	14 May,	1812	Eastern Shore, Mary- land	John W. Peaco	23 June,	-	Lake Erie
				Archimedes Smith	5 July,	-	Brig Spark
				Alex. M. Montgomery	16 do	-	Frigate Macedonian
				Oliver Le Chevalier	10 Dec.	-	Hospital, Washington
				William Butler	10 do	-	Shawangunk, New- York
				Thomas McKissock	10 Dec.	1814	Kennebunk, Massa- chusetts
				John Wise	10 do	-	

* Captured in the Siren.

Thomas I. H. Cushing	10 Dec.	1814	Charlestown, Massachusetts	John R. Martin, Acting Surgeon	9 May, 1815	Brig Chippewa
John H. Steel	10 do	-	Frigate Macedonian	James R. Boyce, Acting Surgeon's Mate	10 Jan.	Frigate Constellation
S. B. Whittington	10 do	-	Sloop Ontario	David H. Fraser, Acting Surgeon's Mate	21 Feb.	New-York
Francis Gerrish	10 do	-	Independence 74			
Edward Woodward	10 do	-	Frigate "U. States"			
Benjamin A. Wells	10 do	-	Piscataway, Maryland			
Frederick P. Markham	10 do	-	Adams, Massachusetts	PURSEES.		
William D. Conway	10 do	-	Baltimore	Isaac Garretson	25 April, 1812	Furloughed
James N. Turnstale	10 do	-	Henderson County, Kentucky	Clement S. Hunt	25 do	Newport, R. I.
Davis G. Tuck	10 do	-	Fairfax Courthouse, Virginia	Gwynn Harris	25 do	Franklin 74
Robert C. Wardle	10 do	-	Westchester County, New-York	John H. Carr	25 do	Accounting
James Norris	10 do	-	Washington 74	Nathaniel Lyde	25 do	Portsmouth, N. H.
Thomas C. Gardner	10 do	-	Frigate Congress	James R. Wilson	25 do	Absent from the United States—Not on duty
William F. Bradbury	10 do	-	Furloughed June 27, 1815	Samuel Robertson	25 do	Norfolk, Va.
Benajah Tickner	10 do	-	Sharon, Connecticut	Samuel Hambleton	25 do	Furloughed July 15, 1815
William P. Jones	10 do	-	Virginia	Robert C. Ludlow	25 do	Independence 74
Thomas G. Peachy	10 do	-	Mediterranean	Robert Pottinger	25 do	Frigate Constitution
John Mairs	10 do	-	New-York	John B. Timberlake	25 do	New-York
John McAdam	10 do	-	Northumberland Co. Virginia	Thomas J. Chew	25 do	Washington 74
John S. Mershon	10 do	-	Princeton, N. J.	Thomas Shields	25 do	New Orleans
Charles Chase	10 do	-	Washington 74	Richard C. Archer	25 do	Accounting
Thomas V. Wiesenthal	10 do	-	Frigate Java	Lewis Deblois	25 do	Charlestown, Massachusetts
George B. Doane	10 do	-	Mediterranean	George S. Wise	25 do	New York
Amos King	10 do	-	New-York	Francis A. Thornton	25 do	Furloughed November 1, 1814
Pliny Morton	10 do	-	Frigate "U. States"	Edwin T. Satterwhite	25 do	Not on duty
Benjamin S. Tyler	10 do	-	New York	James M. Halsey	25 do	Frigate Guerriere
Nathaniel Miller	6 Jan.	1815	Frigate Guerriere	Edward Fitzgerald	25 do	Frigate Java
William Burchmore	10 Jan.	1815	Frigate Guerriere	Alexander P. Darragh	25 April, 1812	Furloughed April 10, 1814
Solomon D. Townsend	3 May,	-	Washington 74	Edward W. Turner	25 do	Brig Flambear
Richard Derby, Jr.	3 do	-	Independence 74			

Hall, William Harper, Joseph L.	1 Jan. 4 June,	1812	Frigate Constellation Furloughed June 13, 1815	Jasper, William Johns, Enoch H.	1 Jan. 16 do	1808 1809	Wilmington, N. C. Charlestown, Massa- chusetts
Hunter, Moses Hunter, David	18 do 18 do	-	Washington Ditto	Jamesson, William	1 Sept.	1811	Furloughed June 7, 1815
House, William Higinbotham, Delozier	18 do 18 do	-	Boston	Inman, William Jackson, James T.	1 Jan. 1 do	1812	Boston New-York
Harby, Levi	18 do	-	Independence 74 Charleston, S. C.	Isaacs, G. W. Jarvis, Joseph R.	1 do 18 June,	-	Schooner Torch Furloughed April 26, 1815
Hardy, I. C. Hamilton, Edward W.	18 do 18 do	-	Beaufort, S. C.	Jamesson Skeffington Jones, Richard A.	18 do 18 do	-	Brig Prometheus Frigate Macedonian
Hodges, James Hall, A. S.	9 Nov. 9 do	1813	Frigate Macedonian Charlestown, Massa- chusetts	Ingraham, Duncan N.	18 do	-	Furloughed March 8, 1815
Hull, Joseph Hund, Thomas B.	9 do 28 Jan.	-	Frigate Congress Newport, R. I.	Israel, Israel	9 Nov.	1813	Sloop Peacock
Howell, John F.	1 Feb.	1814	Frigate Guerriere	Jarrett, Frederick Jones, Walter F.	8 March. 11 June,	1814	Lake Ontario Frigate Constellation
Hunter, George W. Hollins, George N.	1 do 1 do	-	Ditto	Justin, Joshua H. Johnson, Edward S.	30 Nov. 30 do	-	Lake Champlain Brig Boxer
Hopkins, John L. Hart, Ezekiel B.	26 do 30 April,	-	Brig Flambeau Lake Ontario	Jacobs, Edward	30 do	-	Furloughed March 4, 1815
Hayes, Thomas Heth, John	16 June, 25 do	-	Independence 74 Frigate Guerriere	[K.]	30 do	-	
Homer, William H. Horton, Samuel	30 Nov. 30 do	-	Franklin 74	Keene, Lewis Kuhn, Adam S.	1 Jan. 1 Feb.	1812 1814	Brig Enterprise Sloop Hornet
Hunter, Harry D. Harvey, William	30 do 0 do	-	Salem, Massachusetts Frigate Java	Kelle, John Kewsey, John R.	1 do 4 Nov.	-	Philadelphia Frigate Guerriere
Hunt, John Harris, John L.	30 do 30 do	-	Newbern N. C. Frigate Java	Knight, James D. Keogh, Matthew	30 do 6 Dec.	-	Savannah, Georgi Mediterranean
Harris, William S. Hobart, George	30 do 6 Dec.	-	Sparta, Ten. Frankfort, Ky.	[L.]			
Hoffman, Ogden Howard, William L.	31 do 10 Jan.	-	Furloughed June 7, 1815	Iaey, Charles Iaely, Green	16 Jan. 16 do	1809	Franklin 74 New-York
Hobbs, Hubbard H.	4 March,	1815	Brig Saranae	Lewis, John L. H.	15 May,	-	Navy Yard, Washing- ton
[I.]				Leemont, Charles Ludlow, James H.	18 do 15 Nov.	-	Cambridge, Md. Schooner Spitfire
Jones, Charles	6 July,	1803	Norfolk, Va.				

Luckett, John M.	17 Dec.	1810	Washington, Decem- ber, 1810	M'Alister, John	1 Sept.	1811	Brig Nautilus, De- cember 7, 1811
Lee, William A.	9 June,	1811	Furloughed July 27, 1815	M'Chesney, William	1 do	-	Lake Champlain
Lowe, Enoch	1 Sept.	-	Mediterranean	M'Caw, John	1 do	-	Furloughed Mareh 1, 1815
Leib, Thomas L.	1 do	-	Philadelphia	M'Cawley George	1 do	-	Franklin 74
Latimer, Arthur	1 Jan.	1812	Charlestown, Massa- chusetts	Mitchell, Robert	1 do	-	Frigate Guerriere
Loveday, John	1 do	-	Lake Champlain	M'Intosh, James M'K.	1 do	-	Boston
Lecompte, Samuel	4 June,	-	Frigate Java	Minchin, Charles W.	1 Jan.	1812	Frigate "U. States"
Lafborough, Alex. W.	18 do	-	Furloughed July 18, 1815	M'Cluney, William	1 do	-	Furloughed July 8, 1815
Lewis, William G.	18 do	-	Frigate Constellation	M'Clean, William	1 do	-	Newport, R. I.
Leverett, George H.	18 do	-	Frigate Constitution	Mackall, Richard	1 do	-	Lake Erie
Long, John C.	18 do	-	Brig Boxer	Mott, William H.	1 do	-	Schooner Spitfire
Langdon, Henry S. Jr.	18 do	-	Sloop Wasp	M'Neil, Archibald	1 do	-	Furloughed June 12, 1815
Lee, John H.	18 do	-	Frigate Macedonian	Morales, Joseph	1 do	-	New-Orleans
Lansing, Edward A.	18 do	-	Frigate Guerriere	Montgomery, John B.	4 June,	1812	Sloop Ontario
Legare, James E.	18 do	-	Brig Chippewa	Mitchell, David	18 June,	-	Brig Rattlesnake,
Lovell, H. S.	9 Nov.	1813	Charlestown, Mass.	Mason, James	18 do	-	1814
Lord, William R.	1 Feb.	1814	Portsmouth, N. H.	M'Clintock, Henry	18 do	-	Furloughed June 24, 1815
Lyman, James R.	16 July,	-	New York	Mackey, Daniel H.	16 April,	1813	Furloughed July 5, 1815
Lassalle, Stephen B.	4 Nov.	-	Schooner Spitfire	Moorehead, Joseph	9 do	-	Independence 74
Lowndes, Charles	18 March,	1815	Sloop Erie	M'Rorie, D. W	1 Feb.	1814	Brig Enterprise
Livingston, Richard P.	29 do	-	Frigate Constellation	M'Caulley, Daniel S.	1 do	-	Independence 74
				Moore, Sharp D.	18 July,	-	Sloop Ontario
				Mahoney, Michael	30 Nov.	-	Furloughed May 23, 1815
Myers, William	16 Jan.	1809	Frigate President, March 1, 1809	Mattison, Joseph	30 do	-	Schooner Torch
Motley, A.	16 do	-	Portland, Mass	M'Kean, William W.	30 do	-	Frigate Java
M'Kinney, William E.	9 June,	1811	Frigate Guerriere	M'Kenzie, William	30 do	-	New-York
M'Neil, Thomas	9 do	-	Furloughed Decem- ber 17, 1811	M'Intosh, William A.	30 do	-	Corvette John Adams
Morris, James L.	9 do	-	Frigate Congress	Marchand, Nicholas	30 do	-	New-Orleans
Mazyck, P. R.	9 do	-	Charleston, S. C.	Myers, Joseph	6 Dec.	-	Frigate Constellation

[M.]

Mercer, Samuel Martin, Robert F.	4 March, 1815 2 May, -	Norfolk, Va. Frigate Java	Patter, Richard M. Pendergrast, Garrett Pettigrew, Thomas	1 Jan. 1 do 1 do	1812 - -	Franklin 71 Lake Erie Furloughed June 30, 1815
[N.]						
Nicholson, James Nichols, Robert Nicholson, James	1 Dec. 1 Sep. 1 Jan.	Brig Enterprise New-York Frigate Chesapeake, 1812	Prentiss, Nathaniel A. Pratt, Shubal Pratt, Charles T. Price, Edward Phelps, Samuel B. Prentiss, John E.	18 June, 18 do 18 do 5 April, 20 May 9 Nov.	- - - 1813 - -	Brig Prometheus Frigate Constitution Lake Champlain Frigate Guerriere Sloop Hornet Charlestown, Massa- chusetts
Newcomb, Walter Nixon, Z. W.	1 do 18 June, -	Charlestown, Mass. Furloughed August 5, 1815	Paine, John H. S. Pattern, Thomas	9 do 9 do	- -	Schooner Spitfire Charlestown, Massa- chusetts
Newton, Henry C. Nicholson, William C. Newman, William D. Nones, J. B. Nicholson, William B. Nelson, Armistead Nicholas, John S.	18 do 18 do 1 Feb. 1 do 17 March, 30 Nov. 6 June, 1815	Brig Epervier Ship Neptune Frigate Guerriere Ditto Frigate Java Norfolk, Va. Richmond Va.	Peterson, William Pollard, William Pelot, John F. Pinkham, Alexander B. Pinckney, Richard S. Porter, David H. Pickett, Richard	1 Feb. 8 March, 10 June, 17 do 3 Aug. 4 do 30 Nov.	1814 - - - - - -	Schooner Torch Frigate Java Charleston, S. C. Lake Erie Brig Epervier Franklin 74 Furloughed March 8, 1815
[O.]						
Olmstead, Edward Ogden, Henry Oneale, Richard Overton, Patrick H.	17 Dec. 1 Sep. 1 Jan. 30 Nov.	New-York Independence 74 Brig Enterprise Nashville, Tenn	Postell, Edward Palmer, John W. Potter, William H. Potter, Robert Pearson, Frederick Pennock, William H. Parker, George	30 do 30 do 6 Dec. 2 March, 11 March, 20 April, 6 June,	- - - 1815 - -	Charleston. S. C. Frigate Java Ditto Frigate Java Frigate "U. States" Brig Firefly New-Orleans
[P.]						
Patton, George Page, Benjamin	15 Nov. 17 Dec.	Charleston, S. C. Furloughed June 12, 1815	[R.]			
Perry, James Alexander Paulding, Hiram Pottinger, William	9 June, 1 Sep. 1 do	Brig Chippewa Frigate Constellation Furloughed August 5, 1815	Renshaw, Samuel Roney, James Roberts, L. Q. C. Rogers, James	4 July, 4 July, 16 Jan. 15 Nov.	1805 1807 1809 -	Furloughed April 19, 1815 New-Orleans Charleston, S. C.
Page, Hugh N.	1 do	Furloughed June 26, 1815				

Sherburne, Jonathan W.	30 Nov.	1814	Furloughed 7, 1815	March
Street, Miles	30 do	-	Norfolk, Va.	
Shaw, Roger C.	30 do	-	New York	
Scott, Merit	30 do	-	Frigate Java	
Somerville, G. W.	30 do	-	Brig Boxer	
Stockton, Horatio	24 Jan.	1815	Frigate Guerriere	
Sanderson, Francis	3 Feb.	-	Sloop Erie	
Smith, Jesse	11 March,	-	Frigate "U. States"	
Story, Frederick W. C.	11 do	-	Brig Boxer	
(T.)				
Tippet, Thomas A.	9 June,	1811	Sloop Hornet	
Ten Rick, Abraham	1 Sep.	-	Frigate "U. States"	
Temple, William	1 do	-	Sloop Ontario	
Titus, Ira	1 do	-	Sloop Hornet	
Taylor, James B.	1 Jan.	1812	Charlestown, Massa- chusetts	
Tyler, Tobias	1 do	-	Boston	
Thompson, Joseph	1 do	-	Washington, with Dr. Hunter	
Taylor, William	1 do	-	Frigate Constitution	
Tatnall Josiah	1 do	-	Brig Epervier	
Toscan, Frank	18 June,	-	Sloop Wasp	
Tilton, Nehemiah	9 Nov.	1813	Brig Epervier	
Tardy Henry	9 do	-	Frigate "U. States"	
Thwing, Samuel	14 May,	1814	Frigate Congress	
Toscan, Mesidor	1 Sept.	-	Idio	
Townsend, John S.	18 Nov.	-	Sloop Peacock	
Tuttle, John P.	30 do	-	Frigate "U. States"	
Turner, Henry E.	30 do	-	Frigate Java	
Toole, John	30 do	-	Brig Epervier	
Tompkins, John	30 do	-	Philadelphia	
Thorniley, William F.	30 do	-	Idio	
Tilder, Thomas R.	1 Jan.	1815	Sloop Erie	
Talladge, Benjamin, Jr.	24 do	-	Independence 71	
Taylor, William G. B.	13 Feb.	-	Brig Saratoga	

(V.)				
Vanzandt, Ira	16 Jan.	1809	Philadelphia	
Voorhees, Ralph	1 Sep.	1811	Frigate Guerriere	
Voshell, James	1 Jan.	1812	Furloughed August 13, 1812	
Varnum, Frederick	18 June	-	Frigate Constitution	
Valette, James Kirk	1 do	1815	Sloop Erie	
(W.)				
Washington, Samuel W.	15 Nov.	1809	Alexandria	
Wayne, William C.	17 Dec.	1810	Sloop Wasp, 1811	
Wish, John	17 do	-	Frigate Constitution	
Wyman, Thomas W.	17 do	-	Furloughed March 8, 1815	
Weaver, Wm. Augustus	14 Feb.	1811	Boston	
Walker, Daniel R.	9 June,	-	Furloughed June 9, 1815	
Williams, James	1 Sep.	-	Brig Enterprise	
Williamson, Jonathan D.	1 do	-	Frigate Macedonian	
Williamsoa, Charles L.	1 do	-	Frigate "U. States"	
Wall, Albert G.	1 Jan.	1812	Frigate Constellation	
Whitlock, Ephraim	1 do	-	Franklin 74	
Wilson, Stephen B.	1 do	-	Furloughed April 9, 1812	
Washington, Wm. S. I.	5 Feb.	-	Lake Erie	
Whetmore, William C.	18 June,	-	Furloughed June 13, 1815	
Whittington, Clement	18 do	-	Sloop Argus, Februa- ry, 1814	
Wolbert, Frederick	18 do	-	Sloop Erie	
Watts, Edward	18 do	-	Furloughed June 13, 1815	
Whipple, Parson M.	18 do	-	Frigate Constitution	
Whitcomb, Joshua	18 do	-	Furloughed April 7, 1815	
Warner, Henry R.	28 do	-	Brig Spark	

Ward, Henry	1 Oct. 1812	Brig Spank	Brum, Philip	15 Feb. 1813	Furloughed May 2,
Wheaton, Seth	4 March, 1814	Lake Ontario	Bassett, James	18 April, 1814	Philadelphia
White, James	20 Aug. -	Furloughed May 24,	Bowie, Henry	Actg. S. Master	Frigate Guerriere
	1815				
Walker, William	30 Nov. -		[C.]		
Wood, Oliver W.	30 do -		Carr, James E.	4 Aug. 1807	Boston
Wilson, Cesar R.	30 do -	Frigate Macedonian	Catalano, Salvadore	9 do 1809	Washington Navy
Wright, Edward	30 do -				
Watkins, Erasmus	6 June, 1815	New-Orleans	Chambers, Thomas	24 Feb. 1812	New-York
			Carter, John K.	9 May, -	Ditto
(Y.)			Coit, William	26 do -	New-London
Yates, Charles	1 Jan. 1812	Norfolk, Va. May 2,	Cox, Richard J.	23 June, -	Norfolk, Virginia
Young, John	1 do -	Furloughed May 2,	Cooper, James B. A. L.	9 July, -	Ship Alert
		1815	Caldwell, William M. A. L.	21 March, 1813	Frigate Congress
SAILING MASTERS.			Clough, John	3 July, -	New York
			Chamberlain, S. P.	8 Jan. 1814	brig Saranac
(A.)			Collins, William	3 Feb. -	t. Mary's, Georgia
Arundell, Robert	20 May, 1812	New-York	Cansler, William	29 March, -	Charleston, S. C.
Almy, Thomas C.	26 June, -	Ditto	Croft, George	17 August, -	Ditto
Adams, James H.	10 July, -	Ditto	[D.]		
Adams, Samuel W.	3 do 1813	Ditto			
Arnold, John	3 do -	Ditto			
(B.)					
Brooke, Samuel	17 Oct. 1803	Frigate John Adams,	Dudley, Linton	25 Jan. 1809	Charleston, S. C.
		1810	Dealy, Richard	14 Feb. 1811	New-Orleans
Barry, Edward	28 Feb. -	Philadelphia, 1811	Doxey, Biscoe	24 June, 1812	Baltimore
Brown, Eli	25 April, 1812	Portsmouth, N. H.	Davis, George	20 July, -	Ditto
Bloodgood, Abraham	25 June, -	New-York	Dove, Marmaduke	29 Aug. -	Washington
Bennet, Cornelius	9 Dec. -	Charlestown, Massa-	Dobbins, Daniel	16 Sept. -	Lake Erie
		chusetts	Dill, J. H.	10 April, 1813	Cartel Perseverance
Briggs, Samuel R.	3 July, 1813	New-York	Dodge, Billy	3 July, -	New-York
Biker, Nicholas	3 do -	Ditto	De la Roche, Geo. F.	3 Aug. -	Furloughed April 24,
					1815
			Dorgan Andrew	11 Sept. -	Norfolk, Va.
			Downes, Shubal	12 do -	Brig Siren, September
					12, 1813.

Drew, John	6 Dec.	1814	Furloughed April 18, 1815.	Hill, Henry D.	16 June, -	Furloughed March 10, 1815
Dunston, William	3 April,	1815	Philadelphia	Haller, Isaac	7 July, -	Charleston, S. C.
(E.)				Hawksworth, G. T.	Actg. S. Master	New-York Navy Yard
Ellison, Francis H.	3 July,	1813	Sackett's Harbour	Heartie, Isaac T.	do.	Furloughed July 6, 1815
(F.)				(J)		
Ferris, Jonathan D.	23 Feb.	1809	New-York	Jones, Edward	26 Jan.	Charleston, S. C.
Pord, Augustus	28 March,	1810	Lake Ontario	Jennings, Nathaniel	30 March,	New-York Navy Yard
Fisk, Squire	7 May,	1812	Philadelphia	Jones, Daniel	8 May, -	New-York
Fleetwood, William	7 do.	-	Baltimore	Jenkins, John D.	26 do -	Ditto
Ferguson, James	27 do.	1814	Frigate Constellation	Johnston, Robert	10 do	Norfolk, Va.
(G.)				Johnson, William	6 June,	New-Orleans
(G.)				(K)		
Gerry, Samuel R.	17 Jan.	1809	Marblehead, Maine	Kingston, Simon	29 June,	Philadelphia
Green, William	26 June,	1812	Lake Champlain	Knox, Robert	20 July, -	Charlestown, Massa-
Godfrey, Thomas	18 April,	1815	Sloop Erie	Kemper, Sylvester	30 Oct. -	chusetts
(H)				Kitts, John	15 May,	Lake Ontario
Herbert, Joshua	4 Aug.	1807	New-Orleans	(L)	1813	Schooner Spitfire
Hulburd, John	11 Feb.	1809	Brig Boxer	Levy, Uriah	21 Oct.	Philadelphia
Hutton, John S.	24 do.	-	Lake Ontario	Loomis, Jairus	11 Nov. -	New-York
Hammersley, Thomas	14 Jan.	1812	Frigate Constellation	Luckett, Alexander	15 Dec. -	Cartel Anapolton
Henry, Henry A. L.	1 July,	-	Schooner Torch	Lowe, Vincent	20 March,	Philadelphia
Hallowell, George	5 Dec.	-	St Mary's, Georgia	Lindsey, Joseph	17 do	Lake Champlain
Hixon, Samuel C.	30 April,	1814	Furloughed June 21, 1815	Lee, William	30 April,	Brig Spark

(T.)

Trant, James
Taylor, James
Taylor, Joseph
Toplum, Philip M.
Tew, Henry
Tatam, Robert S.
Terry, James

(U, V.)

Ulrick, George
Van Voorhis, Robert B.
Vanghan, William
Verner, Henry

(W.)

Williamson, James L.
Watts, Thomas
Wilkinson, Henry
Wilson, George M.
Waldo, Charles F.

Warner, John
Wright, James B.
White, John
Williston, Joseph
Warren, Nahum

Worthington, Henry

10 April, 1799 Schooner Nonsuch
16 May, 1812 New-York
14 July, - Charleston, S. C.
27 do 1813 Newport, R. I.
28 March, 1814 Lake Champlain
21 July, - Sloop Ontario
20 April, 1815 Brig Firefly

4 Dec. 1809 New-Orleans
28 Feb. - New-York Navy Yard
22 Aug. 1812 Lake Ontario
5 Dec. - Charlestown, Massa-
chusetts

4 Aug. 1807 New-Orleans
9 Feb. 1809 Charleston, S. C.
1 Jan. 1812 Lake Ontario
24 July, - Furloughed April 18,
1815

10 March, 1813 Charlestown, Massa-
chusetts
15 Sept. - Baltimore
19 Nov. - Brig Epervier
2 Dec. - Independence 74
26 Nov. 1814 Schooner Spitfire
6 Feb. 1815 Washington Navy
Yard

2 May, - Furloughed May 2, 1815

(Y.)

Young, Edward L.
BOATSWAINS.

Adams, John
Brown, William
Berry, William
Bligh, John
Briggs, John
Ball, John
Cunningham, Westly
Eaton, David

Eraus, Benjamin
Hodge, George

Hughes, James

Henry, William
Keith, William

Linscot, Edward
Longuil, John

McCloud, John
McCloud, Collin
McFate, John

Minzies, James
McNally, John

Owling, George

9 May, 1812 Gosport, Va.

21 March, 1803 New-York
4 Feb. 1809 Frigate President
20 do 1812 New-York

Actg. Boatswain
Ditto
Ditto
Actg. Boatswain
8 Aug. 1811 Sloop Hornet, August
1811

Actg. Boatswain
11 May, 1798 Sloop Erie
Furloughed Sept. 28,
1805

18 Sept. 1809 Nautilus, September
18,

20 Feb. 1815 Brig Saranae
21 Feb. 1814 Sloop Argus, February
21, 1814

29 March, 1809 Gosport Navy Yard

Actg. Boatswain
1 Aug. 1809 Schooner Spitfire
Independence 74

17 March, 1812 Sloop Ontario
15 July, 1813 Brig Saranae

1 Oct. 1814 Baltimore
Actg. Boatswain
Ditto

Brig Flambeau
Frigate Guerriere

		GUNNERS.		CARPENTERS.			
Roberts, Michael	18 Nov. 1814	Sloop Peacock					
Smith, Thomas R.	5 do -	Lake Ontario		Brown, Samuel		Actg. Carpenter	Frigate Guerriere
Walton, Abraham	17 Sept. 1813	Charlestown, Massachusetts		Barnes, Breasted		Ditto	Brig Spark
Wood, John	8 July, 1815	Franklin 74		Davidson, Andrew	18 Feb. 1814	Actg. Carpenter	Frigate Congress
				Demerit, Peter	Ditto	Ditto	Brig Enterprise
				Ewart, Horatio	6 June, 1803	New-Orleans	
Baker, John	16 June, 1814	Lake Champlain		Fell, Robert	12 April, 1815	Frigate "U. States"	
Barry, Thomas	2 July, -	Frigate Guerriere		Gedney, Jonathan	1 Aug. 1809	Frigate Constellation	
Bogman, James	Acting Gunner	Frigate Congress		Gates, William	Actg. Carpenter	Schooner Spitfire	
Currie, Anthony	28 June, 1809	Furloughed July 31, 1811		Hortsmann, David	Ditto	Sloop Ontario	
				Holbrook, Samuel F.	27 June, 1815	Brig Firefly	
Cosgrove, James	30 do 1813	Furloughed June 8, 1815		Irish, Isaac	Actg. Carpenter	Brig Epervier	
				Miller, George	Ditto	Independence 74	
Conklin, Robert	Acting Gunner	Sloop Ontario		Nicholson, John	28 April, 1809	Frigate "U. States"	
Farris, John	23 Sept. -	Sloop Frolic		Rogers, Samuel	17 Feb. -	Frigate President	
Foster, James	12 April, 1815	Frigate "U. States"		Robertson, William	Actg. Carpenter	Brig Enterprise	
Fair, John	8 July -	Frigate Java		Stephens, James	Ditto	Brig Flambeau	
Fowler, William	Acting Gunner	Frigate Guerriere		Thomas, Richard	22 Jan. 1814	Frigate Constellation	
Hunt, Henry	Ditto	Frigate Constellation					
Hay, Charles	Ditto	Brig Flambeau		SAIL MAKERS.			
Jackson, George	2 Feb. 1810	Frigate Constellation		Adams, Samuel P.	Actg. Sail Maker	Brig Flambeau	
Johnson, John	6 May, 1813	Lake Erie		Davidson, Robert	14 Jan. 1814		
Johnson, William	Acting Gunner	Washington, 74		Dodget, Samuel	Actg. Sail Maker	Sloop Erie	
Lala, Joseph	Ditto	Schooner Torch		Edwards, William	Ditto	Frigate Guerriere	
Moore, James	1 March, 1808	Wilmington, N. C.		Hewitt, Thomas	Ditto	Brig Spitfire	
Marshall, George	15 July, 1809	Sloop Erie		Landen, William	Ditto	Sloop Ontario	
Myrick, John	8 Aug. 1811	Schooner Spitfire		Mankins, John	17 Feb. 1809	Furl'd June 16, 1810	
Nelson, John	Acting Gunner	Brig Epervier		Murphy, Henry	1 Aug. -	Frigate Argus, 1809	
Rodgers, Matthew	17 Aug. 1812	Independence 74		Pierce, Samuel	28 April, -	Frigate "U. States"	
Shannon, Clement	Acting Gunner	Brig Spark		Smith, David	Actg. Sail Maker	Brig Epervier	
Taylor, William	6 July, 1804	Norfolk, Va.		Vanden, Bos Jacob	3 April, 1807	Frigate Chesapeake	
Wilson, John S.	Acting Gunner	Brig Firefly		Ware, Charles	Actg. Sail Maker	Independence 74	

MARINE CORPS.

<i>Names and Rank.</i>	<i>Dates of Com- missions.</i>	<i>Where Stationed.</i>
LT. COL. COMMANDANT.		
Franklin Wharton	7 March, 1804	Head-Quarters, Wash- ington
MAJORS.		
Daniel Carmick	7 March, 1809	New-Orleans
John Hall	8 June, 1814	Mediterranean
CAPTAINS.		
Anthony Gale	{ 24 April, 1804 Brevet Major	{ Philadelphia Head Quarters
Robert Greenleaf	19 Jan. 1811	Boston
Archibald Henderson	1 April, -	{ New-York Charlestown, Massa- chusetts
Richard Smith	{ 13 March, 1812 Brevet Major	{ Boston Norfolk, Va.
Robert Wainwright	29 Sept. -	{ Head Quarters Ditto
William Anderson No. 1	18 June, 1814	Philadelphia
Thomas R. Swift No. 2	18 do -	
Samuel Miller No. 3	{ 18 do - Brevet Major	
John Crabb No. 4	{ 18 June, 1814 and Paymaster	
Henry H. Ford No. 5	18 June, 1814	

John M. Gamble No. 6	18 June, 1814	South Sea
Charles S Hanna No. 7	18 do -	Portsmouth, N. H.
Alexander Sevier No. 8	{ 18 June, 1814 Erevet Major	{ On Furlough
Alfred Grayson No. 9	{ 18 June, 1814 and Qr. Master	{ Head Quarters
William Strong No. 10	18 June, 1814	Frigate Macedonian
James Heath No. 11	18 do -	Frigate Java
Samuel Bacon No. 12	18 do -	York, Pennsylvania
Il B. Breckenridge No. 1	10 Dec. -	On Furlough
William Hall No. 2	10 do -	Frigate "U. States"
Francis W. Sterne No. 3	10 do -	New-York
1ST LIEUTENANTS.		
F. B. D. Bellevue No. 1	18 June, 1815	New-Orleans
John R. Montegut No. 2	18 do -	Ditto
P. B. D. Grandpre No. 3	18 do -	Ditto
Lyman Kellogg No. 5	18 do -	Sackett's Harbour
Samuel E. Watson No. 6	18 do -	On Furlough
Wm. L. Brownlow No. 7	18 do -	Sloop Hornet
Leonard J. Boone No. 8	18 do -	
Thomas W. Legge No. 9	18 do -	Frigate Constellation
Wm. H. Freeman No. 10	18 do -	Ditto
Joseph L. Kuhne No. 11	18 do -	Frigate Guerriere
Henry Olcott No. 12	18 do -	Frigate "U. States"
Chas. M. Broome No. 13	18 do -	New-York
Benj. Richardson No. 15	18 do -	Baltimore
Francis B. White No. 16	18 do -	Independence 74
William N'coll No. 17	18 do -	Head Quarters
William L. Boyd No. 18	18 do -	Ditto
Charles Lord No. 19	18 do -	Ditto
Levi Twiggs No. 20	18 do -	On Furlough

LIST OF THE AMERICAN NAVY, FOR NOVEMBER, 1815.

Edmund Brooke	No. 21	18 do	-	Frigate Congress	James J. Mills	No. 7	1 March, 1815	Sloop Ontario
John Harris	No. 22	18 do	-	Frigate Guerriere	Francis A. Bond	No. 8	1 do	Head Quarters
Samuel B. Johnston		16 July,	-	Eric, Pennsylvania	Park G. Howle	No. 9	1 do	Frigate Java
2ND LIEUTENANTS.								
Henry Stephens	No. 1	28 Feb.	1815	Head Quarters	Geo. B. English	No. 10	1 do	Head Quarters
Thos A. Linton	No. 2	28 do	-	New-Orleans	Hen. W. Kennedy	No. 11	1 do	Frigate Macedonian
Richd. Auchmuty	No. 3	28 do	-	Head Quarters	Richd. D. Green	No. 12	1 do	Head Quarters
Joseph Bosque	No. 4	28 do	-	New-Orleans	Singleton Duvall	No. 13	1 do	Sloop Erie
James Edelen	No. 5	1 March,	-	Frigate Congress	Charles Snowden	No. 14	1 do	Head Quarters
Christopher Ford	No. 6	1 do.	-	Head Quarters	Jas. G. Singeltary	No. 15	1 do	Ditto
					Wm. F. Swift	No. 16	1 do	On Furlough
					Gillies Thompson		12 April,	Head Quarters.
					Edward S. Nowell		9 May,	

Rate.	Names of Vessels.	Commanders.	Station.		O. H. Perry	New-York
guns.						Sackett's Harbour
74	Independence	com. Bainbridge,	Mediterranean	44	C. Gordon	under cover
74	Washington	capt. Crane	Portsmouth, N. H.	44	C. Morris	Mediterranean
		capt. I. Chauncey	equipping for sea	36	J. Jones	Ditto
74	Franklin	lieut. Morgan first of-	Philadel —equipping	36		Sackett's Harb laid up
		ficer since the death	under the superinten-	32		Lake Champlain, do.
		of capt. Smith	dance of com. Murray	28		New-York
74	New-Orleans		Under cover at Sack-	24		Lake Champlain
74	Chippewa		ett's Harbour	24	E. Trenchard	Cleared the Capes of
44	Guerriere, flag ship	com. S. Decatur,	Mediterranean			Virginia 10th of Sept.
		capt. Lewis				bound to the Medi-
44	United States	J. Shaw	Ditto			terranean with stores,
44	Constitution		Refitting at Boston	24		Laid up at Sackett's
				20		Harbour

20	Alert, <i>late British</i>	W. Stewart	Mediterranean	14	Oneida	Laid up at Sackett's Harbour
18	Hornet	J. Biddle	Refitting at N. York	12	Flambeau	Mediterranean
18	Wasp	J. Blakely	At sea since May 1, 1814	12	Firefly	Ditto
18	Peacock	L. Warrington	Cruising since Jan. 23, 1815	12	Spark	Ditto
18	Ontario	J. D. Elliott	Mediterranean	11	Spitfire	Ditto
18	Erie	C. Ridgely	Ditto	10	Torch	Ditto
18	Louisiana		New Orleans, ordered to be sold	14	Nonsuch	West-Indies
18	Niagara		In service on Lake Erie	17	Ticonderoga	L. Champlain, laid up
18	Detroit, <i>late British</i>		Laid up at Erie	10	Lady Prevost, <i>late B.</i>	Erie, laid up
18	Lawrence		Ditto	9	Prometheus	Passamaquoddy
18	Eagle		Laid up at Sackett's Harbour	9	Tom Bowline	Refitting at N. York for New-Orleans
18	Jefferson		Passed Gibraltar the 15 of July on her way to the U. States with despatches from com. Decatur. Not since heard of.	9	Alligator	New-York, ordered to be sold
18	Jones	J. Downes	Mediterranean	7	Roanoke	Wilmington, N. C.
18	Epervier, <i>late Brit.</i>		Ditto	10	Hunter, <i>late British</i>	laid up
			Ditto	7	Firebrand	Erie, laid up
			Ditto	7	Surprise	New-Orleans
			Ditto	5	Hornet	Ditto
			Ditto	5	Ghent	Erie, laid up
16	Chippewa	G. C. Read	L. Champlain, laid up	3	Caledonia, <i>late Brit.</i>	Ditto
16	Saranac	J. Elton	Savannah, ordered to be sold	5	Lynx	Mediterranean
16	Boxer	J. Porter	Laid up at Sackett's Harbour	3	Despatch	Baltimore, receiving ship
16	Linnet, <i>late British</i>		Laid up at Erie	3	Asp	Erie, laid up
16	Troup		Mediterranean, bomb ship	3	Poreupine	Laid up at Sackett's Harbour
				2	Governor Tompkins	Baltimore, in ordi-
				8	Conquest	nary
				1	Ranger	Laid up at Sackett's Harbour
16	Sylph			3	Lady of the Lake	
16	Queen Charlotte, <i>l. B.</i>	L. Kearney				
14	Enterprise					

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Wood, del.

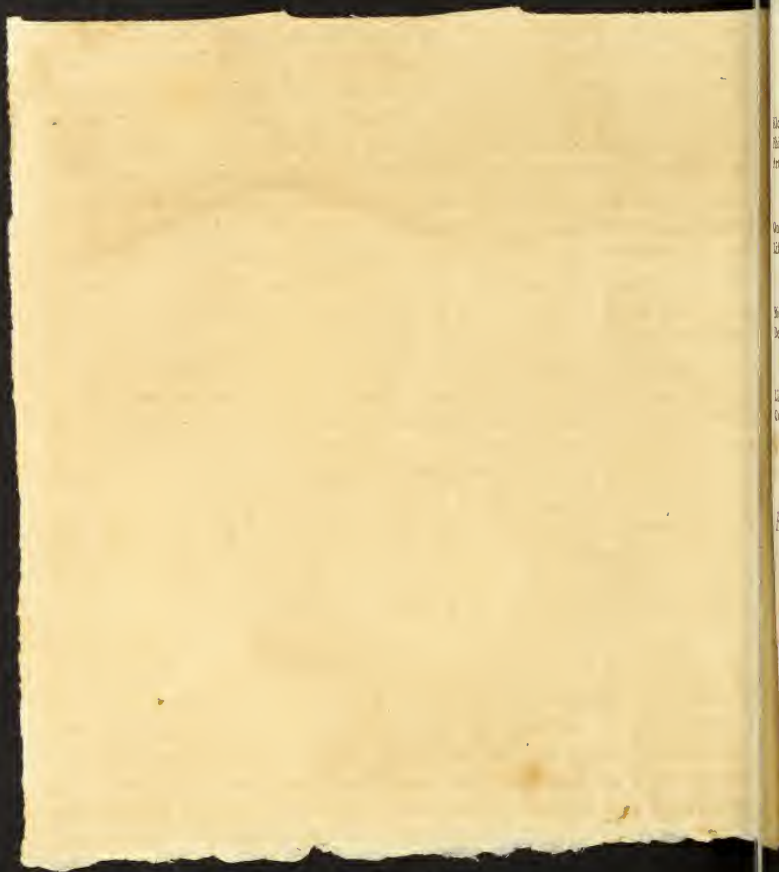
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JAMES BIDDLE ESQ^R

(of the United States Navy)

Engraved for the Analytic Magazine Published by M Thomas.





ANALECTIC MAGAZINE.

FOR NOVEMBER, 1815.

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Klopstock and his Friends: a Series of Familiar Letters, written between the Years 1750 and 1803. Translated from the German, with a Biographical Introduction, by Miss Bengel. 8vo. pp. 309. 1814.

[From the Monthly Review.]

TWO centuries ago, Europe was chiefly attentive to artificial rank, but during the *last* century it became attentive to natural rank. Memoirs of deceased Sovereigns, Generals, or Ambassadors, occupied the chief care of antient biographers: but living writers of lives are called to collect the anecdotes, to ransack the papers, and to edit the remains of genius. The popularity of this task pushes to excess the assiduity with which it is performed; and we now incur the danger of too minute a care, of too prying a curiosity, and of too indiscriminate an exhibition of the personal concerns and abortive effusions of deceased intellect. Mr. Klammer Schmidt, the publisher of Klopstock's letters, has in a great degree avoided this indiscretion; yet we shall sometimes have to notice, in the course of our remarks on this volume, allusions to domestic incidents and confidential feelings, of which

in our judgment the publication was at least superfluous. This whole correspondence, however, has high claims to authenticity, being copied from papers in the possession of Klopstock's widow: yet it appears from one of the letters that Klopstock had asked for the return of his early correspondence from his several friends, or their survivors; and that he had re-transcribed several of the documents with omissions. The professed object of the poet was to preserve the particulars of those incidents which had been celebrated in his Odes: but over one transaction, his desertion of Fanny, he has contrived to throw a more glistening poetic veil than the original epistles can have included. Perhaps it will not be unwelcome if we give a short sketch of the personal history of a bard so justly dear to piety, and so eminent for genius and for originality.

Frederic Gottlieb Klopstock was born in the abbey at Quedlinburg, 2d July 1724, and was the son of the land-steward of the domain, who occupied a part of it as farmer, and whose family was large, the poet being the eldest of ten children. The father had all the credulity of Luther; believing in the personal appearance and bodily presence of the Devil in the world. He paid great attention to those fits of persuasion respecting impending events, which alternate in the human imagination; and every hope or fear was with him ominous, whether dreamed awake or asleep. This vividness of fancy was caught, or inherited, by the son; who was early accustomed to speak of interior realities as positive beings, and classed the creatures of idea, *les êtres de raison* as the French oddly term them, among the familiar personages of conversation.

The early years of the poet were not burdened with application. His elasticity of soul was never weighed down by premature and excessive tasks: he was more remarked for activity of body than for cultivation of mind; and though he received lessons, at first from a domestic preceptor, and afterwards in the gymnasium at Quedlinburg, yet a fear was entertained on removing him on his sixteenth year to the Schulpforte, a celebrated academy or college in Saxony, that he would barely pass decently through the requisite examinations. From 1739 to 1745, he continued at the Schulpforte, studying the Greek and Latin languages, and composing occasionally an eclogue, or an ode. He already conversed with his academical friends respecting the project of undertaking an epic poem, and showed them fragments about Herman, and a sketch of the plan of the Messiah. The custom being for scholars, on leaving the Schulpforte, to make a Latin farewell-oration, the topic which he chose was 'The highest

Aim of Poetry.'—He was sent next to Jena: but, not liking that university, he obtained permission to join his cousin Schmidt at Leipzig, who was studying the law, and who had offered him the joint use of a sitting room. Here the friends took English lessons together: Milton, Young, Ossian, and Mrs. Rowe's Letters, being among their favorite books. At Leipzig, also, were written the first three cantos of the Messiah. Schmidt admired them enthusiastically; showed them to Kramer, who edited a magazine at Bremen; and prevailed on Klopstock to suffer them to be printed in that miscellany, which accordingly took place in the beginning of the year 1748.

Throughout Germany, the sensation produced by this specimen was quick, strong, and warm. The heroic grandeur of the moral and physical delineations could not but be very impressive; and the colossal sublimity of the mythological decorations must in course astonish and overawe. The windows of heaven seemed opened, and man permitted to look in. Critics afterward arose in every quarter; enthusiasm exhausted the ebullitions of panegyric, and carping attempts were made at censure and at parody: but the frequent admiration of taste, reinforced by the zeal of piety, soon silenced even well-founded objections; and the Messiah, though but one seventh of it had yet appeared, was already hailed and received as an everlasting possession. It was quoted in every conversation-party, and in every pulpit, as an immortal religious classic; from the women it excited tears of delight, and from the men shouts of applause: Milton was called the Homer, and Klopstock the Virgil of Christianity.—During the progress of his epopea, Klopstock wrote many beautiful single odes: but, as they were published separately, and in various periodical works, they did not attract so marked a notice as the Messiah, until they were first collected in 1771.

In 1748, Klopstock quitted Leipzig, and accepted the situation of preceptor in the house of a relation named Weiss, where he met and fell in love with Schmidt's sister Fanny. It appears *probable*, from the correspondence, that this young lady conducted herself with a calm and irreproachable docility to parental instructions; and that all the poetic enthusiasm of her lover could extract no indiscreet promise, while his income was deemed too small and precarious for house-keeping: but it is *clear* that, as soon as Klopstock had obtained a pension from the court of Denmark, and was in a situation to marry, there was no impediment on the side of Fanny, or Fanny's relations. See the xxixth letter, p. 117. of this correspondence. Klopstock sends in reply the letter numbered xxxii., which contains very fine poetry, but announces on *his* part a dispo-

sition to break off an acquaintance which Fanny had hitherto been suffered to consider as an engagement. The writer's plea is Fanny's indifference, of which we can discover no decisive evidence; whereas it appears that the amorous poet had himself fallen in love elsewhere, with a Miss Margaret Moller of Hamburgh.

During the summer of 1750, Klopstock, by Bodmer's invitation, came to visit Zurich and the landscapes of Switzerland. His glowing admiration has been perpetuated in a very beautiful Ode to the Lake; and many incidents of this tour, of which the critic Sulzer was a companion, are recorded in the journal which forms a part of the correspondence here published. The veneration of Bodmer for the poet of the Messiah was of so serious a kind, that he was quite mortified to find Klopstock fond of the society of young men, and disposed to indulge in their freer and gayer frolics:—on the orgies of unchastity, Bodmer had been inured to cast a pastoral frown.

Klopstock was applying for the situation of a teacher at the Carolinum, an eminent academy in Brunswick, when the celebrated Danish minister Bernstorff, who was struck by the talents displayed in the commencement of the Messiah, invited the poet to Copenhagen, presented him to the King, and obtained for him a pension of four hundred dollars, that he might be able to subsist while his time was devoted to the completion of his great and pious undertaking. In 1751, he went to Copenhagen, and composing there in 1752 an elegy on the Queen's death, but returned in 1754 to Hamburgh, where he in that year married Miss Moller, whom he celebrates by the name Meta. She was the daughter of a merchant, an intelligent woman, and enthusiastically attached to Klopstock: she died in 1758.—Though frequently with his wife's relations at Hamburgh, the poet always considered Copenhagen as his home, until 1771; when the death of Count Bernstorff took place. The loss of his friend and patron, and of that hospitable access to high society which was connected in some degree with the countenance of the prime minister, gave a preponderance to the social value of Hamburgh, or rather Altona, where he resided until 1775; when he accepted an invitation to Carlsruhe, accompanied with the offer of a pension from the Margrave of Baden. There, in 1791, he contracted a second marriage with an elderly female friend, named Johanna von Winthem, who survived him.

At the begining of the French Revolution, Klopstock wrote Odes in its praise: but, after it had assumed a sanguinary character, he sent back to the Convention some honorary distinction which had been voted to him. His strange Ode on the

Apotheosis of Marat is perhaps the bitterest satire extant in human literature.—Klopstock died in 1803, and was buried with great solemnity on the 22d March, eight days after his decease. The cities of Hamburg and Altona concurred to vote him a public mourning; and the residents of Denmark, England, France, Austria, Prussia and Russia, joined in the funereal procession. Thirty-six carriages brought the senate and magistracy, all the bells tolling: a military procession contributed to the order and dignity of the scene; vast bands of music, aided by the voices of the theatre, performed appropriate symphonies, or accompanied passages of the poet's works: the coffin having been placed over the grave, the preacher, Meyer, lifted the lid and deposited in it a copy of the Messiah; laurels were then heaped on it; and the death of Martha, from the fourteenth book, was recited with chaunt. The ceremony concluded with the dead mass of Mozart.

Sturz remarks of Klopstock that, although easily familiar to equals and inferiors, he never courted a superior; and that a man of rank had always to take many more steps to obtain Klopstock's good graces, than the poet would advance. Humour, good humour, a playful fancy, and a bold felicity of diction, marked his conversation: he was not impatient of contradiction, but seemed to prefer in his companions independence to acquiescence. Besides his Odes and the Messiah, he left some dramatic poems of singular structure, containing a life of Herman. The dialogue is in prose: but a chorus of bards is introduced, whose songs, though without rhyme, are metrical. The poet of Samson Agonistes had made Euripides his model; the poet of Herman's battle has rather the lofty character of Æschylus: but the total avoidance of Greek ideas, the unborrowed tone of sentiment, and the truly Germanic costume of manners, give to these dramas the appearance of druidical remains.

A characteristic letter from Klopstock is that which is dated from Schaffhausen; and we shall quote it, not merely because it makes a sublime impression, like the fall of the Rhine which it describes, but because the thoughts have been again employed in some of his finest odes; and thus it reveals the literary secret, that is only by recollecting the strong impressions of experience, and applying them to new cases and objects, that genius accomplishes its command over the feelings:

‘We were yesterday present at a wedding-festival, and saw the Suabian damsels dance, and caroused with the swains till we were almost too merry. We again beheld the Alps more distinctly than before, the full moon accompanied us the whole night through a fine rich sylvan country.

‘We have this morning often had a glimpse of the Rhine as it flows softly through the woods. The vine-covered hills encircle the town, and you may imagine they were not viewed with indifference by those who know the joys of wine. On the bridge of the Rhine we descried with rapture this land of promise. We have crossed the bridge and are now hastening to see the falls of the Rhine. I have pledged myself to the nymphs of that majestic river to drink wine on their banks, and shall not fail to perform the libation.

‘The Falls of the Rhine.

‘What a sublime image of the creation does this cataract present! all powers of description are here baffled, such an object can only be seen, and heard, and contemplated.

‘Hail, oh! thou magnificent stream now thundering from the heights above, and thou who hast caused the stream to pour forth that awful sound, oh Creator, be thou thrice blest, thrice hallowed! Here, stretched on this verdant terrace, in sight of the stupendous torrent, in the sound of its rushing waters, I salute you all, my near and distant friends.

‘Above all, I salute thee, thou land of heroes, on whose holy earth I shall soon imprint my steps! oh that I could gather on this spot all the objects of my affection, that I could unite them to enjoy with me these miracles of nature! on this spot would I spend my days and close my eyes, for it is lovely!

‘I have no words by which to paint my feelings, I can only think of the friends who are absent; I can form but the wish to draw them all into one circle, and to dwell with them here for ever.’

We will now copy the truly poetical letter in which Klopstock intimates to Fanny his intention to break of their acquaintance:

‘Your little anacreontic dove, my dearest cousin, arrived yesterday, on a lovely spring evening, whilst the full moon beamed in all her beauty; and found me in a country which might vie with any in Saxony for its delightful aspect. The nightingales sing here as early as with you; and if you would but send more little doves, they should all fly with me to some wooded dell, and light on every lowly bush where the nightingales are wont to chaunt their tender songs.

‘I find this place not so near the north pole as you suspect, and, indeed, as I too once supposed, and I enjoy here all the quiet and delicious seclusion of country life.

‘The King, who is the best and most amiable man in Denmark, is pleased to provide for me this delightful residence. Several stately mansions have been erected on the island; the King has chosen for his retreat a mere villa, without the smallest pretensions to grandeur; but, in point of situation, the most pleasant in the neighborhood. In this small house he occupies but one apartment, exclusive of an audience chamber; but it stands in the middle of a wood; in which are nearly a hundred vistas, crossing each other in pleasing confusion, and all leading to the sea. It was to one of these

sequestered paths that I yesterday withdrew on the arrival of your unlooked for letter; and, having perused and reperused the contents, I at length thus addressed the little dove:

“ And thou art come to me at last, little amiable dove; but thou hast spent a tedious time on the way! Fain would I question thee; but I perceive thou art out of breath. So come and perch on this long pendant bough, on which the moon beams are most bright, and where the gales of evening breathe most softly. Here rest a while to recover from thy fatigue; I will then whisper to thee a few questions.

“ Listen now then, sweet darling, and tell me, had not spring begun to bloom ere thou didst take thy flight from home, and did not thy mistress sometimes ramble to those haunts, where I have so often walked with her alone?

“ Yes, sometimes she went towards the spot, but soon came back.

“ Was she alone? *usually* and always gay?

“ Was she not sometimes wont to speak to thee of her friends?

“ Sometimes she would mention them.

“ But tell me, sweetest bird, had I a place among them?

“ Your name seldom escaped her lips.

“ But hast thou not been present when she had received a letter from an absent friend?

“ Oh, often enough. I have seen her lay down the letter with a very serious look, and either take up a book or pursue some other avocation.

“ Hast thou not sometimes observed a tear of pity in her lovely eyes?

“ *Never*, she is too wise for that.

“ Hold, dove, I will pluck the fairest feather from thy wing, if thou dare again to pervert language, by giving the sacred name of wisdom to such impenetrable hardness of heart.

“ If you use me thus for speaking the truth, I must instantly fly away.

“ Stay, my bird, I will do thee no harm.

“ Then I consent to tarry with you; but why have you ceased to ask questions? and why is your countenance so sad?

“ Nay, now I thought I had a cheerful look.

“ Can you call that cheerfulness, which is but the flimsy disguise of an old inveterate sorrow—a captivity from which you vainly struggle to escape? Yet you appeared so glad when I first approached, that I wonder what can have happened since to produce the sudden change; sure I am I have not wronged you! No, by all the powers of Olympus, I would not have done aught to injure you, for never have I perceived so strong an expression of anguish in any face as now I perceive in your countenance, and yet you appear to have a heart pure from self-reproach.

“ Come hither, my sweet bird, rest on my lyre, and I will play thee a song of a certain *Fanny*, the dear and only object of my existence. Why drops thy little fluttering pinion? and why art thou so sad? “ Oh, cease to play that strain, or I fly for shelter to yon dark copse, and behold thee no more.”

“Remain with me, my pretty companion, and I will cease to sing. Yet, one word more, and I have done. Why does your mistress impute my not seeing her previous to her departure to neglect, when she ought to have known, my absence had another and far different source?

“You require of me too much—I am but her messenger, and pretend not to divine her secret thoughts.”

‘In this manner I prattled with your little dove, till we were interrupted by a party of intruders, who dragged me from the delicious wood, the beautiful shore, and my beloved companion.

‘Would you again write to me? Letters are usually but eight days on the road, though this has made such a tedious journey. If you seriously mean to write an ode on Miss Hagenbruch’s marriage, I beg you will send it to me. You may perhaps happen to lay your hand on another ode you once promised to return, and in which one line runs thus,

‘How blest were my days while a stranger to love!’

We will also insert a letter to Charles Klopstock from the amiable and venerable Gleim, the author of some war-songs, and of some anacreontic poems. He was an enthusiastic admirer of genius, a worshipper of poets, and disposed, like Paulus Jovius, to revive in their favour a sort of classical idolatry: he erected at his private expense various sculptured monumental marbles on the spots which Klopstock had consecrated in song; he employed artists in making busts and portraits of his friends, or in painting the fine moments of their works; and he gave by his affectionate veneration new impulse both to friendship and to fame.

‘The Klopstocks are perverse beings.

‘Like all the corrupt children of men—they live but for themselves, not for their friends, not for their brothers and sisters. From the eldest, who was my sworn friend, I have not now for some years received a single line, not a half salutation have I had from him, and yet I know he means me well, and has nothing to allege against me. All human beings, even the best of them, are a perverse and miserable generation. They come good out of God’s hands; as long as they are boys, youths, and even men till they have reached the fortieth year, they still retain something good; but then the light wanes, and is at length wholly extinguished. With all my old friends, it has been my fortune to see this remark verified. Their letters are ardent in youth, in mature life lukewarm, cold as ice when age approaches, till at length the feeble spark is quite exhausted. I could produce an immense collection of manuscripts to corroborate the assertion. It were, however, useless to complain, since the rule is universal; and little does it avail, that in my own person I form a sad and solitary exception.

‘I take it for granted, you would have sent me some literary intelligence from the Hague, if you were still a lover of the muses. I do not expect that you can find time to encumber yourself with

transactions of state, or the cabals of the Voltaires, the Vangoens, the Rousseaus. I will not, therefore ask for news, but content myself with assuring you that I am unalterably yours.'

These three specimens may suffice to ascertain the sort of entertainment which may be expected from this agreeable series of letters. Many of them are in this country rather superfluous; and a more scanty selection would have been enough to give an idea of those men whose celebrity has penetrated into our parlours and studies. The epistles of Schmidt and Schuldness, and of Langemack and Weiss, might in general have been spared.

Much praise is due to the fair translator of this volume for the completeness of the Introduction, and for the elegance of the version.

The Philosophy of Nature; or, the Influence of Scenery on the Mind and Heart. Crown 8vo. 2 Vols. 1813.

[From the Monthly Review.]

How unusually this book resembles those which were written on the revival of letters! It treats of every thing *knowable*, (*de omni scibili*;) and with a mixture of juvenile enthusiasm and comprehensive pedantry which dazzles if it does not satisfy the admiration.—The work is divided into a multiplicity of short paragraphs, numbered, of which each volume contains above two hundred; and which profess to dissert, in some sort of order, concerning Rivers, Fountains, Grottos, Lakes, Waterfalls, Mountains, Rocks, Islands, Vales, Echoes, &c. In short, the elements of picturesque scenery constitute in turn the topics of the author. Sometimes, he illustrates them with the arts of eloquence, bursting into rapturous declamation, or transcribing applicable verses from the poet; and at other times he illustrates them with the arts of erudition, quoting parallel descriptions from old and new travellers and geographers. From natural scenery he passes to the landscape-painters, many of whom are characterized and appreciated. At length, he deserts the face of nature for that of art; and, in his second volume, architecture and its orders, the cities of the world and their ornaments, and even anecdotes of illustrious men, become the subjects of contemplation. A great range of reading is displayed in the author's citations, and great warmth of feeling in his ejaculations; yet his parallelisms are not always select or appropriate, his criticisms not always precise or judicious, and his transitions not always ex-

plicable or coherent. A sense of the proportionate value of the things compared is too seldom discernible: but a lively tone of impression communicates to every present object the power of concentrating interest.

A few extracts will paint the book better than many attempts at definition:

‘XLI. To the eye and heart of the ambitious, how many subjects of inducement and delight do mountains present! Who would not be proud to climb the summits of the Alps, the Pyrenees, and the Andes? Is there a Sicilian who does not boast of Etna? Is there a Scot who does not take pride in celebrating Ben Lomond? and is there an Italian that is not vain of the Apennines? Who, that is alive to nature and the muse, would not be delighted to wander up the sides of the Caucasus, the cone of Teneriffe, or those beautiful mountains, situated on the confines of three nations, so often and so justly celebrated by the poets of antient Greece? and shall our Friend Colonna be censured for confessing, that the proudest moments of his existence have been those, in which he has reached the summits of the Wrekin, the Ferwyn, and the cone of Langollen? or when he has beheld, from the tops of Carnedds David, and Llewellyn, a long chain of mountains, stretching from the north to the south, from Penmaenmawr to Cader Idris? Snowden rising in the centre, his head capd with snow, and towering above the clouds, while his immense sides, black with rugged and impending rocks, stretched in long length below!’

From the foregoing and many similar passages, the author seems to be a Welshman. After every excursion into the classical scenery of Greece and Italy, we are beckoned back to Llangollen and Ffestiniog: to the Straits of Thermopylæ is opposed the pass of Cwm Dyr; and to the Arcadian Tempe, the imprisoned paradise of Nant Frangon. We should therefore patriotically have preferred giving to our friend Colonna a Welsh name, as being more in costume: there are melodious and poetical Welsh names; and many fine passages in Madoc, and in the odes of Gray, which better deserved to be attached to the celebration of Welsh scenery, than several which are here adduced. Like the inhabitants of all rugged countries, the present author seems strongly attached to the shape of the ground, and to delight in the odd and enormous forms of his native mountains: but it is yet a problem whether this preference marks the taste of the philosopher or that of the barbarian.

We will now copy two successive paragraphs, which may serve to display the slight degree of cohesion that is observed in this very miscellaneous rhapsody.

‘LXXXVIII. One of the most elegant cemeteries in Europe stands in the centre of two church-yards, at Bury St. Edmunds, in

the county of Suffolk. This cemetery is an isolated fragment of the celebrated abbey, in which John of Lydgate was a monk. Around this fragment are planted shrubs and trees, with a variety of flowers; and a profusion of ivy creeps up the sides of the walls, on which are placed two or three monuments. One of these pieces of marble commemorates the fate of a young girl, who was struck dead by lightning, while at her devotions; on the other is inscribed the name of the wife of a banker of the name of Spink; the third is sacred to the memory of the banker himself; a man, whose virtues rendered its possessor worthy of so elegant a monument!

‘LXXXIX. It is impossible to walk in the church-yards, in many parts of Wales, without reflecting, with pleasure, on the respect which is paid to the memories of the dead. The epitaphs are, however, generally poor and meagre: yet I remember to have seen three, which must highly gratify every person of imagination and taste.

I.

‘Hope, stranger, hope:—Though the heart breaks,
Still let us hope.—

II.

‘Timon hated men—Orpheus hated women;—I once loved one man and one woman:—He cheated and she deceived me;—Now I love only my God.

III.

‘ON MARY PENGREE.

‘The village maidens to her grave shall bring
The fragrant garland, each returning spring;
Selected sweets! in emblem of the maid,
Who underneath this hallowed turf is laid:
Like her they flourish, beauteous to the eye,
Like her too soon they languish, fade, and die.—’

A visit to the country-house of a nobleman in Wales, to whom cultivation of mind had taught the religion of Paulus Jovius,—a domestic hero-worship,—a hagiolatry of the worthies of the human race,—is happily described in the second volume:

‘Our friend Philotes, to whom we are bound by the strictest ties of friendship, and who has recently succeeded to his paternal estate, in the county of **——, has erected a monument, in one of the most retired recesses of a glen, to the virtues of Washington and Epaminondas.—It consists of a small pillar of white marble, standing on a pedestal of black granite.—A wide spreading oak secures it from the sun, and ivy and moss screen it from the winds. On the east side of this column is simply inscribed the name of the Grecian hero; on the west, that of the American; round the pedestal is written “*The best of men, Man has declared them;—the better of the two let Heaven decide.*”—Some little way farther on, is a tablet, commemorating the friendship of Tacitus and Pliny; Ovid and Propertius; Rucellai and Trissino; Petrarch and Colonna; Sannazaro and Pietro Bembo; Boileau and Racine.

‘ CLXIX. A temple, erected on a small mountain, which overlooks the vale, and which can be seen from the summits of all the larger ones, has been dedicated to Liberty.—In the niches are the busts of Alfred, Edgar, and Howel-Dha; Hambden and Sidney; Somers and Camden; Wallace and Chatham.—The names of a few others are inscribed on the ceiling; they are not numerous, for Philotes has long doubted the evidence of historians, and has learnt the art of distinguishing between patriots and demagogues.—In the library are suspended portraits of our best historians and philosophers:—Bede, the father of English history; Robertson, the Livy of Scotland; Gibbon, who traced the decline and fall, not only of an empire, but of philosophy and taste; and Roscoe, who illumines the annals of mankind by a history of the restoration of literature and the arts.—There also are the busts of Locke, Bacon, Boyle, and Paley.—In the saloon hang, as large as life, whole length portraits of Gainsborough and Wright of Derby; Sir Joshua Reynolds and Barry; Fuseli and West.—In the cloisters, which lead to the chapel, are small marble monuments, commemorating the virtues of Tillotson, Sherlocke, and Hoadley; Blair, Lowth, and Porteus.—Near the fountain, which waters the garden, stands the statue of Hygeia, holding in her hand a tablet, on which are inscribed the names of Harvey, Sydenham, and Hunter.—Health, in the character of a Fawn, supports the bust of Armstrong.

‘ CLXX. On an obelisk at the farther end of the shrubbery, hang two medallions; one of Nelson, the other of Moore; these are the only warriors, to whom Philotes has been anxious to pay the homage of admiration and gratitude.—Beneath that of Nelson is inscribed:—

‘ STRANGER!
THIS MEDALLION EXHIBITS THE PORTRAIT
OF
THAT GREAT AND GOOD MAN,
WHOSE DEATH,
THE ENEMIES OF HIS COUNTRY,
AFTER SUSTAINING A DECISIVE DEFEAT,
HAILED,
AS THE PROUDEST OF THEIR
VICTORIES!

‘ Under the medallion of General Moore is inscribed the following stanza, written by his countryman, Burns:—

‘ “ Nae could faint-hearted doubtings teaze him:
Death comes; wi’ fearless eye he sees him;
Wi’ bloody hand a welcome gie’s him;
And when he fa’s,
His latest draught of breathing leaves him,
In faint huzzas.”

‘ CLXXI. A column, erected on the highest peak of the mountains, celebrates the virtues and genius of Newton and Halley, Ferguson and Herschell.—Embosomed in trees, through which are formed four shady vistas, exhibiting so many resemblances of fret-

ted aisles, stands a temple of Gothic architecture.—Eolian harps, concealed among mosses and lilies of the valley, decorate the windows, near which stand the statues of Haydn and Handel, Pleyel and Mozart.—Paintings, by some of our best modern artists, cover the walls and ceilings of the temple.—The subjects of these pictures are represented as indulging in various amusements.—Taliesin is listening, with rapture, to the sounds of his own harp; Chaucer is occupied in writing his Romance of the Rose; Spenser is reading the Orlando Furioso of Ariosto; Shakespeare is dipping his pen in the overflowings of a human heart; Milton appears wrapt in silent ecstasy, contemplating with awful devotion the opening of a cloud, which progressively unfolds to his astonished eye the wonders of the Empyrean.—Otway is represented, as melting into tears, at the sorrows of his own Monimia.—Pope is receiving a crown of laurel from his master, Homer; Akenside is refreshing his intellectual thirst, at the fountain of the Naiads; Thomson and Dyer, and Beattie and Ossian, are standing in view of the four vistas, appearing to contemplate the beauties of the surrounding scenery; while Burns is wandering among his native mountains, and making their vast solitudes resound with the name of liberty.'

Many travellers are at a loss in determining what to say at their several stations. Let them be so no longer! This 'Philosophy of Nature' will always supply some adapted remark, and may serve as a tourist's common-place book,—as the pilgrim's wallet of erudition, to be unpacked and employed any where. It will suffice to look into the index for the word *cathedral*, *castle*, *cascade*, *canal*, or whatever be *the lion* of the place, to find an enumeration of the principal objects of that class, accompanied by some curious anecdote, or lively reflection, or poetical motto, or learned reference to writers who have treated concerning them. Thus all the marvels of geography, and all the wonders of the world, may be pressed, by association of idea at least, into the decoration and illustration of a saunter round our native village.

These pages, the author tells us, were the result of hours stolen from application to higher interests, and from the severity of graver subjects; and he praises the periods of tranquil enjoyment during which they were composed. Without this declaration, we should not have inferred that the work had been produced thus casually, since the number of writers consulted, even about little things, is often considerable.—They are lively pages, breathing and communicating the bounding elastic spirits of a delighted traveller; and seeming to admit the fresh mountain-air into the musty recesses of the book-room. Though they do not exhibit harmony of taste, nor coincidence of judgment, we have still been pleased with the author's delight, and amused by the very eccentricities of his excursion.

The art of preserving the Sight unimpaired to an extreme old Age; and of re-establishing and strengthening it when it becomes weak: with Instructions how to proceed in accidental Cases, which do not require the assistance of professional men, and the mode of treatment proper for the Eyes during, and immediately after, the small-pox. To which are added, Observations on the Inconveniences and Dangers arising from the use of common Spectacles, &c. &c. By an experienced Oculist. Pp. 247. 1815.

[From the Critical Review.]

To this short treatise our author has not thought proper to affix his name or residence. We cannot help expressing our surprise at this modest concealment, as the remarks are comprehensive and practical, demonstrating considerable experience in his profession, and seem well calculated to ensure the approbation of the reader. The contents are not very methodically arranged, and should not be considered as a description of all diseases to which the organ of sight is liable, but they will be found to contain many useful hints to preserve this inestimable faculty.

This little work possesses the merit of using no unintelligible terms, but is offered as a manual of advice, containing efficacious precepts, and conveyed in a language within the reach of the simplest readers.

If the author had proposed a technical synopsis of ocular diseases, it would have abridged its value, and rendered its use problematical; but we have reason to believe it will prove a serviceable performance to the community at large, and will be perused with pleasure and advantage. It is not to be considered a mere collection of recipes, but rather as instructive precepts for patients to regulate and manage their own eyes; and if the directions should sometimes appear too fastidious, it ought to be remembered, that the anatomy of this beautiful organ is extremely delicate, and composed of a vascular net-work so inconceivably minute as renders it an object of microscopic wonder.

We shall now extract a few specimens of the author's observations. Speaking of the prudent use of the eyes in the various stages of existence, he goes on to say,

‘Many parents seem to take it as an established maxim, that they must keep their children continually occupied lest they should become idle, or lest indolence should turn them from that pursuit to which they are destined, or from the acquirement of

those accomplishments in which they are intended to shine. In consequence of this, the poor martyrs are constantly shut up in the same chamber, occupied at first with their play things; then with their studies; and often without the slightest exercise in the open air. Then come the masters, if the poor martyrs are cooked up at home, and there is no end to writing, drawing, sewing, embroidery, music, until the little ones driven beyond their powers, can no longer support it without complaining of their eyes. Too often indeed their complaints are useless; and although an experienced physician should be called in, who may speak from the dictates of his conscience to the headstrong parents, pointing out the excess of hurtful labour, yet the ordinary reply is 'that they cannot too soon accustom them to employment, if they wish to make any thing of them.'

'I shall not enlarge upon this silly obstinacy; but I still feel it my duty to recount some of the deadly results which are thus unnecessarily braved, and on which, people are not apt to reflect until too late; and I appeal here to the medical world, if these prejudices have not often been productive of the loss of sight, sometimes even of life to many children of both sexes.'

On the moderate use of the eyes in general, our author illustrates the position in the following chapter:—

'Inasmuch as a prudent use of the sight is salutary, so much is an entire state of inaction pernicious to it: and of this, there is the most incontestable proof in the case of the near-sighted and the squint-eyed. He who squints sees all objects double; and it is believed that it is only a bad habit, because that with time he begins to regard the objects around simply as they exist, and no person, not even the squinter himself, thinks that he sees objects but with one eye, when he sees them simple. If we examine with attention the visual mode of the squinter, we shall find, that he at the commencement of his indisposition, always closes the affected eye in order to fix it. So that in a short time, neglecting the use of it more and more, it loses its faculties completely by this constant inaction in such a manner that the unfortunate individual may be considered as one eyed!

'I have in most cases of this kind been enabled to afford by the simple process of binding up the sound eye every day for a couple of hours, in order to oblige the patient to make use of the debilitated organ, and according as it was more or less indisposed to keep the other more or less veiled, continuing the operations until the unstrained eye could fully perform its functions.

'Although the cause of this affection has occasioned much controversy with Dr. Priestly and other eminent men, the theory of it has been generally considered as a paralysis of the muscles of the diseased eye, owing to their inaction during the progress of this affection. The principle of the case is scientific, as it is well known a palsied muscle is most speedily remedied by a graduated and moderate action.'

Our author observes, that it is always a matter of urgent necessity to preserve the eyes from a light too vivid, and expresses himself as follows, towards the ladies' dress.

'Every hat or bonnet of any other colour than black, grey, blue, or green, and particularly when the inside is smooth and shining, ought to be considered as an article of the most pernicious quality; for in the same manner as water, or the snow in the streets, reflects the light by a thousand different rays, so does this brilliant lining throw it down upon the pupil, where it causes more ravages than even the direct rays of the sun itself upon the weakest eye-sights.

'Again, with respect to fans, where still used by ladies, in summer, or at public places:—can any thing be imagined more absurd or foolish, than an instrument whose object is to intercept the rays of the sun, yet which receives it through every fold or opening; an instrument, too, red, white, or yellow, worked in gold, in silver, in ivory, or mother of pearl, as if expressly fabricated for the ruin of the eyes!—If these must be used let them be of some utility at least; but then they must be green, blue, or grey, without either brilliancy, or even transparency. And such are the inventions of luxury, there is no one more prejudicial to the eyes than the veils now used by the fair sex, which seem rather adopted for the purpose of exciting male curiosity, than for any absolute convenience resulting from them. The continual vacillation of these gauzes or nets thus intercepting objects in a confused and partial manner, weaken the sight so much that I frequently have under my care young persons, not more than seventeen or eighteen years of age, whose eyes were naturally very good, but who already complain of visual weakness, and are no longer able to execute any of those fine works with which they have been accustomed to amuse themselves.

'Will these martyrs to fashion never be truly sensible of the injury they are thus doing to themselves? Ought they not, indeed, to perceive it in the ease and pleasure which they feel almost every moment in the very act of throwing their veil on one side in order that they may be better able to see the objects which excite their curiosity.

'Yet the veil is still retained, and though some by an experience almost too hardy, have been induced to correct their error, yet I fear there will always be too many of these gew-gaws so pernicious to the visual faculty, as they are, unfortunately, now adopted even by the lowest classes. Would to heaven that my decree was strong enough, my words persuasive enough to banish them without a possibility of their returning.'

We have expressed our sentiments generally upon the infinite importance which the visual faculty when perfect, produces on our happiness. There is a mechanical cause which is gradually operating upon this organ to occasion the imperfection of its powers; and this is the globular figure of the

anterior portion of the eye, whilst the form of it continues accurate, and the rays of light are conveyed by the interior humours to produce a distinct image on the expansion of the optic nerve; the natural focus of the object will generally be about eight or nine inches from the sight. When the prominence of the eye diminishes, this space grows proportionably longer, and the object of vision is rendered less distinct. This alteration is commonly felt by the inhabitants of Europe about fifty years of age; and proceeds with gradual progress until the picture on the retina can no longer be distinguished. Here then is the period of the most deplorable catastrophe which human nature can experience, the total failure of this incomparable faculty.

Amongst the various examples of human ingenuity, there is no invention which deserves to be more highly estimated than an apt substitute to repair deteriorated vision.

Appropriate glasses, under the denomination of spectacles, possess this property; but certainly no instrument requires more skill in the artist, or more considerate discretion in the wearer. From the former the choice of the material; whether of glass or the Brazil pebble, they should be perfectly destitute of any flaw, and both the glasses should bear a correct accuracy in their execution. The wearer should not be contented to use any that required a focus of more than eight or nine inches, which should render the object clear without magnifying, and without occasioning uneasiness after they had been used. Such instruments can always be found at skilful opticians, and then it must be conceded that it is a valuable acquisition, as with such an assistance a wearer of fourscore will read or write with the same facility as when he was forty years of age. We do not think it necessary to add more than quoting the author's sentiments upon the danger of some kind of spectacles.

‘Common spectacles made as it were by chance, and as it is vulgarly termed, though truly, manufactured by wholesale from all sorts of defective materials, even sometimes from the common window glass, are much to be complained of; and if the public could be brought to reflect seriously upon the dangerous effects which result from their use, the whole tribe of Jew opticians (as dangerous to the full as the quackery oculist) would soon be deprived of a venal gain, founded upon the ignorance and inattention of their customers.

‘I shall state a few points in which common glasses are always defective, in hopes that no idea of cheapness or economy shall in future induce even the poorest to have recourse to those which infallibly destroy the sight, they were expected to assist and to preserve.

‘It is indeed a matter of serious import to the poor in general, and worthy the attention of the benevolent, that a charity should be formed on the principle of the Rupture Society, at whose house there might be a supply of good optical glasses, with a respectable dispenser skilled in this particular branch of medicine, who would distribute good spectacles to the poor that were absolutely in want of them, and even supply the decenter classes with them at a cheap rate.

‘The points of complaint respecting common spectacles, in general, are

‘That they are badly polished, which affects their transparency.

‘That the two glasses or lenses are never of an equal thickness.

‘That the glass is often full of specks and imperfections, which being partly ground down are not easily observable.

‘And finally, that the convexity is not regular; the sides not only differing, but different degrees of convexity being absolutely on the same side of the lens.

‘One great cause of all these evils is in the mode of grinding them, one person attending to several at a time, although good opticians will agree with me that one lens at a time is sufficient for a workman’s attention if it is to be properly ground. It is indeed a general principle with honest opticians, that the principal attention of the workman ought to be paid to the preservation of a regular sphericity in each lens, whether convex or concave; for which reason each must be kept perpendicular to the plane of the machine, a thing which cannot be done if two are ground at once, for neither of them can be perfect, on account of being obliged to change them from hand to hand alternately; and it is easy to conceive that an infinity of defects must exist in those which are made, from two to six at a time; if, indeed, any good lenses should be found in the latter case, which, no doubt, sometimes happens, it is merely a matter of chance. The cheapness of these glasses, unfortunately, is a bait to many; but I cannot sufficiently deplore the ignorance of those who are so inattentive to the preservation of their most precious faculty, and whose wants are essentially different from any others to which the human frame is subject.’

We shall add nothing further respecting this little essay, which, upon the whole, does the author credit; and as we have considered it a commendable treatise, the reader who is interested to preserve his eye-sight, may be advised to furnish himself with the wholesome directions it inculcates, and consult them occasionally when he finds it necessary.

ORIGINAL.

Remarks on the Progress and Present State of the Fine Arts in the United States.

ONE of the most striking of those characteristics by which nations are distinguished from each other, is the possession of some one corporeal power or sense in a much higher degree of perfection than it is ordinarily to be found among the people of any other country. Thus the Italians are remarkable for compass and sweetness of voice; the Germans for delicacy of ear and consequent proficiency in instrumental music; the French for agility and elasticity of movement; the English for muscular power of the arm, and the Chinese for minute manual dexterity. In the same way, I have often thought, the native citizens of this country may be considered as peculiarly distinguished for possessing the faculty of sight in a great degree of accuracy and perfection. As I am not about to play the philosopher on this subject, and amuse myself with building up hypotheses, I do not at present care to inquire whether this is to be accounted for by referring it to some natural or organic cause, such as climate, atmosphere, or structure of the eye; or whether, as I rather think, it is to be attributed altogether to the prevailing habits of life among the great body of the people. Like the dispute on the Volcanic and Neptunian theories of the formation of the globe, or the celebrated controversy recorded in the Spectator, whether the sign of the Saracen's Head was most like Sir Roger de Coverly or the Grand Turk, this too is a subject where "much may be said on both sides of the question." But the general fact is, I believe, indisputably as it has been stated; and it would not be difficult to adduce abundance of proof to support this opinion.

In the first place, there is that skill in gunnery which may be almost regarded as a national characteristic, from its simplest form as it appears in the quickness and accuracy of eye

and certainty of fire of our million of marksmen, up through every form of the art of artillery to the highest branches of practical engineering. Every where, by sea and land, our superiority both in the art and scientific part of gunnery, has been constantly manifested; and we have seen, during the late war, our young artillerists and engineers, fresh from a hitherto obscure military school, opposing and soon excelling in every part of their duty veteran engineers, formed in the most celebrated military academies of England and the Continent, long habituated to the gigantic operations of European warfare, and accomplished in their profession by a life unremittingly devoted to the study of the whole science of war. Then again, in farther corroboration of this opinion, we may appeal with confidence to individual experience and observation. Take any promiscuous company of native Americans, and it is surprising with what precision most of them are able to judge of heights and distances, of the extent of a field, the size of a room, or the shape of distant objects. But the most remarkable circumstance of all, and which, taken in connexion with other facts, seems conclusive as to the correctness of this idea, is the wonderful and otherwise unaccountable spontaneous growth of the art of painting among us. Not indeed that we have yet any thing like a school of our own, which can be much vaunted of, or that the fine arts generally have attained to any extraordinary perfection in the United States, but the wonder is, that they should have arisen at all, thus as it were spontaneously, without culture and without patronage. To place this in a strong light, let us for a moment look back upon the history of that slow and laborious process of improvement, by which the fine arts have been gradually matured to their present high state of excellence in Great Britain; and then contrast it with the manner in which they have suddenly sprouted up of themselves on this side of the Atlantic. In the latter instance, they seem to be the native wildings of the soil; in the former they resemble the fruits of the wall and the hot-house, rich indeed, high flavoured and abundant, but still very evidently the forced production of art and long careful cultivation.

It is now more than three hundred years, that the fine arts have been munificently patronised and rewarded in Great Britain, and almost two centuries since it became an object of very general, indeed of national ambition, to raise up an English school of painting. From the beginning of the sixteenth to the latter part of the seventeenth century—that is, from the time of Holbein, who was a Swiss, to that of Vandyke, a native of Flanders, the portraits of the kings and nobles of England were painted, and their palaces adorned entirely by continental artists. Both these excellent painters, Holbein and Vandyke, spent a great portion of their lives, and died in England; they filled the country with good pictures, and diffused through society a considerable degree of taste, or at least of fondness for the arts. They and several other cotemporary artists from Flanders and France, acquired large fortunes, were caressed by the great, and received honours and titles from their sovereigns, yet neither their instructions, their example, nor the splendour of their rewards, had power to raise up a single native artist of real and uncommon merit. Their success, however, lured over a number of second rate painters from the continent, where the fine arts had been longer cultivated, and the great Italian masters had diffused abroad some portion of their own skill and talent. These foreigners, from Sir Godfrey Kneller to Liotard, until the middle of the last century, engrossed the greatest part of the business and patronage, as well public as private, of Great Britain. Even the designs and engravings for books, at that period very humble departments of the profession, were almost all executed by foreigners.

Nor was this lack of native talent at all to be attributed to prejudice or indifference in the nation towards homebred genius. On the contrary, whenever an English painter arose a little, even though but very little, above the ordinary level, he was immediately overwhelmed with business, with praise, flattery, honours, every thing which can stimulate genius or gratify ambition.

Jervas, for instance, who was in truth hardly a third rate

painter—who is pronounced by the unanimous suffrage of the best modern critics* to be alike defective in drawing, colouring, composition and likeness; whose pictures, according to Horace Walpole, (no mean judge of the arts,) are a flimsy, light sort of fan-painting as large as life: yet this man, thus decidedly inferior to many American painters whose names are hardly heard of out of their own town, acquired a handsome fortune and great reputation by his profession; he associated with the nobles, and what is a still higher distinction, with the wits of Queen Anne's reign, and was extolled by Pope in terms of eulogy which would be almost extravagant if applied to Reubens or Reynolds.

"Whether thy hand strikes out some free design
Where life awakes, and dawns in every line,
Or blends in beauteous tints the coloured mass,
And from the canvass call the mimic face," &c.

POPE'S Epistle to JERVAS.

Sir James Thornhill, a man of more professional cultivation and scientific acquirement, though still quite a middling artist, had the same success; and so too had Hudson, the immediate predecessor of Reynolds as a fashionable portrait painter in London, about the middle of the last century, although he was but a very indifferent manufacturer of commonplace family pictures. At length came Hogarth, a truly original genius, the Moliere, almost the Shakspeare, of the pallet—but it is to be doubted whether, with all his merit, he alone would have had great influence on national taste, beyond founding a school of broad humour, or perhaps only of broad caricature. Soon after arose Reynolds. His genius, skill, literature, philosophy, and zeal, supported by liberal national patronage, finally succeeded in firmly establishing an English school of arts. Commercial enterprise now came in aid of individual taste and public munificence. The Royal Academy was crowded with students, and there was ample

* See Warton's Pope, notes on the Epistle to Jervas.

demand for every species and degree of talent. Some few pupils would of course attain to great excellence, while assiduous care and regular academic instruction would rarely fail of bringing the greater part of every class to a decent mediocrity of acquirement. The few men of original genius, the Gainsboroughs, Opies, and Morlands, gloriously sustained the reputation of their country and their academy, and the rest were sure of finding ample employment in the inferior branches of the art. Those who cannot paint like Morland, or engrave like Bartolozzi, may, in England, grow rich by portraiture, or by engraving for splendid books of architecture and natural history; or live decently by manufacturing heads of actors for the *Monthly Mirror*, or of popular preachers for the *Evangelical Magazine*. The very painting of tea-boards, coach-pannels, and snuff-boxes offer a considerable resource for the young and obscure. And in this way a thousand tolerable artists may be educated for the chance of finding a single original genius among them.

Thus at last, after the labour of a century, has been triumphantly reared the noble fabric of the British arts. Still, in spite of this high cultivation and of the real excellence of the British school, the arts seem to be exotics in England. The best portion of her artists—the best, not perhaps in number, but certainly in talent, is composed of foreigners, most of whom came to England not to learn but to practice their profession. To say nothing of our own countrymen West, Copely, Trumbull, Allston, and others at present of less note, how many English painters are there who can vie, in their several walks, with Fuseli, De Louthembourg, and Angelica Kaufman, with Cypriani, Bartolozzi, and Schiavenetti?

The history of the progress of the French arts is nearly the same. From Louis XIV. to Napoleon, the fostering care of an ambitious and gorgeously magnificent government has been constantly exerted to quicken into life, to invigorate and to reward the genius of France. Such care has not, and indeed it could not fail of success, but still the slightest acquaintance with the works of the Parisian school is sufficient to convince

us that they are the fruits of toil, study, and skilful instruction far more than of native genius.

The theatrical frippery of their older painters, and that hard and stiff affectation of classical antiquity which pervades the works of their living artists are equally distant from nature, and alike show how little either class owes to original genius, or to the observation of real life. The same remark, with slight variations, hold good as to every country in Europe with the single exception of Italy, the native soil and chosen habitation of all the arts which adorn, which gladden, and which dignify society.

Now then, let us look at home. Here, we see the arts developing and expanding themselves, not in the genial sunshine of wealth and patronage, but in the cold damp shade of neglect and obscurity. To speak in the huckster language of the political economists, they were not raised to supply any existing demand for them, but they came unlooked for, and formed or forced a market for themselves. Nay more, after having filled up and satisfied the demands of that taste which they had created in their own country; our painters have flocked to Europe, and there by the force of natural genius have risen to the highest honours of their profession. Their youthful taste was not formed by contemplating the noble remains of classical antiquity, or the beautiful productions of the arts of modern Italy. They had not even the feebler stimulant of being accustomed to the language of that affected and exaggerated enthusiasm, which while it is in itself insensible to the excellence to which it does outward homage, has yet often the power to excite in others that admiration which it only feigns. Nature was their first teacher, her works their great academy.

Those of our native painters, who have been long resident abroad, have of course more or less assimilated themselves to the taste and character of the several foreign schools in which they have studied, and have thus grafted high, and sometimes too artificial refinement upon the wild and vigorous stock of their own genius.

Our home bred artists may be characterised in general, in a few words. Their great merit lies in acuteness of observa-

tion, in truth and accuracy, in short in the power of representing individual nature. They are chiefly deficient in cultivated taste, in variety and grace, and in generality and grandeur of conception. Their productions are of course, somewhat adapted to the character and habits of the nation, and the particular state of society around them, yet they have always rather led than followed the public taste. They are yet mostly employed in the various branches of portraiture, and in these, both in oil and water colours, we have many respectable and several very good artists. Nor ought it to be considered as a source of mortification or despondency, or as ground for regarding our own arts with contemptuous indifference, that they are thus employed. However inferior in reputation, and however limited in its sphere, portraiture may be, when compared with historical painting, it must be remembered, that until within a few years this was the principal employment of the first artists of Great Britain, even in the days of Reynolds himself. Besides it is evident that mere portrait painting does not satisfy the ambition of our painters, and there are frequent attempts at loftier and bolder flights. Some of their productions in history, in landscape, and in various walks of fancy have much merit, and give good earnest of the future glories of our arts.

In the mean while taste has been widely diffused among the mass of the community; this taste may not be very enlightened and critical, but it is sufficient for the purpose of bringing forth and rewarding talent. Wealthy corporations and other public bodies, are ambitious of adorning their halls with fine portraits of our great men, and other memorials of American patriotism, wisdom, and heroic virtue; while the houses of the opulent are now generally ornamented with pictures and engravings, which indicate the dawnings of a liberal, cultivated and correct taste. Some few private collections have been formed, which though they are not to be mentioned in comparison with the galleries of European Princes and Nobles, contain many good specimens of the different styles, and are creditable to the country, as well as to the taste of the collectors. Fine paintings have consequently become valuable as

articles of property. A picture by the late Mr. Wertmuller, was sold not long ago at New York, for fifteen hundred dollars, and a beautiful Cupid, by Mignard, a short time before for a thousand.

The collections of plaster casts, drawings, copies of celebrated pictures, good engravings, &c. which have been formed by the Academies of Philadelphia and New York, together with the commencement of similar institutions elsewhere, while they contribute to afford great facilities of improvement to the young student, and enable the more experienced and travelled artist to refresh and correct his recollections, are admirably calculated to form public taste. I have indeed heard rumours, that one of these institutions was for some time considered as a mere show, about on a level in utility and value, with a good exhibition of wax-work, or one of Ker Porter's flaring panoramas—that unlucky lads, who were caught drawing from the statues were reprimanded, and forthwith ignominiously turned out of doors, and that at last in order to keep the collection from the base uses to which it was in danger of being put by the professor of painting and his pupils, the whole was boxed up, and deposited in the garret of a warehouse.

But this must have been a long time ago—in the dark ages, no doubt. A better spirit is now abroad, and the arts have every thing to hope from private liberality and public munificence.

By the way, it is rather curious, that in the very infancy of our arts, they should be visited already by one of those diseases which generally attend upon their old age, I mean the pedantry, the cant and quackery of taste. In several of our cities there is a good deal of this to be found, though it is as yet chiefly confined to foreigners, and to your travelled "men of countries," who without the least practical knowledge, have picked up at the Louvre, or the exhibitions of the Royal Academy, some scraps and odd fragments of technical knowledge, together with a few phrases and terms of the grammar of the arts. These gentlemen can talk most learnedly of massing, handling, pencilling, cutting up, tones of colouring, effects of shadow, mellowness and frit-

tered lights, and are moreover not only exceedingly familiar with the great masters, Titian, Reubens and the rest, whose names are in every body's mouths, but can distinguish at a glance the styles of Ieronimo Mazoli, Iocomo Basan, Primaticcio, Placcidio Constanzi, Iost Amner, Schut, Segers Swamingvett, Tobios Stomner and fifty others, whose names none but a connoisseur would take the trouble to recollect.

I have seen one of these men of skill, (I am glad he was not an American) after gazing some minutes very intently upon an old black, cracked unintelligible picture,* suddenly run up to it, spit in the face of a demi-god, and then fall to rubbing it very earnestly with his finger, 'till at last he cried out in an ecstasy, "It is a Lucas Van Leyden, I know him by this touch on the chin."

Now, in itself all this is simply ridiculous, but the mischief of it is that plain people after hearing all these most profound and mystical commentaries, become afraid to trust their own eyes and untaught good sense to decide whether they ought to be pleased or not. Yet it is obvious enough, that though the power of judging of any kind of merit, may be wonderfully improved, quickened and sharpened by the habit of critical examination and comparison, yet the pleasure that the imitative arts afford us, which is truly the foundation of the critical faculty, has its source altogether in nature; and the picture whose merits are invisible to all eyes but those of experienced *cognoscenti*, is like the poem which can be relished by none but critics by profession. Both the poem and the picture, may have a species of merit very gratifying to a certain artificial and acquired taste, but the highest and most real excellence is that which pleases all classes, and in all ages.

* There is a trick frequently played by young painters, which often entraps the antiquarian connoisseur. They paint some well bearded Moses or Aaron, or a strapping Dutch Venus, in dark and dingy colours, and before the paint is hard, cover the face of the picture with paste and stand it in the sun; the paste soon contracts and cracks in every direction, and then by giving it a coat of dark varnish, it will look two or three hundred years old, and the first pretender to connoisseurship who sees it, is ready to swear that it is in the style of Van Rundych, or has some of the touches of Grevisani. A noted picture dealer in the reign of Charles II. (mentioned by Horace Walpole, but whose name I cannot now recall) was the inventor of this practice

It is a very old and just remark, that "Hypocrisy is the homage which vice pays to virtue," for if piety and morals bore no price, they would not be worth the counterfeiting. In the same manner this affectation of connoisseurship, frivolous as it is, still affords a good indication of the value which begins to be set upon the knowledge of the arts. Forty years ago, in this country a man would have no more thought of affecting the amateur, than he would of wishing to pass for an alchemist, or a conjuror.

In making an estimate of our general improvement, the progress of engraving should not be overlooked, although the professors of that branch are at present so completely occupied in employments of immediate utility, that they have but little leisure to devote their talents to what is merely ornamental. Just enough is done in the more difficult and elegant kinds of engraving to show that they can be well done; but this composes but a small part of the ordinary business of our engravers. Maps can be and are, as well engraved in this country as in any part of the world, and bank notes much better, even than in Great Britain. In this last occupation particularly, a vast proportion of the skill and time of our engravers is absorbed. A great deal of very good work is done for books, such as Encyclopedias, works of Natural History, and other costly and valuable publications: and we should be content to wait with patience for something more splendid. Those who have observed the progress of the art of engraving within the last fifteen years, and can look back upon the time when the whole skill of the nation was put in requisition to furnish out a tolerable set of plates for a banking company, or for a decently ornamented edition of a popular author,* will see no reason to doubt, but that in a very short time, engraving in its various branches will become a most important department of our commercial and manufacturing enterprise.

In architecture, it must be confessed, we are still very far behind hand. Our domestic architecture is for the most part copied, and often badly copied too, from the common En-

* Longworth's edition of *Telemachus*, 2 vols. 8vo. N. Y. 1795, deserves to be mentioned, as the first spirited attempt in this way.

glish books, with but little variety, and no adaptation to our own climate or habits of life.

Our better sort of country houses, have generally an air of too much pretension for the scale of size and expense on which they are built; while we despise or overlook the humble beauties and snug comforts of the cottage, we but seldom attain to the grandeur of the *chateau* or the *villa*. Our country churches and other rural public edifices, are for the most part mean and slight, and few of our builders have yet learnt the important secret, that good taste and proportion cost nothing. The defects of our rural architecture are the more to be regretted, because it is in the country that architecture appears to the greatest advantage. The contrast of art and nature, is so pleasing, that any tolerably well proportioned and spacious building, surrounded by rich natural scenery, has always a most pleasing effect. The colonade, the portico, and the tower never appear with half so much grace and majesty, as when half hid from view by a grove, or “bosomed high in tufted trees.” But a rapid improvement is going on in this respect; and indeed what is there in the United States in which a rapid improvement is not going on? City architecture too, has taken a sudden start, and has gained much within these few years, both in comfort and in variety; this is especially observable in the city of Philadelphia. But I know not how it has happened, that so many of our finest and most costly public edifices have been vitiated by the predominance of that style of architecture which prevailed in the age of Louis XIV, I mean that corruption of the Grecian, or rather of the Palladian architecture, which delights in great profusion of ornament, in piling one order upon another, and frequently perching the top one upon a narrow cornice where the pillars, or more commonly, the pilasters, look as if they were dancing on the tight rope—in multitudes of small and useless columns and unmeaning pilasters, and in long rows of staring windows, each of them decorated with a heavy perriwig of massy stone garlands. When this style is predominant in buildings the materials of which are mean, and where, as is too frequently the case in this country, artificial stone work, stucco, lath, plaster and paint supply the place of marble and

freestone, the effect is indescribably pitiful: it reminds one of the tawdry and tarnished finery of a strolling company of players.

But in its very best estate, this style of architecture can rise to nothing nobler than ponderous stateliness, and cumbrous magnificence; and the effect which it produces with infinite labour, is always poor and contemptible when compared with the grandeur and beauty of Grecian simplicity.

The wings of the unfinished capitol at Washington, were examples of this taste, though it is probable that by the aid of a noble and lofty centre, or a fine portico, they might have been made to harmonise in one majestic mass. The City Hall of New York, is another instance of this manner—a fine building, no doubt, a most excellent piece of masonry, beautiful, in many of its parts, and as a whole, honorable to the city and creditable to the architect. But it wants unity and dignity, and is broken up into elaborate littleness. When the eye is near enough to embrace at once many of the minuter parts, the whole has an air of much richness and even of elegance. But if the spectator retires two or three hundred yards farther back, he must at once perceive the unsuitableness of this style to so fine a situation. With far less expense, how much nobler an effect could have been produced by a grand portico or some regular architectural front composed of few parts, and those large, simple, in unison with each other, and all subordinate to one general character of simple greatness.

There is scarcely any single circumstance which contributes more powerfully towards elevating the reputation of any people, than the grandeur of public edifices; nor is there any way in which a republican government can with so much propriety display its munificence. The tinsel trappings and pageantry of office, which have been affected by some free states, are not only discordant to the general simplicity of republican institutions, but like the show and pomp of private luxury, they are of a selfish nature; they communicate gratification only to the individual who enjoys them, and reflect little lustre on the state by which they are bestowed. But a noble hall for the purposes of legislation or of justice is the immediate property of the people, and forms a portion of the pa-

trimony of every citizen. Love of country should indeed rest upon a far broader ground, yet it is well to have local pride and attachments come in to the aid of patriotism. The ancient legislators well understood the force of this principle, and we know how much the remembrance of the *Capitolii Arx alta*, the lofty majesty of the capitol, entered into every sentiment of love and veneration which the Roman citizen when Rome was free, entertained for his native city. Nor will a benevolent mind be inclined to overlook the effect which these displays of public magnificence, may have in imparting "an hour's importance to the poor man's heart," and enabling him for a time to forget the inferiority of his condition, and feel a community of interest with his wealthy neighbour.

It were easy to expand the general remarks, which have been made, by particular criticism upon the merits of individual artists or architects, but this would be at best an invidious, and at present not a very useful employment. My design has been merely to cast a rapid glance over the present state of the fine arts among us, and to aid, however feebly, in directing public attention to their great importance and value, as well as to the strong evidence which is already given of our capacity for excelling in them.

If nothing more were effected by their cultivation, than the opening of new and pure sources of harmless gratification to every class of society, this alone were an object worthy of national attention. Let us reflect too that the arts, by preserving and multiplying the images of the truly great of the nation, and the most impressive memorials of their wisdom and virtue, are powerful instruments of cherishing and animating public spirit and patriotic feeling. The example of England, may also teach us that they may become very abundant sources of national and individual wealth. In every thing in which human industry ministers to the wants or the luxuries of civilized man, from the most sumptuous works of the architect down to the cheap labours of the humblest artificer, good taste is always the parent of elegance, of convenience and of economy; good taste, says an eloquent writer, is of the highest order of national benefits; it is a talisman which enobles every thing within the magic circle of its sway: and

while with the poet and painter, it mounts on the wings of fire to "the highest heaven of invention," it descends with humble diligence to the aid of the mechanic at the anvil, and the manufacturer at the loom.

REMARKS ON THE CHARACTER OF

PATRICK HENRY.

To the Editor of the Analectic Magazine.

SIR,

A notice which appeared in a late number of the Analectic Magazine, has induced us to expect with much impatience Mr. Wirt's promised Life of Patrick Henry.

It is natural that the people of this country, thus enjoying the blessings of a free and prosperous government, should receive with grateful interest, every memorial of the fathers of our liberties. Among these, Patrick Henry deservedly holds a high rank, as it was from his genius and high spirit of independence, that the oppression of England received its first and its severest blow. Indeed, there have been few characters which have united in themselves more qualities to command the respect and admiration of society; and certainly there has not occurred an epoch in the history of man, better calculated to unfold those powers and draw them into action, than the particular period at which Patrick Henry appeared. The theatre on which he acted was worthy of his powers, and the part which he performed upon it, was one which scarcely any other man could so completely have filled. It is not the least of his good fortune, that in his biographer has arisen a kindred spirit to do justice to his character.

We ought at this time to feel a peculiar interest in the success of this early effort of American biography. Our country has not wanted talents to *perform* great works, but few men have yet arisen among us with the inclination and the industry to record them with proportionate ability. Every great

man has a claim upon the talents of the great men who succeed him; neither distance nor time, nor even death itself should be allowed to break the fraternity of genius. It is no small reproach to the literary character of the United States, that we have been slow to discharge this debt of gratitude and duty. Marshall's *Life of Washington* is undoubtedly the best, as it is by far the most elaborate piece of American biography; but yet it is little else than a history of the United States under a different title. The truth is, most of our great men have been either statesmen or warriors who have rendered themselves conspicuous upon the theatre of public affairs, and whose lives have been in general, marked by few incidents worthy of record, except so far as they are connected with the general history of the country. This is in a peculiar degree the case in regard to Patrick Henry. Of obscure parentage and humble education, his youth was passed in rural solitude, with little to excite his ambition and still less to draw forth the masterly powers of his mind. Until his twenty-seventh year, he was known only as a dutiful son, a kind husband and a good neighbour; with more enterprise than industry, and yet not enough of either to keep off the pressure of want. All that portion of his life which in others frequently affords the most interesting materials for narrative, he wasted either in utter indolence, or in ever changing and visionary schemes to increase his little fortune. So far the path of his biographer lies through a dreary waste, with little to excite his interest or relieve the tedium of his journey. Even after Henry's appearance upon the great stage of public life, his career, though brilliant, was comparatively short, and afforded but few incidents to give interest to the narrative of his life. During this period, his name stands connected with all the important operations of government; and a faithful history of the country would contain his best biography. The same remark applies perhaps with greater force to Washington; and the biographer of Henry will be compelled, I apprehend, either to leave his narrative jejune and barren, or else like Marshall, to intrude upon the proper province of the historian. In addition to this difficulty, which is certainly not a

small one, tradition, which has preserved the only memorials we have of the private life of Henry, is extremely inconsistent with itself in the accounts which it gives of him. Even his compatriots and intimate friends, who had the best opportunities of forming a correct estimate of his character, and who undoubtedly studied it with the most attentive interest, were very differently impressed in regard to its leading features. Those at least, with whom I have conversed, have rarely agreed in all points. Although the chief features of their portraits were sometimes the same, their colouring was widely different, and in many instances, exhibited directly opposite expression. The truth is, that we have few memorials of Patrick Henry which deserve to be embodied in a work purporting to be an authentic history of his life. And even this scanty portion of materials is much diminished by that conflict of opinion and contradiction in detail with which it will necessarily be encumbered. It is probable that his biographer, when he approached this interesting work, was little aware of the difficulties which would beset him at every step of his progress.

Is not this, sir, to be peculiarly regretted at this time? In one respect at least, the people of the United States have their character yet to form. As statesmen, as warriors and as philosophers, they very early entered the lists against the nations of the old world, and certainly acquitted themselves with distinguished honour. But in literature we are scarcely known on the other side of the Atlantic, beyond the measure of a political pamphlet, or a fugitive essay on local occurrences. These indeed, have often exhibited learning, genius, fancy and taste, but they have rarely reached the standard of first rate compositions. Few of us have yet attempted to explore the more recluse and difficult walks of science, and still fewer perhaps, of those who were fitted for it, have felt ambitious of the character of authors. The reason is obvious. The struggle of the revolution was a convulsion of the country. A state of society which requires every man to be a soldier, admits not of the regular operations of industry, and is of course, inconsistent with the economy of public labour. Seven years of

arduous war, had deranged the habits and ruined the fortunes of our people, and when the treaty of 1783 restored to us the blessings of peace, we had new habits to form and new fortunes to acquire. This event too, opened channels of wealth, before unthought of, and held out new and irresistible temptations to the cupidity of the nation. As education had been necessarily neglected during the revolution, there was little of that liberal spirit among us, which leads to the pursuit of science for its own worth; there were few of us who could realize the force of that Greek apothegm which teaches that the very sweetness of the arts excites the mind to study them. Even the most elastic minds, freed from that weight of care for the public good, which had oppressed them for seven anxious years, naturally relapsed, into the opposite extreme of indolence. Hence a nation of soldiers was instantaneously converted into a nation of farmers, merchants and sailors. Those who had heretofore cultivated the liberal arts, were more desirous of quiet and repose than of the reputation of learning, and thus the rising generation was left without the stimulant of example. Wealth soon became the only object of all classes, and this was so easily attained by agriculture or commerce, that no one thought of seeking it by the more difficult and laborious paths of science. For the same reason, our first advances in science have been made in those walks which lead most directly to the temple of wealth. In mechanics and in all those arts which are auxiliary to this part of science, we have outstripped the old world, and the astonishing number of our useful inventions to facilitate and increase labour, is most honourable to the enterprise and genius of the country. Hereafter in proportion as that harvest shall fail us, which was so abundant and rich immediately after the revolution, we shall be compelled to look out for new sources of subsistence and new fields for the exercise of our talents and industry. But many a desert now waste, and many a forest yet tenantless, must be filled with industry and population, before we shall see among us a class of men exclusively devoted to literature and science.

Considering the literary character of our country as yet

unformed, we cannot fail to view, with peculiar interest, every new production of American talent. It is most important that our first efforts in letters should be successful, for if the root of our reputation be solidly fixed, the after growth will not fail to be vigorous and flourishing. Much is undoubtedly expected from the known genius of the biographer of Patrick Henry, fired and devoted as it must naturally be by the dignity of his subject, and the eventful period which his narrative is to describe. But these advantages will scarcely compensate for the want of proper materials. Although if his subject were as extended and various as his own powers, there can be little doubt that his book would baffle the critical acumen of British Reviewers. This view of the subject, by the by, serves to increase our regret that the genius of our author should be restricted by the essential narrowness of his subject. England, always devoted to what is her own, and always jealous of every thing foreign, furnishes those rigid tribunals of criticism before which all authors are compelled to stand, without the power of excepting to their jurisdiction. If it rests with these to apportion literary merit, our pretensions must be very strong, or our rewards will be very small.

I would not be understood in these remarks, as deprecating the severity of any set of Reviewers in favour of the author of the *Life of Patrick Henry*. His character as an eloquent writer, is already too well established to be shaken by the weak and wavering breeze of malignant criticism. But I think it fair that those who have formed their anticipations of the work, not from the copiousness or interest of the materials, but from the high character of the author for genius and taste, should be admonished of the injustice of expecting too much. An author gains nothing by these anticipated praises; they are too apt to go beyond the measure of his powers, how great soever those powers may be. We have already from the author in question, more than one unequivocal proof of literary ability. But we hope that he may not find, in the overwrought anticipations of a partial public, reason to complain, like Gaudenzio di Lucca, that it is demanded of his genius to create the material as well as to fashion it with beauty and

taste, to weave a web of imperial purple out of shreds and patches.

Patrick Henry's life was nothing until he became a public character, and even after that, it consisted of little more than the various forms of a splendid and powerful eloquence. The transition from one great speech to another, can afford, at best, but little of that copious variety so necessary to give interest to narrative. The danger is that all these things will not be considered by those who may read and criticise the work. The biographer will be expected to amuse and instruct the public, and the American public will be brought with difficulty to believe that the life of their eloquent countryman Patrick Henry, afforded materials for nothing beyond a lean and meagre memoir. Fidelity is the first duty of the historian. He is at liberty to embellish, but he must not invent. Like the painter, he must adapt his portrait to the measure of his tablet; if it will not admit of a full size, he must be satisfied with a miniature. In either case the features must be faithfully preserved in just proportion and expression, although the artist may display his taste in the selection of attitude, or in the beauty of colouring. If this fidelity be not observed, the picture may please as a sport of fancy, but it will lose the precious merit of truth. Our author's canvas is small indeed; his picture, to be faithful, must certainly be splendid, but it has little variety.

A biographical memoir ought to be adapted to various tastes. The grave man will read it for instruction, the frivolous for amusement, and the critic according to his disposition, either to detect faults, or to display its beauties. The first will require fidelity in the narrative, the second variety in the incidents, and the third, a watchful attention to the rules of good writing. Although I doubt not the last of these classes will be gratified with Mr. Wirt's *Life of Patrick Henry*, yet it will hardly be possible to please both of the former. If indeed the incidents of that life had been as numerous and various as they were splendid, we might justly expect a memoir secondary in excellence to none which has ever appeared. But the exuberant fancy for which the biographer is

so conspicuous would appear like tawdry finery upon the homely web of history; and I apprehend his excursive genius will bend, with reluctant submission, to the drudgery of commonplace detail. If he confines himself within the strict limits of his subject, his narrative can hardly fail to want animation; and if he should give full scope to his genius in figure and embellishment, he will be in danger of the censure which Johnson passed upon Doctor Sprat, of having written a funeral eulogy instead of a history. No man indeed, deserved more than Henry, *laudari a laudato viro*; as he was himself the first of orators, none but an orator of the first class should attempt to pourtray his character. This part of the work, at least, we may venture to anticipate with confidence will be done by the hand of a master. Yet, impatient as we are for this interesting work, it is much to be hoped that the author will not submit it to the public with imprudent haste. This he certainly will not do, unless his own modest judgment should be overruled by the importunities of others. If he allows himself time to give to his performance the true stamp of his genius, he may safely rest upon it both his own literary character and that of his country.

AMERICAN NAVAL CHRONICLE.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE OF

CAPTAIN JAMES BIDDLE.

CAPTAIN JAMES BIDDLE, is the son of Charles Biddle, Esq. of Philadelphia, and was born on the 18th of February, 1783. The name of Biddle is advantageously known in this country in literature, and in arms; at a time when the sordid pursuit of gain, seems to occupy the minds, and impel the actions of the youth of the United States, to the exclusion of nobler objects, we find three brothers* of this name engaged in the service of their country, during a period in which that service was attended with infinite danger and hardship, and honourably distinguished themselves, wherever an opportunity for acquiring distinction occurred. A fourth brother died on board the frigate *President* at sea, in the year 1800, while a midshipman. He is said to have been a youth of great promise, gifted with physical qualities and mental acquirements, that indicated future eminence. Captain Biddle received his education at the University of Pennsylvania, where he became an excellent scholar, and acquired a taste for literature, which he still retains, in the midst of the duties of his active profession. At the period when he attained to that age in which the mind of youth begins to look forward to a profession, as the means of acquiring distinction, or competency, the Navy of the United States had begun to draw the attention of the people, and to attract the eyes of young men, ambitious of honourable fame. The two successive victories of Capt. Truxtun over the French frigates *Insurgent* and *Vengeance*, had secured the favour of the nation, and it

* Major Thos. Biddle, Captain Jno. Biddle, both of the United States Artillery, and the subject of this article.

had consequently become popular in the Government to foster a naval establishment.

Captain Truxtun was now on the eve of a cruise in a larger vessel, and on this occasion, Mr. Biddle complied with the wishes of two of his sons, James the subject of this sketch, and Edward whose early death we have just noticed, by placing them under the care of that experienced officer. This cruise terminated, however, much sooner than was expected, by the peace with France, and afforded no opportunity for acquiring any reputation, but that which arises from the able and faithful discharge of the daily duties annexed to the economy of a vessel of war. It is indeed owing to the proper discharge of these duties, that success attends men in the hour of struggle and difficulty; but as they are not calculated to excite the attention of the public, it is customary to pass them by with a general notice. Still, it ought not to be forgotten, that the glory of the service, and the attainment of success, are inseparably connected with the nice and critical discharge of those official duties, that the world knows nothing of, and which are not thought worthy of its praise. But when we contemplate a victory gained over an enemy, accustomed to triumph over every opponent, in every sea, it is not alone the splendour of the achievement that should monopolize our feelings. We should reflect on the vast expense of labour by which the skill and discipline necessary to this result was acquired, and on the patience, perseverance, zeal and ability of that admirable race of gallant officers, under whose auspices the system was brought to such perfection.

Soon after the cessation of hostilities with the French Republic, the naval establishment was reduced by the act of Congress of March 3d, 1801, and only nine Captains, thirty-six Lieutenants, and one hundred and fifty Midshipmen, in consequence, retained in the service. By this reduction, undoubtedly many officers were discarded from the service, who were eminently qualified for the stations they occupied; but we do not find that they were guilty of uttering indecent clamours against the executive officer, to whose lot it fell to administer the laws of the land, or cancelled the debt their coun-

try might owe them, by branding her with the imputation of ingratitude. They bore their fate with the decent firmness of a manly mind, and their example is particularly worthy of imitation. Mr. Biddle was selected as one of the midshipmen to be retained; a preference which while it is honourable to him, conveys no reflection on those who had not the same good fortune. There is neither justice nor charity, in wounding the feelings of disappointed men, by insinuating that their disappointment is the consequence of a want of merit, rather than of the absolute necessity of passing by many, where a great number are worthy of success, but where all cannot be successful.

In the year 1802, the Bashaw of Tripoli having previously committed hostilities against the United States, Mr. Biddle sailed in the *Constellation* for the Mediterranean. The object of that vessel's equipment was the protection of the American trade against the Tripolitan cruizers, in which pursuit he visited various ports and islands in the Mediterranean. As a classical scholar, Mr. Biddle must have derived infinite gratification from thus seeing with his own eyes, those scenes so familiar to his imagination, as the theatre of events, renowned for their magnitude and effects, or illustrious from the manner in which they are described by the Poet and the Historian.

From this station so peculiarly gratifying to the enthusiasm of a scholar, the *Constellation* returned in the spring of the year 1803, and was laid up at Washington. Mr. Biddle was in consequence transferred to the frigate *Philadelphia*, which sailed for the Mediterranean in July, the same year. The loss of this unfortunate ship, and her subsequent destruction in the harbour of Tripoli, by the gallantry of Decatur and his companions, is well known. In consequence of that loss, Mr. Biddle became a slave to the Bashaw of Tripoli; than which the imagination can hardly conceive a situation more irksome, tedious, and irritating to men of ardent minds, and active habits. In this situation, though exempt from actual violence, they suffered a close and rigorous confinement of nineteen months, during which time they made a

number of daring attempts to escape, but without success, although on one occasion, several of them got actually out of the prison upon the parapet, which however they could not pass. Under all these discouragements and disappointments, without air, or exercise, employment, or the hope of release, and placed too at the mercy of a barbarian, unaccustomed to regard the common usages of civilized war, still they kept up their spirits and their health during this long lingering captivity. They agreed never to desert each other; to remain for ever in prison, or to be freed altogether; and to support their own, as well as the country's honour, by firmness, cheerfulness and unconquerable fortitude. Accordingly, all attempts to ransom any individual, by private exertions, were uniformly declined by all, and among these instances was that of Mr. Biddle, who discountenanced his family in obtaining his freedom by that means. Like faithful children, they looked for deliverance only through the good offices of their parent country, who at last gained their release by the exertion of arms. It has often been noticed, but it can never be too often repeated, that, on this occasion they received the kindest attentions from Mr. Nissen, the Danish Consul, whose good offices were never for a moment remitted. We know not whether any public acknowledgement was ever made to this excellent man, but we know that no one ever deserved it better. Sir Alexander Ball, Governor of the Island of Malta, to whom Mr. Biddle had letters of friendly recommendation, also wrote to the British Consul to interest him in his behalf, maintained a friendly correspondence, and occasionally supplied him with articles that were highly acceptable in his destitute situation.

At the conclusion of the peace with the Bashaw of Tripoli, in which the release of prisoners was stipulated, Mr. Biddle returned to America with Capt. Bainbridge. They landed at Norfolk, and travelled thence by land to Philadelphia, where they arrived in the month of September 1805. During the whole of their journey, the people, who had sympathized most deeply in their captivity, received them every where with the most affectionate attentions, and manifested their considera-

tion by paying those distinctions which are becoming the nature of our institutions and government. From this period, Mr. Biddle, who on his release had been promoted to a lieutenancy, was engaged in various situations until the breaking out of the war with Great Britain. He cruised for some time in a gun boat on the southern coast in company with the John Adams; was employed in surveying the harbour of Beaufort; from whence he came to Philadelphia, where after residing some time with his family, he obtained a furlough, and made a voyage to China in a merchant ship. On his return he was employed under Commodore Murray in a flotilla of gun boats, enforcing the embargo. No other service than that of the gun boats was during this period open to our officers, as the Chesapeake was the only frigate in commission.

In the year 1809, however, the equipment of a number of vessels being authorised, and Commodore Bainbridge appointed to the President, Mr. Biddle was assigned as his second lieutenant. In consequence of there being no prospect of active service, Capt. Bainbridge, in 1810, obtained a furlough, and in consequence relinquished the command of the President. Lieutenant Biddle was then ordered to take charge of the Syren from Philadelphia to Hampton Roads, where he joined the Constitution, Capt. Hull. From thence, in expectation that there would be an affair between a British frigate and the President, he went on board the latter vessel, which was short in her complement of lieutenants. This expectation was founded on the irritation then subsisting, on account of that disgraceful event which is known by the appellation of the affair of the Chesapeake. The President sailed soon after but met with no British frigate. This vessel being laid up for the winter at New London, Mr. Biddle made a voyage to Lisbon, and on his return carried out dispatches to our minister at Paris, where he remained nearly four months. Although in these various situations no opportunity occurred for the performance of those actions which call the attention of the world to an individual, yet Mr. Biddle's conduct throughout them all was such as to gain the esteem and confidence of those with whom he acted, and to convince them,

that he was capable of meeting the exigencies of a much higher sphere of duty.

Very shortly after his return from France, the war between the United states and Great Britain began. At this period Mr. Biddle was not assigned to any vessel, but as his mind was never, on any occasion, reconciled to a state of inactivity, it is not to be supposed that on this occasion, so calculated to excite the soldier's feelings, he would omit any exertion to obtain immediate employment. He repaired forthwith to New York, for the purpose of volunteering on board the President, then commanded by Commodore Rodgers. To his great disappointment, however, he found on his arrival that she had already proceeded to sea, accompanied by all the public vessels in that port, except the Essex, Captain Porter. To him therefore he applied, but as he was senior to all the lieutenants of the Essex, and consequently would outrank them, Captain Porter very properly decided ultimately that his request was inadmissible.

Mr. Biddle returned to Philadelphia, and used various other efforts to get into active service, but though government was aware of his talents, and well disposed to grant his wishes, no opportunity occurred, until the arrival of the Wasp, Captain Jones, with dispatches from our minister in France. She was deficient in the necessary number of officers, and an order was forwarded from the Navy Department for Mr. Biddle to join her as first lieutenant. The Wasp proceeded to sea the 13th of October 1812, and six days after fell in with six sail of British merchantmen, four of them mounting from sixteen or eighteen guns, and carrying from forty to fifty men each. It was immediately determined to attack the sloop of war under whose convoy they were, and at thirty-two minutes past eleven, the Wasp, being to windward, bore down upon her larboard side, within sixty yards, and hailed. The enemy hoisted the British ensign, and answered by a broadside, which was immediately returned by the Wasp, who ranged up close to her antagonist, and the action became exceedingly hot and severe. The wind blew a fresh gale, and the sea was so rough that the muzzles of the Wasp's guns

frequently dipped into the water. In the course of this brisk exchange of broadsides, the Wasp shot a-head, and raked her opponent. It was not originally the intention of Captain Jones to board, on account of the roughness of the weather, but the braces of the Wasp being all shot away, and being apprehensive his masts would shortly go by the board, he altered his plans, and gave orders to run upon the enemy. The two vessels came together with a most severe concussion, and the jib-boom of the Frolick went in between the main and mizen rigging of the Wasp, immediately over the heads of Captain Jones and Lieutenant Biddle, who were standing near the capstan. The enemy being thus placed in a situation to be again raked with great effect, it was determined to give him a closing broadside previous to boarding. This was accordingly done, and two of the guns being fired through the bow ports of the Frolick, swept the whole length of her deck with great slaughter of the enemy. This done, Lieutenant Biddle, in pursuance of a previous understanding with Capt. Jones, mounted the hammock cloth, with intention to board, but his feet becoming entangled in the rigging of the Frolick's bowsprit, while at the same time he was seized by a midshipman who was following, by the skirt of his coat, he fell back on the deck of the Wasp. He however immediately renewed the attempt, and the next swell bringing the enemy closer, he succeeded in gaining the bowsprit of the enemy, passed two sailors who had preceeded him to the forecastle, and was astonished to find that the only persons remaining on deck were the commander Captain Whinyates, two officers, and a seaman at the wheel. On seeing Lieutenant Biddle, the officers threw down their swords, making at the same time an inclination of the body indicating their surrender. The colours of the Frolick being still flying, Lieutenant Biddle hauled them down, forty-three minutes after the first broadside. Her decks offered a dreadful spectacle. The birth deck more especially, was covered with the dead and dying. Captain Jones sent his surgeon's mate on board, and Lieutenant Biddle directed all the purser's blankets and slops to be brought up for the use of the wounded, and every exertion

that humanity could dictate was made to alleviate the horrors and sufferings of war.

This action has always been considered one of the most desperate and sanguinary of those which have been fought during the late war, and perhaps more decisive of the question of superiority than any other. The force of the enemy was decidedly superior; his sails, masts, and rigging suffered less than those of the *Wasp*, consequently he possessed superior advantages in manœuvring, and his loss compared with ours, was, on his own estimate, more than six to one killed, and nearly twelve to one wounded. The *Wasp* mounted sixteen thirty-two pound carronades and two long twelves; the *Frolick* carried sixteen thirty-two pound carronades, two long twelves, and two twelve pound carronades on her main deck, and two twelve pound carronades on the top-gallant fore-castle, giving a superiority to the latter of four twelve pound carronades. It may serve to give the reader some data, from which he may be able to form an estimate of the character of this *new enemy*, which has lately appeared on the ocean, if we compare the losses of England in some of these single engagements, with those she has suffered in her great sea fights, where fleets were engaged, and navies annihilated.

By the official details published at the time, it appears that in the engagement between Lord Bridport and the French squadron off L'Orient in 1795, which lasted three hours, and in which twenty-eight sail of the line and nineteen frigates were opposed to each other, the British lost twenty-four killed, and one hundred and eight wounded. In the action between the English and French fleets of the 3d of November 1805, when eleven sail of the line and three frigates were engaged for three hours and a half, and all the French ships captured, the British loss is stated at twenty-four killed and one hundred and eleven wounded. In the action between Admiral Calder and the combined fleets, the 22d of July 1805, which lasted upwards of four hours, in which thirty-five sail of the line and ten frigates were engaged, and several sail of the enemy taken, the British loss was officially stated to be forty-one killed, and one hundred and fifty-eight wounded. In

the action with the Constitution, which lasted fifteen minutes, the Guerriere lost in killed and wounded one hundred and five men—in that between the Wasp and Frolick sloops of war, which lasted forty-three minutes, the latter lost eighty—in that between the frigates United States and Macedonian, the latter lost one hundred and four—and in that between the Constitution and Java, the latter lost one hundred and seventy-one in killed and wounded. The conviction on comparing these various actions, becomes irresistible, that the enemies which the British navy has been accustomed to meet, are different from the American officers and seamen, and that victories gained with such a trifling loss, are no great subjects of triumph or exultation.

The people of the United States, with whom it is now considered a matter of course to beat an Englishman on his own element, were not then become indifferent to these new and unaccustomed triumphs. They heard the news of this decisive victory with feelings of unconquerable exultation, and Captain Jones received the warmest testimonials of public gratitude from every quarter. To the agency of Lieutenant Biddle, in this engagement, the relation we have given, and the testimony of his gallant commander, bear ample testimony. In his official letter Captain Jones says, "Lieutenant Biddle's active conduct contributed much to our success, by the exact attention paid to every department during the engagement, and the animating example he afforded the crew by his intrepidity." In addition to this unequivocal proof of merit, the legislature of Pennsylvania voted him the thanks of the commonwealth, and a sword; and the legislature of Maryland requested the governor to address letters of thanks to Captain Jones and Lieutenant Biddle, expressing the high sense they entertained of their gallantry and skill. Congress likewise voted a gold medal to Captain Jones, and a silver one to the commissioned officers under him; and a number of gentlemen of Philadelphia presented Lieutenant Biddle with a magnificent silver urn, emblematical of his gallantry, and their attachment.

On taking possession of the Frolick, Captain Jones placed

her under the orders of Lieutenant Biddle, who was directed to rig jury masts, in the room of her main and fore masts, that had gone over very soon after the action, and to make the best of his way to a southern port of the United States. Before they separated, however, they had the misfortune to fall in with the *Poictiers* of seventy-four guns, and as the situation of both vessels precluded every hope of escape or resistance, both were surrendered. The captain and officers were carried to Bermuda, released on their parole after a short detention, and returned in safety to the United States.

On his being exchanged, Lieutenant Biddle was promoted to the rank of master commandant in the Navy, and assumed the command of all the gun boats that were stationed in the Delaware. He afterwards succeeded Captain Lawrence in the command of the *Hornet*, which vessel was at first intended to join the Chesapeake in a cruise against the British trade to the Canadas. On the capture of that ever unlucky vessel, whose destiny outweighed even the valour and the fortunes of a Lawrence, Captain Biddle, pursuant to subsequent orders, joined the squadron under Commodore Decatur, which was blockaded in the harbour of New London, by a superior force of the enemy, until the conclusion of the war. Captain Biddle, like his gallant commander, and every soul under him, lamented the inactive life that was the consequence of this detention in port, and the former applied for permission to attempt an escape with the *Hornet* alone. This did not, however, accord with the views of the government, and his request was not granted.

The squadron to which Captain Biddle belonged, remained in the harbour of New London, in the hope of getting out to sea during the season of heavy gales; but when this had passed away, without affording any opportunity, the two frigates were moored as high up the river as possible, and dismantled; Commodore Decatur and his crew being transferred to the frigate *President*. When this arrangement had taken place, and the season favourable for the enemy to make an attack on those vessels, if they had such an intention, had passed away, Captain Biddle again applied for, and obtained permis-

sion to attempt his escape in the *Hornet*. He succeeded in evading the British squadron, and joined a force at New York, intended to cruise under Commodore Decatur, in the East Indies. That officer went to sea in the *President*, on the 14th of January, 1815, having the sloops of war *Peacock*, *Captain Warrington*, and *Hornet*, to convoy the store ship, which was not in readiness to accompany them at that time. They did not get out until the 23d January, and separated a few days after, in consequence of the *Hornet* chasing a vessel, which, on being overhauled, proved a Portuguese. From this they proceeded singly for their first rendezvous, which was the Island of *Tristan d'Acunha*.

On the morning of the 23d of March, at the moment the *Hornet* was preparing to anchor off that island, a sail hove in sight, steering to the northward, with a fine breeze, and disappeared in a few minutes behind a projecting point of land. The *Hornet* immediately made sail, and on clearing the point, discovered the same vessel, bearing down before the wind, when Captain Biddle shortened sail, and hove to for her to come up with him. When the stranger got near, he began also to shorten sail, and took in his steering sails very clumsily for the purpose of practising a deception, as it afterwards appeared. He also came down stern on, in order, as the officers afterwards acknowledged, that the *Hornet* should not see her broadside and attempt to escape. The engagement cannot be better described than in the words of Captain Biddle's official letter.

“ At 1h. 40m. P. M. says he, being nearly within musket shot distance, she hauled her wind on the starboard tack, hoisted English colours, and fired a gun. We immediately luffed to, hoisted our ensign, and gave the enemy a broadside. The action being thus commenced, a quick and well directed fire was kept up from this ship, the enemy gradually shifting nearer to us, when at 1h. 55m. he bore up apparently to run us on board. As soon as I perceived that he would certainly fall on board, I called the boarders, so as to be ready to repel any attempt to board us. At the instant every officer and man repaired to the quarter deck, where

“the two vessels were coming in contact, and eagerly pressed
“me to permit them to board the enemy. But this I would
“not permit, as it was evident from the commencement of
“the action that our fire was greatly superior, both in quick-
“ness and effect. The enemy’s bowsprit came in between our
“main and mizen rigging, on the starboard side, which afford-
“ed him an opportunity of boarding us if such had been his
“design, but no attempt was made. There was a considerable
“swell on, and as the sea lifted us ahead, the enemy’s bow-
“sprit carried away our mizen shrouds, stern davits, and
“spanker boom; and he hung upon our larboard quarter. At
“this moment an officer who was afterwards recognized to be
“Mr. M’Donald, the first lieutenant, and the then command-
“ing officer, called out that they had surrendered. I directed
“the marines and musketry men to cease firing, and while on
“the taffrail asking if they had surrendered, I received a
“wound in the neck. The enemy just then got clear of us,
“and his foremast and bowsprit being both gone, and per-
“ceiving us wearing to give him a fresh broadside, he again
“called out that he had surrendered. It was with difficulty I
“could restrain my crew from firing into him again, as he had
“certainly fired into us after having surrendered. From the
“firing of the first gun to the last time the enemy cried out
“he had surrendered, it was exactly twenty-two minutes by
“the watch. She proved to be his Britannic majesty’s brig
“Penguin, mounting sixteen thirty-two pound carronades,
“two long twelves, and a twelve pound carronade on the top-
“gallant forecastle, with swivels on the capstan and on the
“tops. She had a spare port forward so as to fight both her
“long guns of a side. She sailed from England in September
“last. She was shorter on deck than this ship by two feet, but
“had greater length of keel, greater breadth of beam, thicker
“sides and higher bulwarks than this ship, and was in all re-
“spects a remarkably fine vessel of her class. The enemy ac-
“knowledge a complement of 132, twelve of them supernume-
“rary marines from the Medway 74, received on board in
“consequence of her being ordered to cruise for the Ameri-
“can privateer Young Wasp. They acknowledged also a loss

“of 14 killed and 28 wounded; but Mr. Mayo, who was in charge of the prize, assures me that the number of killed was certainly greater.” The *Hornet* had one killed and eleven wounded. Among the killed of the *Penguin* was Captain Dickinson her commander, who is represented to have been a deserving and favourite officer. Not a single round shot struck the hull of the *Hornet*, but her sides were filled with grape, and her sails and rigging much cut. The *Penguin* was so severely cut up, had lost so many of her spars, and those remaining were so crippled, that it was determined not to attempt sending her in, and she was accordingly scuttled.

Among the many honourable characteristics, in the character of our sailors, is their attachment to their officers. Being volunteers in the fullest extent of the term, there is no occasion to exercise that jealous watchfulness, which is so necessary on board a British man of war, where a large portion of the crew in most instances, is composed of men impressed into the service. There is consequently a mutual confidence between our sailors and officers, which is the foundation of a reciprocal good will and affection. Our commanders know they can always trust to the fidelity of their men, who during the war with England, were permitted, when in port, to go on shore at all times. The crew of the frigate *United States*, were all on shore at New York, at one time, at the Theatre, from whence they dispersed all over the town, yet not one attempted to desert. Several other instances of the kind occurred, in the course of the war, and the result was invariably the same.

This fidelity, and attachment, was evinced in the case of Capt. Biddle, who in the early part of the action with the *Penguin*, was several times scratched in the face with splinters, which disfigured him considerably. When afterwards he was struck with a musket ball, in the neck, and the blood flowed profusely, the anxiety of the crew became very great. Two of the men took him in their arms, to carry him below, but finding he would not permit it, one of these honest-hearted affectionate fellows, stript off his shirt and tied it round his commander's neck to stop the bleeding. It is a circum-

stance honourable to this gallant young officer, that his own wound was the last dressed on board the *Hornet*.

It is a fact, as it now stands, no way honourable to the character of the British sailor, that Capt. Biddle received his wound after the *Penguin* had surrendered. While standing on the taffrail, after having directed the firing to cease on board the *Hornet*, in consequence of the surrender, one of his officers cried out, that a man was taking aim at him; Capt. Biddle, however, did not hear him, but a couple of marines seeing the fellow taking aim, fired and shot him dead, not however until he had discharged his piece, standing at not more than twelve yards distant. The ball struck Capt. Biddle's chin, passed along the neck, and disengaged itself at the back, though his cravat, waistcoat, and the collar of his coat.

In a conversation with Mr. M'Donald, the oldest surviving officer of the *Penguin*, he informed Capt. Biddle, that Capt. Dickinson said to him, but a moment before his life was terminated by a grape shot, "M'Donald, this fellow hits us every time, we can't stand his fire, we must run him on board." When the command devolved on Mr. M'Donald he gave orders to board, but his men declined an experiment which would assuredly have been fatal, as every officer and man of the *Hornet* was prepared for their reception, and the crew were eagerly anxious for permission to board the *Penguin*. It is somewhat remarkable, that no British account of this action has yet appeared. Perhaps it may have been forgotten in the more important events of the times; or possibly the Lords of the Admiralty are tired of the trouble of finding out reasons for these unaccountable defeats, a task that would exhaust the ingenuity and invention of the most prolific genius. That the account, when it is published, will be different from the one we have received, the experience of every former occasion renders extremely probable. The victor wants no excuses; it is for those who are beaten to devise grounds for the catastrophe. Accordingly, we always find a vanquished enemy has the most to say for himself, and can always give cogent reasons for his being beaten. There is more magnanimity displayed in the acknowledgment of de-

feat, than in refraining from indulging the triumphant feelings of victory. But the former, most especially, is a species of magnanimity which has seldom been indulged in by the government of England, in respect to this country.

A few days after this action, Capt. Biddle was joined by Capt. Warrington, in the *Peacock*, accompanied by the ship *Tom Bowline*, and as the *Hornet* required but few repairs, she was soon ready again for service. Having waited the appointed time at Tristan d'Acunha, without being joined by the President, they converted the *Tom Bowline* into a cartel, dispatched her to St. Salvador with the prisoners, and on the 12th of April, set sail for the Cape of Good Hope. On the 27th they saw a strange sail, to which they gave chase, but did not approach near enough to ascertain what she was until the afternoon of the next day, when the *Peacock*, being the headmost vessel, made signal that she was a ship of the line, and an enemy. On this the *Hornet* haled upon a wind, and the enemy commenced a chase, which lasted nearly thirty-six hours, during which time he fired several times into the *Hornet*, at not more than a distance of three quarters of a mile. On this occasion Capt. Biddle displayed a degree of skill, perseverance and fortitude, highly honourable to the character of our Navy. Though still weak from his wounds, he continued to encourage his men by example and exhortation, preserved the utmost coolness, exerted the most admirable skill, and finally, notwithstanding he was several times exposed to the enemy's fire, at the distance of less than three quarters of a mile, preserved his gallant little vessel and her crew to their country. There are few situations in which the sterling qualities of an officer are more severely tested than the one just described, nor is it easy to offer any higher praise than to say, that in this long and arduous struggle Capt. Biddle fulfilled the wishes of his friends, and the hopes of his country.

The loss of her guns and various other articles of equipment, thrown overboard during this chase, rendered it necessary for the *Hornet* to return to some port; and as it would have been extremely hazardous to attempt getting home under

such circumstances, Captain Biddle determined to make for St. Salvador. His intention was to refit at that place, and continue his cruise; but on his arrival there he learned the ratification of peace between the United States and Great Britain, and proceeded in consequence to New York, where he arrived the thirtieth of July. During his absence he had been promoted to the rank of post captain; and on his return the citizens of New York gave him a public dinner, while those of Philadelphia, with their characteristic liberality, raised a subscription for a service of plate to be presented to him, in consideration of his public services and private worth. A court of enquiry was held at his desire, to investigate the cause of the return of the *Hornet*, as well as the circumstances which led to the loss of her armament, &c. and Captain Biddle was acquitted with merited compliments to his skill, and persevering gallantry.

Captain Biddle is of a middle size, perhaps a little below it, and slender in his make. Yet his countenance and deportment bespeak great spirit, animation, activity, and intelligence. It will be perceived in the course of the preceding details, that to great personal intrepidity he adds the rarer qualities of perseverance and self possession in difficult emergencies. He evinced the one in his steady exertions to be employed in active service, and the other in the long and arduous chase in which his coolness was so remarkably conspicuous. We know not whether he has gained in the course of his honourable career, a sufficiency of wealth to make him an object of attention to prudent mothers, or wary match-makers, or to enable him to vie with many of the promising young traders, and hopeful juvenile brokers of this golden age. Thus much, however, we do know, that he will long remain an object of grateful attention to his country, and his name be quoted by posterity among those who have rendered our nation illustrious. His family was among the early settlers of this new world; but it has a better title to honour than that of antiquity, for it has given brave defenders to its country.

There is another point in which we cannot gratify the curiosity of the reader, and that is whether Captain Biddle is

a republican or a federal republican. Indeed we did not take any great pains to ascertain this important point. Our gallant officers seem to have belonged to no party, and to have been no great dabblers in those nice metaphysical distinctions, behind which treason and disaffection so often take their stand. On every occasion they have acted upon the noble maxim of the great *Republican* Blake, "that it is still our inflexible duty to fight for OUR COUNTRY, into whatever hands the government may be placed." A maxim which peculiarly applies to *our* government, which is always the choice of its citizens. The little and the peevish mind that seeks to circumscribe the reputation of these gallant men, by confining it to any particular sect or party, can have no just perception of true glory, and no honest wishes to stimulate or reward the exertions of the brave. Our valiant navy is of no party; it fought for no party; its renown belongs to no party, but to the people of the United States and their posterity for ever.

P.

DESCRIPTION OF THE

HARBOUR OF BERGEN IN NORWAY.

[*Extracted from the Journal of the U. S. Frigate President.*]

Sunday, June 27th, 1813. Light breezes and hazy. At half past four P. M. Lieut. Perry, (who had been dispatched for a pilot) returned with two fishermen, whom he obtained on the Island of Udvaer. Udvaer is one of a group of small sterile islands, whose inhabitants depend solely upon catching fish, the soil producing nothing more than a bare sufficiency of grass to support a few miserable half starved cows. On Mr. Perry's landing, the inhabitants of Udvaer were much alarmed, but finding we were not English, they discovered a disposition to be very hospitable, offering him milk, fish, and brown bread made into cakes, about the circumference of a ship biscuit, though not thicker than a thin wafer.

At five, made sail for North Bergen. At eleven, it being

foggy, brought to, on the starboard tack, about three leagues to the northward of the Island of Fye, which is at the north entrance of the sound leading to Bergen. At midnight, the fog having cleared away, made sail for Bergen. At one A. M. passed the Island of Fye. At two made signal for a regular pilot. At thirty minutes past two, a couple of pilots came off from the Island of Ooe, who informed me, that others had been prevented from coming, by an apprehension that we were English. At ten A. M. arrived in sight of Bergen, but the wind being light, and a strong irregular current setting, prevented our getting to anchorage until meridian, at which time anchored with the starboard bower in fourteen fathoms, in a small bay, at the north end of the city, mooring head and stern with the stream cable clenched to an iron ring in a rock on shore. Previous to anchoring, sent a boat on shore with Lieut. Morgan, to represent the character of the ship, and to inform the commanding officer of the military, of my intention to fire a salute, provided he would answer the compliment, by returning an equal number of guns.

Monday, June 28th. Pleasant weather. At two P. M. Lieut. Morgan returned, with information of his having been politely received, and that the commanding officer, Major Gen. Lowson, governor and commandant of the fort, had expressed his readiness to return my salute, gun for gun.— Fired seventeen, which were immediately answered with an equal number. This ceremony over, the general sent one of his aids on board, to welcome our arrival, with compliments, offers of civilities, &c.

The curiosity of the inhabitants of Bergen, on seeing an American frigate, was now strikingly manifested. Soon after our anchoring, the whole bay in which we lay appeared alive with boats, crowded with spectators of all classes, and so continued not only during the afternoon, but the whole night. Indeed it seemed as if their curiosity could never be sufficiently gratified, as the only pleasure the inhabitants of the city and surrounding country appeared to enjoy, was rowing round the ship, a practice which they continued night and day, until the moment of our departure. Many of them, however, suspected us to be English from first to last.

Tuesday, June 29th. Employed in watering the ship, overhauling and setting up our rigging, &c. &c. Accompanied by some of my officers—made the civil Governor (or Hift Almsnand) De Bull and Gen. Lowson a ceremonious visit, which they received with much courtesy. This day dined on shore with a Mr. Herman Diedrick Jansen, one of the most opulent and respectable merchants of Bergen, and father to our Consul, where I met the governor, his son judge Bull, Gen. Lowson, and twenty-five or thirty more persons of distinction. Among these was the Bishop of the Province of Bergen, whose name and titles are, Johan Nordahl Bruun, Bishop of Bergen, and knight of the order of Dannebrog. All of these in the course of the dinner took occasion to pay a compliment to the character of the United States.

Wednesday, 30th June. The Governor, accompanied by his son and General Lowson, returned my visit of ceremony. Having replenished our water, and finding it impossible to obtain any article of provisions except sixteen barrels of coarse rye flour, and some cheese (there not being more than three or four weeks' supply of bread in the place), I should have sailed, had not the weather been perfectly calm. And here I cannot forbear remarking, for the information of those into whose hands this journal may fall, that although in most, if not all, the geographical works and gazetteers, and particularly in Morse's, the harbour of Bergen is represented as one of the best in Europe, it is nevertheless a very bad one, particularly for large ships. Owing to the extraordinary depth of water, from one hundred and fifty, to three hundred fathoms, vessels of all sizes are obliged to moor head and stern, their stern moorings fastened to the rocks on shore, in two confined bays; one in front, and the other opposite to the north part of the town. The anchorage in both these, and particularly in the northern, is far from good, there being a number of coral rocks at the bottom, and the water being from sixteen to twenty fathoms deep, a cable's length from shore in the interior of the bay, and at the two points forming its entrance at least one hundred fathoms within half ship's length of the perpendicular rocks. Indeed, so far from deserving the name

of a good harbour, it can hardly deserve the name of a harbour at all. The water, except in the two small bays before mentioned, being deeper than in any part of the North Sea, and this remark not only extends to the basin of water in which Bergen is situated, but to the whole interior navigation leading from the sea up to the city. The navigation in consequence is rendered very dangerous in the event of its falling calm, or becoming foggy, after you have entered either of the passages leading to Bergen, there being but few places for anchoring, and none where you are not obliged to moor with one cable fastened to the rocks. Add to this, that there are in the more intricate parts of the several passages, either whirlpools, or contrary currents, which render it extremely difficult to steer a ship in light winds; and that the situation of a large ship moored in the manner described, is extremely critical, on account of the sudden puffs of wind which frequently come over the high rocks with great violence, so as to loosen the rings by which she is secured.

It is proper also to observe, that although any quantity of fresh water may be procured, from the period of the breaking up of the ice in the spring, to the middle of July, the chance of getting it during the remainder of the year is extremely precarious. The water is supplied by two streams, from which, with a very short hose, water casks may be filled in the boats, at any time of tide. These streams, however, being altogether supplied from two lakes, on the top of the nearest mountain, and these lakes being neither formed by natural springs, or perennial brooks, but by the melting of the snows, generally by the first of August cease to overflow, and the brooks necessarily become dry. From this period to the melting of the snow and ice in the spring, it is with great labour and difficulty that a sufficient quantity of water can be procured for the use of the town.

The general remark we made in sailing along the western coast of Norway, was that it appeared like a country formed from the rubbish of the creation, or by an immense collection of huge bald rocks dropped promiscuously from the heavens. It is every where romantic and novel in the highest degree,

but wretched both as to soil and climate. The proportion of land capable of cultivation, is, we were told, as one to a hundred, and even in that one part, the soil is too cold for wheat, and is exclusively appropriated to the production of oats, rye and barley. Though the country is thinly inhabited, it does not afford a sufficient supply even of these for the dispersed population. It yields no fruits of any consequence but apples and pears. That part of Norway, bordering on the Baltic, being farther south, and not so mountainous, the climate is much more temperate, and the soil more favourable to cultivation.

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

THE LIFE OF A LEARNED LADY.

(From Hunter's "Miscellany.")

"You must know that I was born a genius. This is not to be wondered at, for my father lived in Grub-street, and was himself a poet. His ambition, however, soared no higher than to pen those elegant effusions usually warbled by the Brahams and Catalanis of the streets. I have indeed heard that he was, for some years, poet-laureat to the bellman of his parish; but this I can contradict on his own authority: his profession was that of keeping a book-stall. As to my mother, I cannot boast much of her superior talents. Poor woman she was but a sort of domestic drudge; entirely destitute of that "flow of soul" which distinguished my father. She used to say of me, when I was yet an infant, that I looked as wise at her, as if I could tell all she was thinking about. This was one indication which I even then gave of my future sagacity. At this period, too, another person discovered that there was a great deal of meaning in my face; while a third, who observed me to smile while asleep, remarked, and no doubt he was right, though I cannot say I recollect it now, that I was conversing with the companions whom I had known in a state of pre-existence. I cannot remember the time when I learnt to read or spell. I only remember that such were my wondrous abilities, that, at the age of four years, I was always introduced among the acquaintances that visited my father, to excite their surprise by spelling all the cramp words that a ragged Johnson's Dictionary could furnish them with; and I always performed my task with applause. I have been told, too, that if I could not pronounce a word properly, I refused to pronounce it at all. In order to foster these buds of intellect in me, my father thought it necessary to send me to day-school in the neighborhood; but alas! I soon discovered that my governess could not read or spell half so well as myself, and that moreover she was a cockney. Of course I laughed at her, and she soon dismissed me as *very volatile*, and such a *hod* kind of a girl, that she did not know what to make of me. My father then took me under his own tuition. He instructed me in writing. He had a smattering of French, and also of Latin; how he came by it, I shall not take up your time by telling you. He taught me a little of the first, and had begun to teach me the second.

I had got as far as declining *via*, a way, but here my progress was stopped. Whether it was that my father discovered only at that period, that his brother Milton had determined one tongue to be enough for the daughters of Eve, and thought he had done too much by giving me two, I know not, but certain it is, I went no farther in Latin than *via*, a way. I being as already said, a genius, should have regretted this circumstance in after life; but I have found there was no occasion. Genius and learning are two very different things. Besides, I have not an acquaintance who does not believe that I have a thorough knowledge of the Latin language, while at the same time, I do not know enough even to make a lady a pedant. How that comes about I shall take occasion to tell you afterward: but in the mean time, let me give you a piece of advice: always pretend to a great deal of knowledge, and you will obtain credit for possessing it. By the aid of my father's instructions, and of the books in his stall, I continued to improve in learning. My mother, to be sure, poor woman, would fain have had me, now then, to mend my clothes, and sweep the house; but the former I disdained as unworthy of a genius, and I was too fond of literary dust to sweep any away. And permit me here to contradict an assertion generally made, that great diffidence always accompanies superior talents; for notwithstanding my shining abilities, I was never deficient in a becoming consciousness of them. I shall not trouble you with a catalogue of the books I had read before I was ten years old, but merely mention those in which I took the greatest delight. These were principally collections of maxims, and odd numbers of old reviews. The former made me very sententious. By perusing the latter, of which my father had a great stock, I acquired a vast deal of learning at a very small expense. I got by heart the titles of the books criticised in them, read carefully the various extracts from them, and then pretended to have read the books themselves. By the help of a good memory I easily got people to believe this. If any person questioned me somewhat closely, however, I could always give a general character, by the aid of my old reviews, of any particular book mentioned; and as to this or that passage, why really I could not say that I recollected it just at that moment. Happening, however one day to stumble upon a criticism, which was a very favorable one, on poems by a young lady aged fourteen, I immediately resolved to commence writer, and to write in verse too; for it seemed to me that any body could write in prose, but that only a genius could write poetry. 'O!' thought I 'if the reviewers praise so highly a young lady of fourteen, how much more loud will

they be in their commendations of one who is only eleven: farewell then to books for the present, and now for pen and ink.' I had read somewhere that the first effusions of the greatest poets were always satires, and I determined to write satires. I accordingly penned a most brilliant one against my old cockney schoolmistress, in which I v'd and w'd her without mercy; and another upon my younger sister, who liked pudding better than a book. I then got into a sentimental strain; wrote sonnets to the moon, an elegy on the death of a sparrow, an ode to a kitten while it was drowning, pathetic stanzas addressed to an old woman in a red cloak, verses on a withered rose which I picked up in the streets. But my principal poem was a descriptive one, on a storm at sea, which was pourtrayed with great vivacity of colouring, although I had never seen the sea; but I had read in some of my books that poets write best about what they know nothing of. Well, having collected a sufficient number of poems to fill a volume, I showed them to my father, who was in ecstasies that his daughter had imbibed, and so far transcended his genius. He read them to his friends with all the graces of voice and action. Oh, what lifting up of hands and eyes! what exclamations of rapture and astonishment! Even at this period, when time has 'chilled the genial current of my soul,' my heart kindles at the recollection. 'Publish them, Mr. Sparerib! aye to be sure; Miss Eugenia's merit should be hid from the world no longer. I can't to be sure, afford to buy books myself, for times are hard, but I know at least twenty people that will take two copies a-piece, if they are printed by subscription.' This was, however, a begging way, and I disdained it. My father, to be sure, was not quite so high minded, but then I was a greater genius than he, so he yielded to my better judgment.

"Ah, ye booksellers! how many a fair blossom have ye nipped in the bud! how many walks did my father take to you with my invaluable packet in his hand, and without it! 'Leave it, sir, if you please, I will look it over at my leisure; call again this day month.' 'Upon my word, sir, I have been so busy, that positively I have never opened your packet; call another time, if you please.' 'I have looked at the poems, sir, but they do not suit my plans; you had better carry them to Mr. —.'—'Sir, your acquaintance, Mr. —; recommended me to wait on you with some poems.'—'Did he so, humph, I am not much indebted to him. To-morrow I leave town for three months; perhaps I may take a look at them when I return.' Thus did three years pass away, and my luckless poems were returned at last, by one more candid than the

rest, who honestly told my father, that he thought them mere trash, and not worth the paper they were written on. Thus, then, I was tumbled at once from the pinnacle of hope and expectation, on which I had been so long perched, into the abyss of disappointment and despair. Now here, as perhaps these poems may have never fallen into your hands, permit me to give you two stanzas as a specimen of what the bookseller chose to denominate 'mere trash:' they are part of my elegy on the death of a sparrow.

" Ah, woe to me! ah, misery!
My sparrow, wherefore didst thou die?
From my sad bosom bursts the sigh,
The tears fall fast from either eye:
Why didst thou die? Ah tell me why!
Ah, woe is me! ah, misery!

" With liberal hand, no more shall I
The crumbs. from garret window high,
Spread out for thee, as passing by,
Thou view'dst those crumbs with joyful eye:
Why didst thou die? Why didst thou die?
Ah, woe is me! ah, misery!"

" In order to avoid the imputation of plagiarism in the beginning and concluding lines of the above stanzas, permit me to tell you that they were written about forty years ago.

" I may inform you, as well here as any where else, how I acquired the reputation of being a Latin scholar. I need not mention to you how customary it is for people, both in their writings and conversation, to interlard what they say with a great mixture of Latin and French words, proverbs, and phrases. I had only to learn '*Nemo omnibus horis sapit, omnia vincit amor, hinc illæ lachrymæ, rara avis, dulce et decorum &c. amor patriæ,*' and a few others, and apply them, when occasion offered, and the business was done. I became complete mistress of Latin; nay, some went the length of affirming that I knew Greek and Hebrew, but did not choose to display this knowledge, for fear of being thought pedantic. During the latter part of my three years of suspense, I had taken mightily to the reading of novels, and soon converted myself into the heroine of one. This to be sure, required rather a stretch of imagination; for I was very tall, very meagre, my complexion was sallow, I was pitted with the small pox, and my eyes possessed the property of looking two ways at once. This last circumstance, however, I soon found reason to rejoice at instead of lamenting, as I read somewhere that in depicting Venus, painters, in order to render her completely beautiful, had given her a cast in her eye.

The beauties of the mind too were mine, and no one could think of placing bodily perfections in competition with them. As it was absolutely necessary for the heroine of a novel to be in love, I fell in love accordingly, and placed my affections on a young man who occupied a garret in my father's house, and followed the profession of a tailor. You may wonder at the meanness of my choice, but I had no choice about the matter. Love is a feeling of the heart, and reason is reason, and they have nothing to do with each other; besides, people must fall in love when their time comes, no matter with whom. I now sighed very often, was fond of sitting alone in the garret opposite to that of my beloved, fancied him all perfection, always thought of him when I was laying any plans for future happiness, and gazed incessantly at an old picture over the mantle-piece which I imagined like him. When in his company, for he now and then sat with us, I enjoyed, from the happy conformation of my eyes, a pleasure which otherwise would not have been mine; for I could lavish tender regards on him, while I appeared to be looking stedfastly at another quarter of the room. I never could perceive, however, with all the fond delusion attendant on the passion, that the attachment I felt was returned in the slightest degree. I therefore sighed in secret, and "never told my love;" for courtship, commencing on the side of the lady, was a species of delicacy and refinement reserved for later days. And doubtless some damsels of the present age may laugh at me for talking of the advantage I enjoyed in being able to steal unperceived looks at the object of my affections, as the absurdity of shrinking from staring a man full in the face has been long ago exploded. Time cured my ill-placed passion, and likewise my fondness for novels. Aided, however, by some books of moral philosophy which fell into my hands, together with an abridgment of the lives of some of the most celebrated sages of antiquity, I became deeply enamoured of these persons, and of their maxims; but while I was hesitating whether I should laugh with one, cry with another, live in a tub with a third, or eat herbs and drink water with a fourth, my mother died, and the care of the house devolved upon me.

"What was to be done in this situation? My father liked a clean house, and a good dinner, when he could get one. In vain did I represent to him the folly of superfluities. He liked a warm bed better than a tub, and beef and beer better than lettuces and water. My moral and philosophical maxims had no effect on him, for he differed from the rest of the world in this particular, that he approved only of what ac-

corded with his own inclinations. It was impossible, however, for a philosopher to descend to the vulgar occupations of cleaning and cooking. I therefore resigned all the rights of seniority in favour of my sister, whom I have already mentioned, and she assumed the household offices. You may think, perhaps, that as I disdained cooking, I disdained eating what was cooked; but that is a mistake. I had not thoroughly become a convert to the abstemious system, and my philosophical speculations were generally laid aside at dinner-time.

“ From philosophy I proceeded to the study of anatomy, surgery, and medicine. In the course of time I could describe all the bones in the human body, as well as any sprig of the profession, when he undergoes an examination at Surgeons’-hall; knew all the various uses of surgical instruments, and could prescribe for every disorder. I recollect that I imbibed a sovereign contempt for a very learned and sensible man of my acquaintance, because he spoke of the *pericardium*, or something belonging to the head, mistaking it for *pericranium*. Being, however, rather of a fanciful turn, I soon, by this course of study, brought on a nervous complaint. I then imagined that my heart had fallen out of its proper place, that my face was turned round where the back of my head should be, that my veins were branches of trees, and that I had entirely lost my appetite, of which last I had every symptom but leaving off eating. In short, I grew quite melancholy; but happily for me, a man who set up an apothecary’s shop in the neighbourhood, purchased all my father’s cargo of medical books: my father made me walk with him every day out to Islington, and in process of time I was quite cured.

“ You may, perhaps, wonder why, during the different periods I have mentioned, I never again thought of attempting to figure as an author. I will tell you the reason: I had read that indolence is universally allowed to be a characteristic of genius, and this feature of it I possessed in a very superior degree. My father had, by his traffic in books, gathered a little money. I had, therefore, no need to write for bread; and I had read that some of our greatest authors never would put pen to paper till they could not get a dinner any other way. Now and then, to be sure, for the pleasure of seeing myself in print, I sent a poem, or moral essay, to some of the monthly publications, and had the pleasure of seeing it acknowledged, as ‘ beautiful, charming, elegant,’ &c. because the publishers got it for nothing, but then I got nothing for it. Being praised soon lost its novelty, and I discontinued my communications. At intervals, however, I made considerable pro-

gress, by the help of an old dictionary and my father's assistance, in the study of the French language: I actually read through a torn jest book, Scarron's *Romant Comique*, and a volume of sermons—of these, Scarron was my favourite.

“Spiteful people have said that learned ladies never get husbands; but this I can contradict from my own experience. At the age of twenty-eight I had two offers: one from a weaver, who, having heard that my father could give me a small trifle of money, honestly told me that he was but poor, but that he hoped, with what I might have, and prudence and industry, we could contrive to live decently. Of course I disdained the mercenary wretch, and dismissed him with contempt. My other lover was a serjeant in a marching regiment. He spoke of money with abhorrence, talked of the charms of the mind, of ‘the mind-illumin’d face,’ of the pleasure of having an intelligent companion; he railed against the silliness and insipidity of women in general. This last stroke of policy completely won me. He was, however, ordered to a distant part of the country for three years; at his return we were married. My father presented him with thirty pounds on the wedding day—he disappeared with the money in about a month, and I never heard of him again.

“The weaver, above mentioned, found my sister not quite so disdainful as myself, and they were married. My father was thus left alone; and, after my desertion, I returned to him. He was now worse off than ever. I still maintained my contempt for all domestic employments. Indeed some people alleged this as one cause of my husband's running away from me; but whether this were true or not, I never thought it worth my while to enquire. My poor father was therefore under the necessity of performing the household duties, both for himself and me. These might be rather irksome to him, who had been so unaccustomed to any thing of the kind: but with respect to me, his admiration of my genius absorbed every other feeling.

“A sentimental correspondence with my lover, which I intend one day to give to the world, had filled up the three years of his absence. Of course I then read little; but, some time after my return to my father, I consoled myself with reading divers books on chemistry, and in making a variety of chemical experiments; till one day I almost killed myself with breathing some kind of gas or another, the name of which I have now forgotten. My sensations, on first respiring this, were so delightful, that I persevered till the effect mentioned was produced. This gave me a dread of further experiments, and then I abandoned the study entirely. About this time a work

fell into my hands which I hailed as the dawn of a glorious day for the female world. In it a lady stood forth as the champion of her sex's rights. This was a noble effort to rescue them from their hitherto ignoble state of slavery and submission: 'soft, sweet, gentle, tender, amiable,' what! these the only epithets which should distinguish females?—Vile degradation! are they not fit to be ministers of state, orators, admirals, and generals? What, indeed, are they not fit for, and why should man, proud man, arrogate to himself offices and stations which women are equally well calculated to fill? Here was a wide field spread for me, I rejoiced in the future glory of the female sex. Our champion is now indeed laid low, but she has sown seeds which yet I doubt not to see spring up into a glorious harvest.

"I now despised, more than ever, all what are called feminine employments, and shut myself up almost entirely in my attic, wrapt in sublime speculations. Once I ventured to a debating club in the neighbourhood, in order to make an oration on the rights of women; but, forsooth, the men present, jealous and base-minded as they were, would not allow me to speak; and I returned indignant to my garret and my meditations. I pored incessantly over an old worm-eaten volume of the lives of illustrious women, which a tyrant of a husband had exchanged with my father for the Proverbs of Solomon, to give to his wife; wrote a bitter satire against the law in France, which excludes women from the government; and composed a treatise, in folio, to prove the falsehood of Mahomet's assertion that women have no souls. These different employments occupied me nearly six years, at the end of which my father died, leaving me five pounds, his book-stall, and his blessing.

"While the money lasted I gave myself no concern about a provision. The keeping up my father's profession would have been far beneath me, so I collected my book legacy into my attic, which I still retained, the rest of the house being let out in different compartments. Here then I enjoyed myself in all the indolence of genius, till my money was nearly exhausted, and then I began to think of exerting my energies for a livelihood. For my poems, as being the first offspring of my brain, I entertained a particular affection, and so resolved to make one effort more to bring them to light. I therefore transcribed them afresh, and commenced, myself, an application to the booksellers. After the usual routine of dancing attendance, and being repulsed, I at last met with one more discerning than the rest, or, at least, who knew the taste of the times better; for on this I will not be positive. To

be short, he agreed to print them, and allow me a small share of the profits of the sale. They were published, and I now found that what was pronounced 'mere trash,' from a child of eleven years old, was more than thirty years after, thanks to the happy revolution in public opinion, styled 'simplicity, tenderness, pathos, feeling, strokes of the heart, touches of nature.' I might claim the merit of being the founder of the new school, instead of submitting to be called a disciple of it; but time has a little checked my ambitious thoughts, and I shall not contend for that honour.

I now lived in clover for some time, but poverty again knocked at my door, so once more I was obliged to keep her out. I determined to write a novel, and produced one in seven volumes accordingly; for which Mr. — gave me the usual consideration. If you have not read it, and wish to do so, it is entitled *Horrorification*; or, the *History of Five Thousand Ruined Castles*. Not choosing to put my name to it, I described it in my preface, as the first attempt of a young lady of seventeen. If the public had seen me in reality, they might have smiled at the contrast, but my purpose was answered, and the critics had compassion on my youth. I endeavoured to get employment as a translator from the French, but my bookseller told me that this trade was monopolized by ladies of rank, who kept themselves in pocket-money by it. I might here enlarge on the hardship of being shut out of one of my lawful callings, but ladies of rank have certainly a title to want money as well as I, and to get it too, if they can, though it be at the expense of poor starving garreteers, like myself.

"My next work was a *Treatise on Experimental Philosophy*, for the use of young ladies at boarding-schools, which work was accompanied with plates, illustrative of the various processes, in describing which I found my surgical and anatomical skill of great service to me, to be observed in dissecting the eye of a sow, dismembering a frog, making the tendons of an ox's head to quiver, after it had been cut off three days, with a variety of other operations too numerous to be here set forth. This last work was highly extolled, far above my two former, of which I now proudly avowed myself the writer; and I had the satisfaction of finding that both poetry and novels were giving way, in female estimation, to the sublimer pursuits of philosophy.

"I am now going on to my fifty-first year, and trace with delight the rapid progress of my sex toward complete illumination. As to myself, I look on it, that I am quite on an equality with the most learned men, either of my own or past days,

and only jealousy on their parts would lead them to say otherwise. But I begin to think that I am perhaps growing tedious, and shall therefore hasten to conclude. Having entirely lost the idea of the meanness of publishing a book by subscription, if you will do me the favour to print this my history, it will be a mean of informing the world that I am at present engaged in a work to be entitled, 'The Lady's Instructor; or, the whole art of becoming learned made easy.' It will be but small, as the process is a very simple one.

"EUGENIA SPATTERDASH."

The following Curious Article is extracted from the Columbian Magazine, for 1786.

"I was highly pleased with the perusal of a work entitled 'Memoirs of the Year 2500;' in which the benevolent author pourtrays the situation which he hopes France will be in at that period, and shows in a very striking point of view the absurdity of many of the most favourite practices of the present day, in that kingdom. I felt myself strongly impressed with the idea, and threw myself on a couch, where I pursued the reflection as far as I was capable, extending my view to this country. After some time I fell asleep, and dreamed that I was transported to so distant a period as the year 1850, and that on entering a coffee house, I took up a newspaper and read some paragraph of the following tenor, which struck me with surprise and pleasure.

"Philadelphia, May 5, 1850.

"A letter received from Cadiz, dated the 10th of March, says, 'We have authentic accounts that the American admiral Beaunale, with ten sail of the line, has lately had a desperate engagement with a grand fleet of the Algerines of eleven sail of the line, six frigates, and four gallies. Both fought with the utmost bravery, but two of the Algerine first rates being blown up, and great havoc being made among the crews of the rest, three struck, and the remainder fled. The signals for chase were made, three more captured. The rest were driven ashore, and fire ships being sent among them, they were all set on fire and consumed. The brave admiral immediately sailed for Algiers, which he bombarded with such vigour, that in a short time all the fortifications on the side towards the sea were levelled and the city almost entirely reduced to ashes. The Dey sent an ambassador to sue for peace, and was so terrified at the fate of his fleet, on which he had placed all his reliance, that he consented to surrender all his piratical vessels, which have so long infested the Mediterranean, and even the Atlantic.'

NAVAL POETRY.

COLUMBIA'S NAVAL HEROES.

SUNG AT THE DINNER GIVEN TO CAPTAIN BIDDLE BY THE
CITIZENS OF NEW-YORK.

Tune—"To Anacreon."

BY FRANCIS ARDEN, ESQ.

WHILE Europe displaying her fame claiming page,
And vaunting the proofs of her high elevation,
Exultingly shows us, just once in an age,
Some patriot soul'd chieftain the prop of his nation;
Columbia can boast, of her heroes a host,
The foremost at Duty's and Danger's proud post,
Who full often have won upon ocean's rough wave,
The brightest leav'd laurel that e'er deck'd the brave.

By freedom inspir'd and with bosoms of flame,
They hurl'd on the foe all the battle's dread thunder,
Till vanquish'd and humbled, he shook at their name,
O'erwhelm'd with confusion with fear and with wonder;
No age that has flown, such a band e'er has known,
Who made firmness and skill and mild manners their own,
And each trait of the warrior so closely entwin'd,
With the virtues that grace and ennoble the mind.

Their kindness the hearts of their captives subdued,
Who sunk 'neath their arms when the life-streams were flowing,
And their conquest-wove wreaths not a tear has bedew'd
But that which Humanity smiles in bestowing;
The world with one voice bids their country rejoice,
As with blushes it owns that these sons of her choice
For valour and feeling have gain'd the rich prize,
And stand first midst the first that live under the skies.

Their splendid achievements shall long string the nerves
Of all who the blessings of freemen inherit;
And theirs be the honours such merit deserves,
And dear to each bosom their death-daring spirit;
The poet's best strain, shall their mem'ries maintain,
And affection embalm them to Time's latest reign,
While rous'd by their praises, our sons shall aspire,
To rival their actions and glow with their fire.

It is our intention occasionally to select (from the Newspapers only) such nautical songs, and other little poetical effusions, as seem to us entitled to be preserved from the usual fate of such productions. Much of the popular poetry of every country makes

its first appearance in diurnal prints, from whence it is collected from time to time, and preserved. We have long wished to see a habit of this kind prevail in the United States. The best specimens of the poetic talent of this country, are perhaps to be found if they are now recoverable at all, in files of old prints, where few will probably ever seek for them. We are convinced, however, that a collection might be made from these sources by a person of discriminating taste, (whose object should not be merely to make a book,) that would do credit to the country, and amply repay the labour of research.

The following song appears to us to possess much of the rough carelessness, and unstudied simplicity which should characterise the genuine sailor's song, and we have therefore selected it, as affording an agreeable contrast to the inflated and absurd productions that have been palmed upon the public as naval songs, the writers of which seem to have considered swelling metaphors, sublime *conceits*, and extravagant bombast, as excellent substitutes for truth, humour, and natural feeling. The solid glory of our naval victories has been obscured and caricatured, not illustrated by these tawdry decorations; and poetry, instead of decking the brows of our heroes, with wreathes of evergreen, has for the most part, bedizened them out with ill-sorted and fantastic garlands of artificial flowers.

THE FRIGATE CONSTITUTION.

A new song.

SUNG BEFORE THE CORPORATION OF THE CITY OF NEW-YORK,
THE FOURTH OF JULY, 1815.

Tune—"Moggy Lauder."

BY FRANCIS ARDEN, ESQ.

ARGO of Greece, that brought the fleece
To the Thessalian city,
As we are told, by bards of old,
Was sung in many a ditty;
But Yankees claim a prouder name
To spur their resolution,
Than Greece could boast and do her most—
The frigate Constitution.

When first she press'd the stream's cool breast,
Hope hail'd her pride of story;

Now she o'er pays hope's flatt'ring praise,
 By matchless deeds of glory;
 Of all that roam, the salt sea's foam,
 None floats to Neptune dearer,
 Or fairer shines in fame's bright lines,
 Or more makes Britain fear her.

'Neath Hull's command, with a tough band,
 And nought beside to back her,
 Upon a day, as log-books say,
 A fleet bore down to thwack her;
 A fleet, you know, is odds or so,
 Against a single ship sirs;
 So cross the tide, her legs she tried,
 And gave the rogues the slip sirs.

But time flies round, and soon she found,
 While ploughing ocean's acres,
 An even chance to join the dance,
 And turn keel up, poor Dacres;
 Dacres, 'tis clear, despises fear,
 Quite full of fun and prank is,
 Hoists his ship's name, in playful game,
 Aloft to scare the Yankees.

On Brazil's coast, she rul'd the roast,
 When Bainbridge was her captain;
 Neat hammocks gave, made of the wave,
 Dead Britons to be wrapp'd in;
 For there, in ire, 'midst smoke and fire,
 Her boys the Java met sirs,
 And in the fray, her Yankee play,
 Tipp'd Bull a *somerset* sirs.

Next on her deck, at Fortune's beck,
 The dauntless Stewart landed;
 A better tar ne'er shone in war,
 Or daring souls commanded;
 Old *Ironsides*, now once more rides,
 In search of English cruizers;
 And Neptune grins, to see her twins,
 Got in an hour or two, sirs.

Then raise amain, the joyful strain,
 For well she has deserv'd it,
 Who brought the foe so often low,
 Cheer'd freedom's heart and nerv'd it;
 Long may she ride, our navy's pride,
 And spur to resolution;
 And seamen boast, and landsmen toast,
 The FRIGATE CONSTITUTION.

DOMESTIC LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

M'Dermut and Arden, New York, have published a *Digest of the Law of Maritime Captures and Prizes*, by *Henry Wheaton*, Counsellor at Law. 8vo. pp. 380.

"As to the goods of an enemy," says Burlamaqui, "it is certain that the state of war permits us to carry them off, to ravage, to spoil, or even utterly to destroy them." Now it is pretty evident that if none but enemies were liable to these spoliations, the law of capture would be very simple in its operation, and require but little discussion in the courts of prizes. But it unfortunately happens that, owing to the great intercourse between different countries by means of maritime commerce, that next to the belligerents themselves, neutral nations are brought in for their full share of suffering amidst the retaliations, conflicts, and arbitrary pretensions of the warring powers. The law of prize, therefore, can never be unimportant or uninteresting to them, as long as wars prevail among nations with whom they may have any commercial relations.

From these considerations it is manifest, that the people of the United States, though at present free from the immediate pressure of war, ought not to regard the law of maritime capture as inapplicable to their present situation.

The volume now presented to the public contains a very comprehensive abstract and perspicuous digest of the law in question, and we are of opinion that Mr. Wheaton will acquire much credit for his performance. He writes like a lawyer of enlarged views and liberal studies. His researches appear to have been very extensive, and though he makes a liberal use of the decisions of sir William Scott, he does not confine himself to the adjudications of the English courts, but largely extends his inquiries into the treasures of the civil and the French law; and the variety of prize cases which he cites, as brought within the cognizance of our own tribunals during the late war, when, for the first time since the establishment of the judiciary system of the United States, cases of this description have ever occurred, give a peculiar interest, as well as an important character to the work. In point of literary merit we think the work very creditable to the author.

Mr. Wheaton does not attempt to settle what the law of nations *ought to be*, but what it actually is. In examining the so oft contested claims of neutral and belligerent rights, he therefore generally follows the course which has been pursued by the courts of the United States; and though he

does not countenance the extravagant pretensions which have always been set up by powerful belligerents, he is still far from treating neutrals with all that cautious respect for which many enlightened continental publicists have contended, and which indeed, were it not for the mercantile rapacity and unblushing frauds which have stained the neutral character, every friend of public liberty and peace would earnestly join in supporting.

He treats successively—First, of the declaration or other commencement of war, and of captures made before the declaration, or by non-commissioned captors, as by merchant vessels in defending themselves, by tenders of ships of war, &c.—secondly, of the authority to make legal capture and of things subject to capture or exempt from it—thirdly, of the property of the enemy considered as an object of capture, and of the law relating to proof of property, to neutral property in enemy's vessels, to neutral and other liens upon enemy's property, transfers in transitu, spoliation of papers, visitation and search—fourthly, of the property of persons domiciled among the enemy; under which head is introduced a view of the doctrines of allegiance both permanent and temporary, of domiciliation and commercial inhabitancy—Fifthly, of the effect of an enemy's flag, pass, or license to trade, upon the neutral character—sixthly, of neutral property considered as legal prize, as goods contraband of war, vessels transporting enemy's forces, or carrying his despatches, or trading to blockaded ports, together with a summary of the general law of blockade—seventhly, of the property of subjects of a state or its allies engaged in trade with the enemy, and of subjects taken in violation of a municipal law of the state—eighthly, of ransoms, recaptures and salvage, of the *jus postliminii* and derelicts—ninthly, of the jurisdiction and practice of prize courts—tenthly, of the effects of a treaty of peace upon prizes.

An appendix is added to the volume, containing several important public documents, and some useful precedents in prize cases.

The appearance of the volume as to typography and paper is poor and slovenly.

E. F. Backus, Albany, has just published from the press of Van Winkle and Wiley, New-York, "A Digest of Cases decided in the Supreme Court and Court of Errors, of the State of New-York, from 1799, to 1813, inclusive," by William Johnson, Counsellor at Law, 8vo. pp. about 700. This work contains a digest of all the points of law and equity, decided in the courts of New-York, which have ever been reported; they are arranged under their several appropriate titles, and divided, and subdivided, according to the ramifications of the subjects, so that the volume serves at once as a digest of American law, and as a convenient index to the books from which it has been formed, viz. Coleman's cases, Johnson's cases, three volumes, Gaines's Reports, three volumes, Gaines's Cases in Error, two volumes, and Johnson's Reports, twelve volumes.

The work is as original as its nature would admit; that is to say, it appears to have been formed for the most part, from a careful analysis of the various points of law, decided in the cases referred to, and not, as is generally the mode of manufacturing index compilations of this sort, by merely stringing together the usual marginal abstracts in an alphabetical order.

The legal talent and learning, which for the last twelve years have been displayed on the bench of the supreme court of the wealthy and commercial state of New-York, have deservedly conferred a high reputation on their reports throughout the whole Union; and, to borrow the language of the editor of the present publication, no one who looks at the numerous volumes which load the shelves of a lawyer's library, enough to appal the most resolute student, will question the utility of digests or abridgments, or whatever may facilitate research, or lighten the labours of a most laborious profession. Such compilations, however, cannot supersede the necessity of resorting to the original works, and they ought always to be received with the caution given by Lord Bacon, "*cavendum autem est, ne summæ istæ reddant homines promptos ad practicam, cessastores in scientia ipsa.*"

I. Riley, New-York, has just published a volume of four hundred and seventy-six, closely printed octavo pages, entitled "The New-York Justice, or a Digest of the Law relating to Justices of the Peace," by John A. Dunlap, Esq. counsellor at law. From a pretty careful examination of this work, we are decidedly of opinion, that it will not only prove highly serviceable to the county magistrate, both as the conservator of the peace, and the administrator of justice between individuals; but that even the gentlemen of the bar will find it a very useful book of reference in relation to many important subjects, in which they become professionally concerned. The law of civil actions is not pursued by the author, beyond the limits of what is called in the state of New-York, "the twenty-five dollar act:" this act, however, he has analyzed and arranged in a perspicuous manner, adapting to every branch of it, the decisions of the supreme court of the state, on the various points brought up by certiorari.

In a digest of this description, principally calculated for the information and guidance of the subordinate magistrate, who has not had the advantages of a legal education, one great object should be simplicity of method, plainness of style, and the introduction of real adjudicated cases, with their material circumstances, stated in such a manner, as almost to strike the senses, and render it easy for the mind to draw a comparison between the case already decided, and the one to which the magistrate is now required to apply the law. In regard to these objects, we think Mr. Dunlap is entitled to much credit, and from his numerous citations from the New-York Term Reports, as well as the recent English decisions, it is very evident that he has taken great pains thoroughly to investigate his subject, and thus to ren-

der his digest substantially and permanently useful. So satisfied are we of the intrinsic merit of this work, and so fully convinced that it will prove of the greatest utility to every magistrate in the state of New-York, that we feel very desirous that a similar digest should be published in every state of the Union; it being, in our humble opinion, an excellent method of diffusing a knowledge of the criminal and penal law throughout the country, and of familiarising to the minds of unprofessional men, appointed to act as magistrates, the legal method of executing the law, thus preventing those mistakes and errors, that in our inferior courts so frequently frustrate the ends of justice, or render its administration precarious or oppressive.

Sketch of the Geography, Political Economy and Statistics of France, from the original work, 8vo. by Peuchet, Scinineni and others. Digested, abridged and translated by James N. Taylor, one vol. 8vo. pp. 410. Washington.

The original French work, in seven volumes octavo, from which this is abridged, presented a most copious view of the agriculture, commerce, arts, sciences, education, population, military force and finances of France; it is somewhat on the same plan with the late elaborate publication of Colquhoun on the resources of the British empire, but it is more popular and even a good deal rhetorical in its manner, and less confined to the dry details of political arithmetic. From these ample materials, the American translator has judiciously selected the volume before us, by throwing out many trivial details, which could be useful only to the French politician, and suppressing several pompous accounts of national projects, which have never been executed. In this way he has formed a volume, containing an interesting and useful account of the present state of France, making a valuable addition to the library of the political economist and the statesman.

There is still rather too much flourish and rhetorical ornament about the work, and the confidence of the reader is sometimes shaken by the too evident desire of the several original writers to describe every thing in the most favourable manner. Since Mr. Taylor began upon the plan of abridgment, he would have done well to retrench still more. Nor has he been sufficiently careful to avoid those gallicisms into which a translator from the French so naturally falls, in the course of a long work, if he does not guard against them by careful revision. But these faults are of little moment; Mr. Taylor has compiled a very useful book, for which he deserves much credit.

France, overwhelmed and distracted as she now is, is still a great and important country, and we know of no work in our language, which affords so much minute information on the state of her actual and probable power and resources, as the present publication.

A Treatise of Plane Trigonometry, by J. Day, Professor of Mathematics in Yale College. 8vo. price 1 dollar 25 cents.

This is the second part of Professor Day's course of pure mathematics. It contains all the theorems for the solution of the cases of plane triangles, together with what is equally necessary in a regular course of mathematics, trigonometrical analysis. The treatise is drawn up with neatness and perspicuity, and seems well adapted to promote and extend the study of mathematics in our colleges. From the two specimens which Mr. Day has lately produced (algebra and plane trigonometry—see *Analect. Mag.* vol. 6. p. 35.) we are induced to hope that his course of practical mathematics will receive the patronage of the friends of science. It is well calculated to supply some material defects in the course of education of many of our colleges, in which in general far too little attention is paid to the *elements* of mathematical and physical science, while too much time is bestowed upon lower branches of learning, which should be taught at schools.

The Boston edition of Dr. Reid's works, in four volumes octavo, has at length, after a long interval, been completed by the publication of the last volume, which contains Reid's Essays on the Active Powers, and the notes of the American editor.

This is we believe the first uniform and complete collection of the works of the great father of modern Scotch metaphysics, yet published either in Europe or America; it is well arranged, and neatly and correctly printed. The American editor appears to have fully adopted the doctrines of the philosophy of common sense with respect to the ideal theory, the instructive principles of our nature, and the *intellectual* powers of man; and his notes upon Dr. Reid's speculations on those heads are few and of little moment. He reserves his whole strength for the last volume, where he brings the acute metaphysics of Jonathan Edwards in very formidable array against the doctrines of the freedom and self-determining power of the will. We are not sufficiently read in the controversy to be able to ascertain, without more research than the thing is worth, whether many of these arguments are original, or whether they are all the well tried weapons of former champions in the field of metaphysical disputation. Whatever may be their origin, there are some of them which appear to us to have more subtlety of distinction than soundness. As usual, this controversy is so managed as to have a theological bearing, and indirectly to embrace the principal points in dispute between the philosophical Calvinists and their Arminian antagonists. There are many reasons why we do not choose to hazard ourselves on this debateable ground; and even if we were so disposed, it would be impossible to sum up the controversy in the narrow compass of a literary notice.

We understand that the late Mr. Alsop, whose literary zeal and industry were in constant activity, left among his other manuscripts a considerable collection, perhaps enough to form two large duodecimo volumes of translations and imitations from Italian and Spanish literature. A hand-

some edition of these, together with a judicious selection from his other miscellaneous works, would form a valuable addition to American literature.

We are happy to learn that *An authentic Life of general Andrew Jackson* will shortly be published; it is written by major Reid, who has had the most ample opportunities for acquiring correct information on every point connected with general Jackson's military career. The following statement from general Jackson himself stamps a very high value on the work.

"Major John Reid having made known to me his intention of publishing a history of the late campaigns in the south, I think it proper that the public should be made acquainted with the opportunities he has had of acquiring full and correct information on the subject on which he purposes to write. He accompanied me as aid-de-camp in the Creek war, and continued with me in that capacity after my appointment in the United States' army. He had, and now has, the charge of my public papers, and has ever possessed my *unlimited confidence*."

It is intended to publish a Print representing the attack made by the British army on the intrenchments of the American army, commanded by major-general Andrew Jackson, in the plain of Chalmette's plantation, on the left bank of the Mississippi, east of New Orleans; drawn and painted on the battle ground, by H. Laclotte.

Colonels Ross and Mackrea, A. Lacarriere Latour, Edward Livingston and other officers and gentlemen of distinction, who were present at the attack, have joined in certifying, that Mr. Laclotte's View of the Battle of the 8th of January, 1815, gives an accurate plan of the ground, and of the attack and defence, and that all the local objects contained in the said View are delineated with the greatest fidelity, and they therefore consider his picture as highly valuable, not only for the genius and spirit of the representation, but for the accuracy of the plan."

The print will be engraved in the line manner by one of the first artists. The engraving will be 29 by 20 inches. Price to subscribers six dollars, and to non-subscribers eight, for each print which will be accompanied by a key for its explanation.

Williams and Seymour, of Savannah, are engaged in printing the second volume of *McCall's History of Georgia*, embracing the period of the revolutionary war; of the events of which in that state hitherto very imperfect accounts have been given.

A. Small, Philadelphia, has in the press, and will speedily publish, an original work in three volumes 8vo. entitled, "*Memoirs of my own Times*," by *James Wilkinson*, late a major-general in the service of the United States. The prospectus announces that this work will contain many new views of important military and political events from the war of the revolution to the close of 1814.

FOREIGN LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

Nine Sermons on the nature of the evidence by which the Fact of our Lord's Resurrection is established; and on various other subjects. To which is prefixed, a Dissertation on the Prophecies of the Messiah dispersed among the Heathen. By Samuel Horsley, LL. D. late lord bishop of St. Asaph, 8vo.

Every fragment of this prelate is precious; and though posthumous works in general require much indulgence, none of the writings of bishop Horsley can fail to give delight to those who have a relish for original argument on important subjects. The preliminary dissertation on the Prophecies of the Messiah dispersed among the Heathen, exhibits the power of the bishop's mind in a very striking manner, an uncommon mass of various learning being brought to illustrate an inquiry of high interest. On the Sybilline oracles he lays some stress, as containing a collection of traditionary predictions concerning a deliverer to come, who should alter the condition of the human race. From whence these, and other notices of a similar kind, scattered over the east, could arise, is satisfactorily shown by an investigation of the patriarchal history, and the prophecies delivered by Job and Balaam, all pointing clearly to the promised Redeemer. Of the nine sermons which follow, the four first, on the Resurrection, are the most laboured in closeness of reasoning and elevation of language. The last of these is particularly excellent, and shows that the risen body of our Lord had undergone that transformation from corruption to incorruption, which will be the case of believers at his second coming. The remaining five sermons are on the Divinity of Christ, the Atonement, the Distinctions of the Blessed in the Future Life, and the testimony of the Holy Spirit in sealing the truth of the Gospel by miraculous operations, and in carrying on his work in the minds of those who are called to the profession of it, by enabling them to bring forth the fruits of righteousness.

History of the War in Spain and Portugal, from 1807 to 1814. By general Sarrazin, one of the commanders of the Legion of Honour, and formerly chief of the staff in the corps of the Prince Royal of Sweden. Illustrated with a map, showing the routes of the various armies, 8vo. pp. 375. Philadelphia: republished by E. Earle.

It is observed by this well-informed writer, that when Buonaparte obtained the title of consul he began to covet the peninsula. The general has here given abundant evidence of his skill in the art of war, and of his talents as a writer of military history. A more luminous view of the great scenes which occurred in Spain and Portugal will not easily be found, and it is but justice to the author to say, that while he has detailed the operations with

the perspicuity of a man of science, he has treated the commanders on both sides with great impartiality. Of marshal Soult, whom he considers as the first general of his day, a very interesting memoir is given at the end of the volume.

Guy Mannering, or the Astrologer. By the Author of Waverley. Boston: reprinted.

Our readers, perhaps, may recollect an idle tale told of Dryden, whose eldest son is said to have met, at different periods of his life, the precise misfortunes which were discovered and predicted by the father, who, at his birth, had cast his nativity. That story is altogether apocryphal, yet it seems to have furnished a hint to the author of these volumes, who has certainly worked up a most interesting series of marvellous adventures, from a horoscope erected accidentally and in compliance with the wishes of a Scottish chieftain at the birth of his son. But there is yet another dealer in the mysteries of fate concerned in the history of Bertram, who is the proper hero of the piece, and that is a gipsey, of the name of Meg Merrilies, who, on the same occasion, weaves a warp and a woof with all the ceremonials of the northern magic. The horoscope of the astrologer and the charm of the sibyl coincided exactly in the eras of misfortune, and the events confirmed the united prophecy. Many objections of a serious nature might justly be made to the tendency of a book which thus gives a countenance to the most childish superstition; and we are afraid that the extraordinary merit of the work will serve but the more to render it injurious in this respect. The picture of the gipsey, is indeed, one of the finest drawn that we ever remember to have seen any where, and the characters throughout, with the descriptions, are far superior to those of Waverley.

New Monthly Magazine.

Sir Wilebert de Waverley, or the Bridal Eve. A Poem. By Eliza S. Francis. 12mo. pp. 88.

This ingenious and pathetic tale is drawn from that inexhaustible mine of romance and poetry, the history of the crusades. There is much art in the winding up of the story, though the facts are but few and simple. The poem, however, might have been enlarged with considerable advantage, and more, certainly, ought to have been told respecting the fate of sir Ronald, as well as of the personal history of Alwyn; nor should the ultimate course and circumstances of the hero of the piece have terminated so abruptly. The smaller productions of this lady's muse which are appended to her principal performance, indicate much liveliness of fancy and delicacy of feeling.

Id.

ANALECTIC MAGAZINE.

FOR DECEMBER 1815.

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Annotations on the Four Gospels, and the Acts of the Apostles.
Compiled and abridged for the use of Students. 2d Edi-
tion.

[From the Monthly Review.]

CHRISTIANITY is a learned religion. Though as a practi-
cal system its rules are plain and simple, and though its moral
essence consists in nothing more than love to God and man, its
history opens a wide field of inquiry; and the stores of ancient
literature must be explored before a critical knowledge of it
can be obtained. Ignorant enthusiasts may disclaim the aids
of human learning, but at the sight of a Hebrew Bible and a
Greek Testament they must be overwhelmed with confusion.
Our religion having emanated from Judaism, having been ori-
ginally preached in a country widely differing from our own,
and having its ancient records in languages which time has
rendered obsolete, the theological student, who wishes tho-
roughly to qualify himself for a Christian divine, should turn
over many musty volumes, and consume the midnight oil in
researches which are beyond the scope of the vulgar, and the
full value of which the vulgar cannot appreciate. To a know-
ledge of Hebrew theology and antiquities, he must add an
acquaintance with Christian literature, including the history

of the sacred text and of the first ages of the church. The New Testament is so intimately connected with the Old, and the language of the former is so full of *Hebraisms* (as they are termed) that a knowledge of the Hebrew tongue is necessary towards a critical examination of the Greek Gospels, Acts, and Epistles. Mosheim's history of Christianity before the period of Constantine the Great;—Michaelis's Lectures, as edited by Dr. Marsh;—Lardner's Credibility and Supplement;—and, we may add, Priestley's History of Early Opinions, in which he has cross-examined the orthodox fathers on the subject of the ancient heretics, whose writings, not having descended to us, cannot now speak for themselves;—should also be carefully read by those who desire to enter on the study of divinity with enlightened, correct, and expanded views. In recommending Dr. Priestley's History of Early Opinions concerning Christ, we mean not to sanction his peculiar sentiments: but we are persuaded that the body of evidence, which he has collected from the Greek and Latin fathers, ought not to be overlooked by a person who would make himself master of the secrets of Christian antiquity. The value of the fathers, considered as commentators on the Scriptures, cannot be ascertained except by some such process; and we make this remark without any reference to what may be deemed an orthodox or a heterodox result. When the object is to acquire a thorough and accurate knowledge of the sacred writings, every assistance should be obtained; and prejudice should not be suffered to stand at our elbow while we are kneeling at the altar, and imploring the pure light of truth.

We have made these remarks preliminary to our notice of the present work, the first edition of which appeared so far back as the year 1799, and some strictures on which were given in M. R. Vol. xxx. N. S. p. 441. The annotations then published merely contained notes on the four Gospels; and they betrayed some inaccuracies in the Hebrew quotations, which are here corrected, and which were probably errors of the press, occasioned by the compositor mistaking one Hebrew letter for another. We are glad to find that the compiler has now included *the Acts of the Apostles*, which form so necessary an Appendix to the Gospels, within the range of his Annotations; and, though he has not inquired so widely as we think he ought to have done, and has omitted (as we remarked in our former article) some valuable modern commentators, we allow his qualifications for the task which he has undertaken, and must applaud his well-intentioned indus-

try. He is aware of the difficulties which "the stewards and ministers of the Christian mysteries" have to surmount, before they can become "scribes well instructed to the kingdom of heaven;" and he has done them some service by compressing into a narrow compass the critical information which lies scattered through many volumes, and offering it at a moderate price to theological students, who are seldom rich. On some points we certainly differ from him; and we do not hesitate to say that, in the present as well as the former edition of his work, he seems too tenacious of passages which scriptural critics of the first learning and character have agreed to consider as spurious. A fear of making any concessions to infidels is the ordinary plea for this line of conduct: but, in our judgment, true faith is strengthened, and infidelity prevented from gaining ground, by an ingenuous abandonment of all that is evidently untenable. By trying to make people believe more than reason and evidence will justify, we excite suspicions of our own honesty, and in the end drive them to doubt more than they ought to doubt.

Of the *Apparatus Biblicus*, contained in the introductory sections to this commentary, we gave some account in the article to which we have made a reference; and we shall only take this opportunity, *en passant*, of remarking that, since the editor in one place very judiciously refers to the Prolegomena of Walton's Poliglot, as containing the most valuable treatise extant on that branch of literature which includes the oriental languages, and since biblical criticism is become very fashionable with our clergy, some spirited bookseller might perhaps advantageously undertake a reprint of the Prolegomena, detached from the voluminous and now very expensive Polyglot of Walton.

Having already travelled over a great part of the ground here occupied, we shall not retrace our steps, though additional strictures could easily be inserted, but confine ourselves to what is entirely new, viz. the body of notes on the Acts of the Apostles.

The introductory remarks on the title, chronology, and geography of this book, and the table of the journeys of St. Paul, constitute very useful preliminary matter; while the extracts from Michaelis, illustrative of the design, date, and contents of each of the epistles, which are inserted at their supposed respective places, considerably increase the value of this compilation. As specimens of this part of the undertaking, we shall first transcribe the general note from Vol. III. p. 193. *et seq.*

[*Acts of the Apostles.*] It is obvious, that this title is too general. It can only be said to contain part of the acts of St. Peter and St. Paul, and that for a very limited time. Of St. Peter to the death of Herod, A. C. 44. and of St. Paul whilst accompanied by Luke from his going to Iconium, A. C. 46. Acts xiv. 1. (if indeed he accompanied him so early,) to his first arrival at Rome, A. C. 61—63. Acts xxviii. 30, 31. Grotius. Hammond.

"The order is plainly this. To the end of chapter xii. he speaks of the progress of the church amongst the Jews; thence to the end of the book, amongst the Gentiles. Hence the acts of St. Peter in the one, and of St. Paul in the other part, who were peculiarly the fixed ministers or apostles to the Jews and to the Heathens, are recited. Lightfoot.

"St. Luke did not intend to write a general history of the Christian church for the first thirty years after the ascension of Christ; nor even of the life of the apostle Paul during that time; for he has been wholly silent on many important particulars—on the progress of Christianity in Egypt, and in the east—on the foundation of the Christian community in Rome—on St. Paul's journey into Arabia—the assistance received by him from Aquila and Priscilla, Rom. xviii. 2, 3. and on many others.

"He appears to have had two principal objects. 1. To relate the manner in which the gifts of the Holy Spirit were communicated on the day of Pentecost; and the subsequent miracles performed by the apostles through its influence. This was essential; for Christ had given the promise of the Holy Spirit, and it was necessary to show how it was fulfilled. 2. To deliver such accounts, as proved the claim, disputed by the Jews, of the admission of the Gentiles to the church of Christ. Hence he relates, ch. viii. the conversion of the Samaritans, and the story of Cornelius, whom St. Peter himself baptized, ch. x. xi. and the decrees of the first council of Jerusalem on the Levitical law; and is diffuse on St. Paul's conversion and mission. 3. But a third opinion is probable; that the intention of St. Luke might only be to record those facts which he had himself seen, or heard from the eye-witnesses of them. Michaelis, v. iii. c. viii. sect. ii. p. 327. comp. Whitby. Preface to the Acts.

"It is the idea of Benson, that St. Luke was desirous of describing in the Acts, how the conversion of the Jews, of the devout Gentiles, or proselytes of the gate, and of the idolatrous Gentiles was effected; and hence he divides the book into three parts. 1. The first part contains an account of the spreading of the Gospel amongst the Jews only; from A. D. 33 to 41, and from ch. ii. to ch. x. 2. Amongst the proselytes of the gate, or devout Gentiles; from A. D. 41 to 44, and from ch. x. to ch. xiii. 3. Amongst the idolatrous gentiles or heathen world; from A. D. 44 to 63, and from ch. xiii. to the end of the book. Benson's Hist. Chr. Rel. Introd. sect. vi. p. 22.

"The style of St. Luke in the Acts of the Apostles is much purer than that of most other books of the New Testament, espe-

cially in the speeches of St. Paul at Athens, and before the Roman governors. But the work is by no means free from Hebraisms, even in the purest parts of it.

“ It deserves to be remarked, that he hath also well supported the character of each of his speakers. The speeches of St. Peter are recorded with simplicity, and are devoid of the ornaments found in the Greek or Roman orations. The speeches of St. Paul to the Jews are nearly similar to them, and very different from those he delivered before a heathen audience. Thus, Acts xiii. 16—41. St. Paul commences with a long periphrasis, only suitable to a Jewish synagogue. Again; the speech of the martyr Stephen, Acts, vii. is of a different description. It is a learned discourse pronounced by a person unacquainted with the art of oratory. He spake without preparation, and though he had certainly a particular object in view, it is difficult to discover it, because his materials are not regularly disposed.

“ Lastly, the speeches of St. Paul before assemblies accustomed to Grecian oratory, totally differ from any of the preceding. They are not adorned with the flowers of rhetoric, but the language is pointed and energetic, and the materials judiciously selected and arranged. St. Luke has shown great judgment in his abstracts of them; and adopted, if not the words of St. Paul, those well adapted to the polished audience, before whom the apostle spake. Michaelis ut supr. sect. iii.”

This note is an instance of judicious selection and compilation, much valuable information being compressed into a narrow space.—In the notes on the passage, Acts xix. 11—20. no doubt whatever is expressed of its genuineness, though the learned editor must have known that Evanson, from the two words which occur at v 12. (*σουδαρια* and *σεμικινθια*, which are two Latin words in Greek characters, viz. *sudaria* and *semicinctia*) has regarded the whole passage as an interpolation. The student should at least have been told that, since the style of St. Luke is allowed to be more pure than that of any other books composing the N. T., the adoption of these Latinisms is not in character with him; and as the whole relation has a strong legendary cast, where would have been the harm of hinting that it is not altogether impossible that it was inserted for the purpose of supporting the notion prevalent in the Catholic church, of miracles performed by the relics of saints? We mean not to offer any decided opinion on this point, but merely state it as matter for consideration; being thoroughly convinced that the cause of the Christian religion will be effectually promoted by separating, in the winnowing machine of free inquiry, the chaff of human interpolation from the wheat of divine truth. Might it not be fairly made a question, also,

whether the vast amount of the books said in v. 19, to have been burnt, estimated at 6250*l.* sterling, does not warrant a doubt of the genuineness of this passage?

On the much disputed verse, Acts. xx, 28. we are presented with the following note:

“V. 28.—*The church of God.*—] the Alex. MS. and some others read “the church of the Lord;” but Michaelis is clear that, Θεου is the true reading, on the principle, that the reading, which might occasion a correction, is more probably right, than that which is likely to arise from one. Now “his blood,” *i. e.* “the blood of God” is an extraordinary expression, if not in the real text; but had that been κυριου, it is inconceivable how any one should alter it into Θεου. Instead of which there are several different readings, κυριου, χριστου, κυριου θεου, θεου και κυριου κυριου και θεου,—all of which seem to have been alterations on account of the difficulty of the true reading θεου, which gave occasion to such a wish to alter it. Michaelis, v. i. c. vi. § xiii. p. 336. Also “the church of God,” is a phrase very frequent in the N. Test. as 1 Cor. i. 2. x. 32. xi. 22. xv. 9. 2 Cor. i. 1. Gal. i. 13. 1 Tim. iii. 5. but the “church of the Lord” is never found in it. Whitby.”

All this appears tolerably fair: but the evidence is not full. The student is not put in possession of the whole truth. Marsh’s Michaelis, Vol. ii. p. 96. should have been quoted; and particularly Griesbach’s note on the passage, in the second edition of his N. T. The passage at v. 35. is thus illustrated. ‘*More blessed to give—*’] Thus the ancient heathens, as Aristotle, Nicom. iii. της ἀρετης μαλλον το εὖ ποιεν ἢ το εὖ πασχειν, &c. Grotius:—but the student is not informed that this divine saying of Christ does not occur in either of the gospels.

To ascertain the rank of the ministers and rulers in the primitive church is of importance to students in divinity, and the evidence of the N. T. itself on this point ought to be collected in a compressed body of scriptural annotation. We cannot, therefore, approve the manner in which questions that much concern the church are dismissed in the N. B. of the subjoined comment:

“Chap. xiii. v. 1. *Prophets and teachers.*] Some resident at Antioch, others, as Saul and Barnabas, only there for occasional exercise of their ministry. They were all probably of the 120, who were inspired at the Pentecost, and scattered by the persecution; for Niger is by Epiphanius, Hær. xx. c. 4. said to have been one of the seventy disciples, and Lucius was of Cyrene. c. xi. 20. (Whitby.) It is supposed by Grotius, who strictly assimilates the forms of the nascent church to those of the synagogue, that, as each synagogue had a ruler or chief elder, primus senum, who taught

the people, these teachers were the *προεστώται*, 1 Tim. v. 17. or *κατ' ἐξοχὴν ἐπίσκοποι* of the several assemblies of Christians formed in so large a city as Antioch. And hence, perhaps, with the imposition of hands, v. 3. Hammond speaks of them, as bishops; but the apostle to the Gentiles, and Barnabas, could have no regular local appointment; and the others probably none, that was stationary and determinate. It is to be observed, that the present mission of Paul to the Gentiles was only temporary, and they rendered an account of it to this church at Antioch. c. xiv. 26. Whitby.

“N. B. How the several orders of bishops, priests, and deacons, regularly took their rise; and whether bishops and deacons were not the first; and under what names the former were designated in the N. Test. as *ἐπίσκοποι* or *ποιμένες*, Eph. iv. 11. 1 Pet. ii. ult. or *πρεσβύτεροι*—and how far the priests arose from the greater number of elders, *πρεσβύτεροι*, when the disciples increased, are questions of some difficulty, and are to be referred not so much to any notes on a single passage, as to the treatises written expressly on the subject.”

After the note on Acts xvii. 7. the editor adds an account of the Epistle to the Galatians, which shall be our last transcript.

“It would doubtless be of use to the Biblical student, to have the time of writing the several epistles of St. Paul distinctly pointed out to him, as they occur in this history. By showing their connection with the travels and other events of the life of the apostle, as far as they are here recorded, it might render their intention and the doctrines they convey, more familiar to him; and prove an advantageous introduction to their perusal. But unfortunately, the materials, on which these dates can be founded, are so scanty, that the best critics vary much in their application of them. All, therefore, that the limits of this short abridgment will permit, is to give a sketch of the dates assigned by Michaelis (Vol. iv. passim. Edit. Marsh.) with the reasons of his selecting them, and leave the comparison of his arguments with those of other commentators to the diligence of the student.

“The Epistle to the Galatians is held by Michaelis to be the first of those written by St. Paul, and as early as this period. In this he is singular; the first epistle to the Thessalonians being usually esteemed the earliest. And his reasons only amount to probability.

“In the first place he states, that it is the most ancient opinion. It was asserted in the second century by Marcion. Epiph. Hær. xlii. 9. a heretic, yet, in this case, a competent witness. And Tertullian, contr. Marc. c. xx. 9. represents St. Paul as a novice in Christianity, when he wrote this epistle. Secondly, it is plain from Acts, xvi. 4, 5, 6. that he preached the gospel in Galatia, in this journey, which is confirmed by Acts, xviii. 23. where he again visited Galatia, “strengthening the disciples.” Thirdly, when he left Galatia

in the present circuit, he was accompanied by Silas, c. xv. 40. and Timothy, xvi. 3. and perhaps other brethren.

"At Troas, if not before, he was joined by St. Luke. With these he travelled to Thessalonica; then Paul and Silas went to Bœrea, and xvii. 14. Paul proceeded alone to Athens.

"Now this epistle is written in the name of St. Paul, "and of all the brethren," Gal. i. 1, 2. They must have all been known to the Galatians, and the same who attended him in Galatia, or he would have more fully described them. The epistle was written therefore before he left Thessalonica. Also in c. i. 6. "He marvels, that they are so soon removed from his gospel." It was therefore written early. Further, Asia then swarmed with zealots for the Levitical law, Acts, xv. 1. The misleading of the Galatians, then, suits this, rather than a later period.

"Again, relating in ch. i. and ii. his life from his conversion to the council at Jerusalem, and return to Antioch, he there breaks off his narrative. Hence nothing of moment afterwards intervened till he wrote. Lastly, St. Paul mentions, that he had not obliged Titus to be circumcised; which he would the sooner mention at this period, as they must remember, he had so lately caused Timothy to submit to that rite, Acts, xvi. 3. and his adversaries might make it an argument for retaining the law of Moses.

"These disturbers of the Galatian converts were Jews of the New Pharisaic sect founded by Judas Galilæus, in various points differing from the ancient Pharisees. The apostle speaks of them also in the Epistle to the Philippians, c. i. 16. iii. 2. 18, 19. The picture St. Paul has drawn of them is not exaggerated; for Joseph represents them in a still more odious light. It was this sect which involved the Jewish nation in the war that ended in the destruction of Jerusalem, by inciting the nation to disobedience, and a refusal of the accustomed tribute.

"1. They objected to St. Paul, that he was only a deputy from the church at Jerusalem, and his doctrine only authoritative, so far as agreeing with that of the church. In reply, he shows at large, that he was neither a missionary from that church, nor a disciple of the apostles, but an immediate apostle of Christ himself, by a divine revelation.

"2. They objected that he had altered his opinion, and now preached the Levitical law. Gal. i. 8. 10. c. v. 11.

"3. That all the promises were made to the posterity of Abraham. This objection St. Paul answers, c. iii. 7. iv. 8.

"4. That Isaiah had foretold an approaching conversion of the Gentiles, and promised children from among the heathen to Jerusalem or Sion. If the Gentiles desired to be children of Jerusalem, they ought to conform to the ceremonies of that church. St. Paul shows, c. iv. 19—31. that these children were promised to the ancient Jerusalem in the time of Melchisedek, without either temple or Levitical law.

"Of the date Michaelis is not certain; it may be some year from A. D. 49. to A. D. 52. but he inclines to A. D. 49.

'Other opinions are. 1. That it was written when St. Paul was at Corinth, Acts xviii. 1. and in A. D. 51. or 52. Lardner Suppl. V. ii. c. xii. (and this is probable; as it is still in the course of this journey; and Silas and Timotheus, c. xviii. 5. with perhaps some at least of the other brethren were with Paul at Corinth.) 2. That it was written at Ephesus, Acts xviii. 23, 24. 3. At the same time as the Ep. to the Romans, Acts, xx. 2. 4. That it was written at Rome. But he in that case could not have spoken of their having *so soon* wavered in their faith, or have been silent on his bonds at Rome. Yet this strange opinion is advanced in the Greek subscription to the epistle; which may show that such subscriptions are entitled to no credit. Michaelis V. iv. c. xi. § 1. ii. p. 8.'

In taking leave of this work, we must again bear testimony to the diligence of the compiler, and recommend it on the score of bringing together in one view the hints of various annotators: we only wish that it had embraced a wider range, and had included the comments both of ancients and moderns, both of orthodox and heterodox divines. The learned editor being anonymous, we should perhaps abstain from assigning this publication to any particular clergyman: but, if the obscure intimation which is implied by the advertisement at the end of volume i. may be taken as evidence, we should conjecture that the compiler and the printer are of the same family; and if we were required to put a new title to the work, we should call it *Valpei Synopsis Criticorum*. In our examination of the references to Josephus, we have found some of them erroneous.

A Circumstantial Narrative of the Campaign in Russia, embellished with Plans of the Battles of the Moskwa and Malo-Jaroslavitz; containing a faithful Description of the affecting and interesting Scenes, of which the Author was an Eyewitness. By Eugene Labaume, Captain of the Royal Geographical Engineers, Ex-Officer of the Ordnance of Prince Eugene, Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, and of the Iron Crown, Author of an abridged History of the Republic of Venice. Translated from the French. Second edition, considerably improved. London, printed—Philadelphia, reprinted.

[Abridged from the Critical Review.]

TRANSLATIONS on popular subjects are usually such feeble representatives of their originals, that we peruse them with disgust; but this translation of the Campaigns in Russia dis-

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plays a tasteful and correct knowledge of the French language, highly creditable to the parties concerned in giving it publicity. The rank and honours enjoyed by M. Labaume under the ex-emperor inspire us with confidence; and his official narrative commands our warmest approbation. He relates what he has actually seen; he describes what he has really felt, while partaking the heaviest disasters that ever befel a great nation. His is not a specious romance, artfully arranged, and heightened by false colouring; but a sad and memorable tale, retracing existent horrors.

Struggling, amid his companions in misery, with every privation; pierced by the cold, tormented by hunger; a prey to accumulated distress; uncertain at the rising of the sun whether it would be his fate to witness the splendour of its setting rays; and doubtful, when the clouds of night came on, whether he should behold their dispersion on the glorious rising of the morrow—yet, he desired to live, that he might perpetuate the harrowing record; and he obeyed the impulse of this commanding feeling, to retrace each night his sketches of the past eventful day.

How? By the side of a wretched fire, exposed to the temperature of ten or twelve degrees; amid the groans of the dying; encompassed by the dead. The knife with which he carved his scanty morsel of horse flesh, trimmed his raven's quill; and a mixture of gunpowder and snow, melted in the hollow of his hand, served as rude implements of his melancholy pursuit!

We have greatly to admire the language in which M. Labaume speaks of the ex-emperor. Creatures, who, during Napoleon's exaltation, would have knelt to kiss the dust from his feet, have become renegadoes to their plighted allegiance, and infamously arrogate the coarsest expressions in execration of his *once sacred* character. But M. Labaume, with honest candour, assures us, that he has composed his work without personal ill will, and without prejudice; confessing freely, that during his recital of the most horrible enterprise which ambition had ever dared to conceive, he felt moments of difficulty to restrain his indignation against the author of such multiplied misery. The respect, however, inseparable from his duty—the memory of the glorious victories Napoleon had achieved—the honours he had shared—urged him to speak of his former master with moderation and reserve, even at the moment that he describes the burning of Moscow, lighted to his labours by the flames of that devoted city.

This moderation and reserve of character is extolled by the translator in very appropriate terms; he calls it an interesting struggle between the honest indignation of the MAN, and that reverence for his general, which ought to be a first duty with the SOLDIER. To us it appears the dignified struggle, that associates the memory of former conquest, with that of personal obligation—a union of sentiment most honourable to M. Labaume.

But uninfluenced persons will, in the volume before us, trace the bloodiest career ever noted by history; and prompted solely by the wildest lust of power, in subversion of every principle of humanity.

Hurried on—says the intelligent translator, in his excellent preface—by the vain and puerile ambition of planting his eagles on the walls of the ancient capital of the Czars, Napoleon neglected every military precaution: he calculated not on the forces that hovered on his rear: he remembered not the rigours of a northern winter; but led to certain destruction the proudest army which France, in her happiest days, could ever boast.

And when this man was compelled to retrace his steps with sad discomfiture, our blood curdles at the recital of the wanton destruction which marked his retreat. Impelled by mad remorseless fury, to wreak his revenge on the enemy, he forgot that his own soldiers would be the principal victims of the desolation he had caused. He ordered his first division to plunder and to destroy without mercy, that his eyes might be gratified with the sight of human misery. He thought not, he cared not, that the following divisions were, by these means, exposed to the horrors of a Russian winter, without food, without shelter, without hope.

Thus perished five hundred thousand men, the victims of inordinate ambition and savage barbarity!

Our volume opens with a retrospective view of the treaty of Tilsit, an event described to be the most glorious of any in the French annals. It pursues the subject in a political point of view, exhibiting the writer's reflections on his emperor, after the ratification of the treaty of Vienna. In perusing them, we find that this extraordinary man, less culpable, perhaps, for the crimes which he has committed, than for the good he might have done, was, at the same moment, a tyrant over his people, and a slave to his own ungovernable passions: that he carried his ambitious views to the extremities of the globe, and aspired to the empire of the world. The very idea, that there existed a nation

sufficiently magnanimous to despise his proposals, and to resist his fatal influence, lacerated his bosom, and poisoned the happiest moments of his life. In this senseless dream, however, he overstepped the natural boundaries of France. He allotted to himself a chimerical destiny, and Providence has dispersed the baseless illusion. We must, however, merely refer to the military detail of operations comprehended under the respective chapters, marked Wilna, Witepsk, Smolensko, the Moskwa, Moscow, &c. &c., touching lightly on the horrors of war, when, at the close of an eventful day, the troops on either side sustain a dreadful carnage; when villages to the right spread their horrific glare upon the furious combatants; when shouts of victory to the left silence the terrific groans of the dying; when flame upon flame, vomiting destruction from a thousand brazen mouths, spread through the well-ranged order of battle, where heroes coolly close up their mutilated ranks, as fast as the cannon balls have laid their comrades low.

To such as love these scenes, however, M. Labaume has provided ample entertainment.

After the battle of Moskwa, the triumphant eagles of France marched in proud columns towards the capital of the Russian empire. As they approached, the army beheld all the villages on the road abandoned: the country presented one uniform scene of desolation. The refugees had burned their houses, their chateaux, their grain, and their forage. All these ravages formed an exemplary display of the magnanimity of the national character.

The French troops entered the Russian capital about noon; and towards five in the evening the whole city was in flames!

We hurry from the dreadful contemplation. In their retreat, the French army had to experience miseries seldom paralleled. Encamped on the bare snow in the midst of the severest winter, closely pursued by the enemy without any defence from cavalry or from *artillery—this devoted soldiery, without shoes, and almost without clothes, suffered all the unavailing agonies of despair. They were enfeebled by fatigue, and were groaning with famine. They reclined upon their knapsacks; and happy was the wretch who could bor-

* The artillery-men abandoned their pieces; and on the report that the enemy rapidly approached, immediately spiked them: for they despaired to convey them across a river, every part of which was choked with wagons sticking fast in the clay, as well as with innumerable dead bodies of men and horses overwhelmed by the stream.

row an hour's forgetfulness from slumber. Arising, benumbed, nay almost frozen, their only solace was a slice of horse-flesh, forced down their throats with draughts of melted ice. Often they were without fuel; on these occasions they would burn the adjacent huts, which lodged their generals, and often the little village which flanked their encampment at the setting sun, had wholly disappeared before the morning.

‘The hour of departure being arrived, we set fire to Dukhovchtchina, whose houses had been so useful to us. Although sufficiently accustomed to all the effects of a conflagration, we could not restrain our astonishment at the horrible, yet superb spectacle which it now presented, amid the shades of a forest covered with snow, and strangely illumined by torrents of flames. The trees, covered with a sheet of ice, dazzled the sight, and produced, as with a prism, the most vivid and variegated colours. The branches of the birch, drooping to the ground, like the weeping willow, appeared like beautiful chandeliers, while the icicles, melted by the heat, seemed to scatter around us a shower of brilliant and sparkling diamonds.

‘In the midst of a scene full of splendid horror, our troops reunited, and proceeded from the town on the road to Smolensko. Although the night was unusually dark, the flames that ascended from the neighbouring villages, which had been also destroyed, formed so many auroræ-boreales, and, till the dawn of day, shed a frightful glare upon our march. Beyond Toporovo, the road of Pologhi, which we had followed when we came from Smolensko to Doroghoboui, was on our left. The snow, that covered all the country, had nearly buried the villages, which formed from afar only a black spot on one boundless surface of white. The difficulty of approaching them saved many from the general desolation. When I compared these peaceful asylums with the torments to which we were a prey, I could not refrain from exclaiming, “Happy people! exempt from ambition, you live tranquil and undisturbed, while we are fast sinking under the most frightful calamities. The winter preserves your existence, but it devotes us to death. When the sweet spring shall have accomplished your deliverance, you will see our carcasses bleaching on the plain, and you will be doubly happy in having suffered so little from our tyranny, and in having added nothing to the weight of our misfortunes.”

Approaching Smolensko, hope began to revive in this miserable army. Abundance would, they believed, succeed to want, repose to fatigue. Many French females, to shun the apprehended vengeance of the Russians, had followed the army. They were on foot, clad in robes of silk or fine muslin, with light shoes, wofully calculated to defend them from the

frozen snow. In their despair, they tore the tattered garments from the dead bodies of the soldiery, as they fell on their march, presenting to the view a variety of wretchedness agonizing to humanity.

‘Of all the victims of the horrors of war, no one inspired warmer pity than the young and interesting Fanny. Beautiful, affectionate, amiable, and sprightly, speaking many different languages, and possessing every quality calculated to seduce the most insensible heart, she now begged for the most menial employment; and the morsel of bread which she obtained, drew from her rapturous expressions of gratitude. Imploring succour from us all, she was compelled to submit to the vilest abuse; and though her soul loathed the prostitution, she every night belonged to him who would charge himself with her support. I saw her when we quitted Smolensko. She was no longer able to walk. She was clinging to the tail of a horse, and was thus dragged along. At length her powers were quite exhausted. She fell on the snow, and there remained unburied, without exciting one emotion of compassion, or obtaining one look of pity; so debased were our souls now become, and our sensibility quite extinguished. But what need of more testimonies of the calamities which befell us—we were all fellow-sufferers.’

To heighten the horrors of suffering, this dreadful march was followed by immense shaggy dogs, dying with hunger, and howling with despair. They often disputed, with the soldiery, the carcasses of the horses that had dropped in their route; and flights of crows, attracted by the scent of dead bodies, hovered over them, like an immense cloud, and by their mournful cries, struck terror into the stoutest hearts.

At Smolensko, however, the illusion of hope deserted them: they found the city, where they had anticipated plenty, the abode of famine. The garrison, on their approach, rushed upon the horses which fell at every step, and devoured the carrion with avidity.

Smolensko is built on the side of a mountain, and the ascent was, at this time, so slippery, that the army were obliged to crawl on their knees, and to hold by the rocks which projected above the snow, in order to attain the summit; but the declivity was so rapid, and withal so smooth, that numbers of these unhappy beings, unable to support themselves, rolled down the dreadful abyss, and instantly perished. Those who reached their destination, found themselves amid a desert of conflagration.

‘We can scarcely imagine a picture more deplorable than the bivouac of the staff. Twenty-one officers, confounded with as

many servants, had crept together round a little fire, under an execrable cart-house scarcely covered. Behind them were the horses ranged in a circle, that they might be some defence against the violence of the wind, which blew with fury. The smoke was so thick that we could scarcely see the figures of those who were close to the fire, and who were employed in blowing the coals on which they cooked their food. The rest, wrapped in their pelisses or their cloaks, lay upon one another, as some protection from the cold; nor did they stir, except to abuse those who trod upon them as they passed, or to rail at the horses, which kicked whenever a spark fell on their coats.'

Pursuing his tale of horror, at the fatal passage of the Beresina, where this once powerful army were struggling under accumulated evils, M. Labaume observes—'at that moment, Napoleon passed by in a close chariot filled with furs. He wore a pelisse and bonnet of sable skin, which wholly protected him from the severity of the weather.

The departure of the emperor was followed by the example of his generals, who shamefully abandoned the remnants of their divisions. The universal cry now was, 'Is it thus we are abandoned by him who has so often called himself our father? Where is that genius, who, in the height of prosperity, exhorted us to bear our sufferings patiently? Is he, who has lavished our blood, afraid to die with us? Ah! he flies us, as he deserted his faithful followers in Egypt!'

We have already exceeded our limits, and must conclude with affirming, that M. Labaume's animated descriptions reach to every heart. His style is simple and unaffected, but it is distinguished by a genuine pathos, that powerfully interests the feelings.

Hindu Infanticide. An Account of the Measures adopted for suppressing the Practice of the systematic Murder by their Parents of female Infants; with incidental Remarks on other Customs peculiar to the Natives of India. Edited, with Notes and Illustrations, by Edward Moor, F. R. S. Author of the Hindu Pantheon.

[From the Monthly Review.]

THIS publication consists principally of documents originating with the servants of the company, employed in high official stations, in the parts of India in which infanticide was understood most to prevail. The attention of the Bri-

tish government in India was first drawn to the subject by a functionary of great and acknowledged merit, Mr. Jonathan Duncan, on whose prudence and judgment the government of Bombay for many years reposed. So long ago as the year 1789, when resident at Benares, that gentleman discovered a tribe of Hindus inhabiting a district lying near the boundaries of the British and the Oude dominions, called Raj-koomars; among whom it is not customary to rear any of their female children, but to put them to death by various expedients, immediately after their birth. Of the six chapters into which this work is divided, the first and second consist of a summary, by Mr. Duncan, of the measures which he adopted, first at Benares, for the suppression of female infanticide among the Raj-koomar tribe and others in that vicinity; and afterward at Bombay, for its abolition among the Raj-put tribes in Guzerat and the adjoining parts of India. The documents here brought forward, of which the object is to throw on the extent and modes, as well as the origin of this practice all the light which the researches of the writers had been able to collect, must be regarded as adding a contribution of some value to the materials which we already possessed, illustrative of the manners and character of the Hindus, and of the state of society at which they had arrived.

It would appear that the practice is mostly, if not entirely, confined to certain tribes, which regard themselves as belonging to the military caste, and are descendants, more or less pure, of the Cshatriyas, the second in rank to the Brahmins. Of the origin of so very strange a custom, those who have any acquaintance with the state of the human mind among the Hindus will not expect that from them any thing but a fabulous account should be received. In each place, indeed, the inquirer is treated with a legendary story; how some king was led to destroy his daughter, or some Brahmin chose to prescribe the bloody deed. These tales, however, generally concur in representing the great difficulty of procuring husbands of suitable rank, as the impelling motive. Yet this cannot be very easily conceived; because how great soever may be the imaginary rank of the females of any tribe, the males would scarcely fail to be equal in dignity as well as numbers. If the males happened to acquire a taste for wives drawn from a different tribe, then indeed it is possible to imagine that a Hindu father, with whom it is equally a religious crime to leave his daughter unmarried and to unite her to a husband of a caste inferior to her own, might be driven to the only remaining expedient, of putting an end to her life; which in his creed would very likely be a crime inferior to either of

the other two:—but how any such taste for strange wives should have become general, it is not easy to suppose.

In some of the most savage states of human nature, the women are treated with so much cruelty by the men, that mothers, it seems, from a foresight of the misery to which their daughters would be subjected, deem it not unfrequently the best service which they can render to their female offspring, to cut them off from the sufferings of a prolonged existence: but in Hindustan, it is to the men, more peculiarly, that the sacrifice of female life is to be ascribed. The priests, indeed, appear to have been greatly instrumental in the origin of the business: but their motive, also, it is very difficult to divine. —On the other hand, it is easy to explain that infanticide which extends to children of all descriptions. Wherever population increases faster than subsistence,—and that, according to Mr. Malthus, is the habitual state of mankind in every country, and in every age,—a motive to infanticide always exists; which, unless religion stood opposed to the practice, would perhaps every where have considerable effect. When more mouths are produced than food can be found to sustain, the whole of the most numerous class is reduced to a deplorable state of poverty, and a portion of them must annually die of want. In this case, if religion or laws did not forbid, the inability of rearing children, and the misery with which it is attended, would often suggest the expedient of arresting life in the birth; would thus keep down the progress of population to the quantity of food; and would, either wholly or in part, prevent that grand source of the evils with which human nature is pressed, the existence of a greater number of persons than food can be obtained to supply.

In addition to the materials emanating from the benevolent pen of Mr. Duncan, both when resident at Benares and when governor of Bombay, we are in the third chapter presented with a long report from lieutenant-colonel Alexander Walker, dated in March 1808, when he was political resident in Guzerat, on the state of infanticide in that part of India, and on the measures which through him had been pursued for its suppression.—The effect of education is such, that in Europe the death of an infant, caused by voluntary means, excites a degree of horror which is greater perhaps than almost any other species of homicide produces. Yet it is certain that no other is attended with so little suffering to the victim, who is absolutely without foresight, has no attachment to life, and may expire almost without a pang. It is found accordingly, that nations, by no means barbarous, can easily reconcile themselves to the practice. Not so the great body of our

countrymen! and they who could from year to year, almost from age to age, stand the cold spectators of the unparalleled misery (including innumerable deaths) which was inflicted on whole nations by such wretched tyrants as the nabobs of the Carnatic and Oude (whom the English supported and enabled to exercise their accursed sway) were shocked beyond measure to hear of infanticide, and imagined that a nobler display of humanity could not be made than by taking the most efficient and expeditious measures for its suppression. Assuredly, we applaud every instance which comes within our view of an interest taken by our countrymen in the welfare of the people in India, over whom their influence so widely extends. We could wish, indeed, that the impulse were always proportioned to the utility of the object; that human suffering and human happiness were the criterion of evil and good; and that the conduct of men who intend well were guided by rules drawn from the reality, rather than the affectation, of humanity. When we thus speak, some explanation, however, may perhaps be necessary. We certainly do not mean that humanity was affected by those of our meritorious countrymen, who, in the case of Hindu infanticide, exerted themselves to abolish that which they considered as a tremendous evil:—but we mean to say that a great many false maxims of morality are current in the world; and that, among the causes of such erroneous notions, the *affectation* of humanity, very remote from its reality, is one. It is also clear that, when these false maxims are established, they exert a powerful influence over the minds of those whose humanity is the most sincere; leading to many errors in the selection of its objects, or to a choice of the less in preference to the more important; and tending to keep the sum of human happiness at a lower, and the sum of human misery at a higher level than each would otherwise obtain. Whenever, in fairly estimating happiness and misery, we measure the degree of approbation or disapprobation which we bestow on the causes of each, the pernicious modes of *rearing* children will not shock us less than the pernicious modes of preventing their existence; and every crime that can be named will be deemed inferior to the existence of a bad government, which not only destroys human life on the most unlimited scale, but augments, beyond all other causes put together, the amount of human misery.

Besides the researches which these laudable servants of the company made into the origin and circumstances of so extraordinary a practice as the destruction of the female children of a community, compelling the males to have recourse to

other communities for wives, the documents before us give an account of the steps which have been adopted by the English for the suppression of this practice within the sphere of their influence; and they are measures of that peculiar description on which the highest praise ought always to be bestowed. The object was pursued through the path of instruction and persuasion;—efforts being directed to make the people see that the reasons on which they founded the practice were contemptible, and to give an ascendancy to the motives on which the preservation of the human offspring usually rests. The success has been much more complete than, among a people whose attachment to their customs is so bigoted and inveterate, any person could have foreseen; whole tribes having been induced to renounce infanticide, and to enter into solemn and express engagements for that purpose.—Besides the documents furnished by the functionaries in question, a large body of notes is added by Mr. Moor, the editor of the work, illustrative of the various points of Hindu manners and history; to which allusion was made in the statements, and respecting which the reader might be supposed to stand in need of information.

An objectionable feature of this volume is the expensiveness of its form, which the materials seemed by no means to require. The class of readers whom it is calculated to interest consists of those philosophical men who are deeply engaged in the study of human nature, and anxious to explore any unusual phenomenon which it exhibits; or those individuals who have a taste for Indian antiquities, generally contracted during a residence in the east, and whose curiosity is naturally excited by any strange practice which may be found to prevail. Readers of this description need not be allured by the beauties of the printing and paper-making arts; and it is hard to make them pay for luxuries which they do not covet, or to deprive them of knowledge which they seek.

An Essay on certain Points of Resemblance between the Ancient and Modern Greeks. By the hon. Fred. Sylv. North Douglas, student of Christ Church, Oxon.

[Abridged from the Monthly Review.]

THIS elegantly written volume may certainly claim an honourable place among the numerous works on Modern Greece that distinguish our age and nation. It is indeed one of the

most pleasing and satisfactory little books which we have read for a long period. The parallel between the ancient and the modern inhabitants of Greece is maintained throughout with much spirit and accuracy; and we consider the work as a sort of necessary supplement to the larger and more expensive publications on the same subject. The remarks subjoined to the poems of lord Byron, the ample and meritorious production of Mr. Hobhouse, and the popular account of Dr. Clarke, with several other performances either noticed or to be noticed in the course of our critical labours, have contributed in our own times to throw a light on that interesting country, with which the knowledge of our predecessors was comparative darkness. This is highly creditable to England; and it will ever be remembered to her honour, that, in the midst of almost universal war and tumult, some of her learned and enterprising sons were strenuously cultivating the fairest arts of peace, and adorning and instructing their native land by their researches in the noblest region of classical antiquity.

Among such laudable inquirers into the present state of Greece, not one seems to have set out with a more genuine spirit of admiration for the scene of his travels than Mr. Douglas. We shall not do him justice if we omit the whole of his introduction to the essay; although he appears to be so little fond of making himself the hero of his story, that this prefatory sketch is very rapid and short, and merely sufficient to acquaint the reader with the opportunities which the traveller enjoyed in forming his observations. The ensuing passage will give some insight into that point; and it will at the same time, we think, prepossess the reader in favour of the person with whom he is to wander through such magic regions.

‘In the summer of 1810 I left England, and having visited Spain, Portugal, Malta, and Sicily, arrived at Zante in April 1811. The remembrance of the first Greek sentence I heard upon landing in that beautiful island will never be effaced. I doubt whether the *Θάλασσα!* of Xenophon’s soldiers was productive of more lively sensations than those I experienced at the first sight of the Morea. Ithaca and Santa Maura* were the only other Ionian islands at which I touched; islands which, though scarcely considered as part of ancient Greece, preserve more of the Grecian manners and character than much of the region more properly included in that denomination. Under the protection of our government they will undoubtedly thrive, though at the time when I visited them,

* * The ancient Leucadia.’

their commerce, by which they exclusively flourish, had not yet gained those advantages which the reception of the British flag had led them to expect.

‘From Prevesa, the port of the great pacha of Albania, we proceeded to his capital,* and by an unprecedented favour, accorded to the reputation of the gentleman I accompanied, the honourable Frederick North (whom I afterwards left on my departure from Constantinople for Smyrna, but rejoined at my second visit to Athens) we were often admitted to the society, and once to the table of that singular personage.†

‘Upon quitting Joannina, we passed through the country of which the scenery has been immortalized by lord Byron,‡ to the foot of Pindus, the modern Mezzovo. From its summit, in clear weather, both the Ionian and Egean seas are sometimes to be discovered; and I have understood it to be higher above their level than any other of the Grecian mountains.§

‘After crossing it we entered the ancient Thessaly, and were much struck by the contrast which its green slopes, studded with groves of planes, and affording pasture to herds of cattle classically white, formed with the rugged beauty we had been admiring in Epirus.

‘* Joannina.’

‘† Foreign as it may appear to the subject of which I am particularly treating, I trust I shall be excused for giving some account of this entertainment. We were conducted upon horses covered with magnificent housings, and preceded by a crowd of tchocodars (servants) and ushers, to the favourite summer-house of the vizir; an edifice built of the finest white marble, and divided into four recesses filled with sofas, and painted in the eastern style. These recesses opened upon a fountain that occupied the centre of the building, and was formed into a square castle surrounded by batteries spouting water at one another in accompaniment to an organ. In one of the recesses dined only Mr. North and the Pacha: in an adjoining one, a table was placed for Mehemet Effendi, the vizir’s prime minister; the divan effendi, agent to the Porte; Mr. Foresti, our resident at Joannina; captain Davison, and myself; and so managed that neither of the parties saw or heard the other. In this way we followed the example of the minister, who did the honours of the dinner, through sixty-four dishes, of each of which the nicety of oriental etiquette obliged us to taste: and the heterogeneous succession of milk, fish, meat, milk again, soup, pastry, meat, &c. rendered still more unpleasant the neglect of the knife and fork which politeness enjoined.’

‘‡ “Where’er we gaze, above, around, below,
What various tints, what magic charms are found,
Rock, river, forest, mountain, all abound;
And bluest skies that harmonize the whole.
Beneath, the distant torrent’s rushing sound
Tells where the volumed cataract doth roll

Between those hanking rocks that shock yet please the soul.

Childe Harold, Cant. 2. St. 47.”

‘§ Upon Pindus the road became so bad that one of our party was obliged to cross it in a net borne upon the shoulders of four Greeks. I remarked that fir woods clothed its sides, while beech seemed the only tree capable of bearing the cold of its more elevated regions.’

‘Following the course of the Peneus, the monastery of Meteora and the towns of Triccala and Larissa were in our road; and having visited Tempe,* and the remarkable village of Ambelachia, we embarked at Volo for Constantinople.

‘As the north-west wind, or Meltem, had closed the entrance to the Hellespont, I landed at Cape Baba, and having crossed the Troad,† embarked once more at Gallipoli, where Mr. North, after considerable delay, had arrived by sea. We proceeded in a piadé‡ along the northern shore of the sea of Marmara, to the city of Constantine: eight Turks formed our crew, who rowed with the greatest velocity for six or seven hours at a time: while the songs with which they enlivened their exertions; the beautiful scenery along which we passed; and weather so fine, that our night was spent upon the water, though the day had been far from sultry, heightened the pleasure of approaching Constantinople.’

On examining the contents of these travels, we do not find any part of them so well calculated for quotation as that which relates to the miscellaneous customs of the modern Greeks; their marriages, dances, games, funerals, feasts, baths, &c. &c. &c. The chapter, for instance, which notices the former writers on Greece, and assigns his due meed of praise or dispraise to each particular predecessor,—namely to Eton, to Thornton, to Chandler, to Stuart, to Gell, to Sir George Wheeler, to Dr. Spon, to Sonnini, to Savary, to Chateaubriand, to Pouqueville, and to Tournefort, for with so little regard to chronology are they introduced,—would be mutilated most unfairly by detached quotation; and so would the concluding chapter, on that curious political question whether the Greeks are likely to recover their rank among nations, and on the necessary ramification of this question, what would be the effect on the permanent interests of England, provided

‘* Tempe, the only defile through which it is possible to enter Greece from the north, still breathes from its cliffs and groves that refreshing coolness so often and so well described from Herodotus to Barthelemi. Its scenery certainly did not answer my expectations, but expectations of Tempe could not easily be realized.

‘Compare the description of Herodotus with the account of a defile in Cashmire, given by Bernier.’

‘† I am told that many of my cotemporaries in Greece have returned in the persuasion that Troy never existed but in the imagination of Homer; this disbelief betrays so much important history to the ravages of scepticism, that I feel happy in having been able to convince myself upon the spot of its general correspondence with the narration of the Illiad; though even with Chevalier in my hand, I could hardly satisfy myself of all its details.’

‘‡ A piadé is a narrow boat of from twenty to forty-five feet in length, very sharp both in the prow and stern: it is built of willow, and often beautifully carved and ornamented.’

that they were to succeed in any attempt to shake off the Turkish yoke? It is obvious that nothing but an imperfect discussion of these points could be offered within our limits; and we therefore prefer to confine ourselves to the miscellaneous customs of the present race of Greeks. ‘The variety of nations inhabiting the peninsula of Greece; the population; the face of the country; the climate; the religion, literature, language; the general character of the modern Greeks; the Athenians; Constantinopolitans; Mainiots; Hydriots;’ &c. &c. &c.—all these interesting subjects we shall leave to the examination of our readers in the work itself; only endeavouring to afford them a specimen of the entertainment and instruction which they are likely to derive from this classical composition, by selections from the portion which we have mentioned.

The most complete account in our selected chapter is that of the marriages in modern Greece; and, with a very few exceptions, we shall give the entire passage:

‘The Greek girls are so strictly confined to their homes, that few of their marriages are founded in personal acquaintance and attachment. Circumstances of relationship, neighbourhood, or interest, are the more usual motives; and the agreement of the respective parents often made at the birth of the child, or even at their own marriage, can be but little influenced by

‘*Le rapport des esprits et des cœurs,
Des sentimens, des gouts, et des humeurs;*’*

which we justly consider as so necessary to the happiness of a conjugal life.

‘Instances, however, sometimes occur, in which the report of others, or his own accidental knowledge, may induce a young Greek to form an opinion for himself; and he then applies to some respectable matron, probably a relation of the girl, who assumes the name and character of the ancient Proxenetæ; carries messages and letters; or brings him accounts of the person and manners of his beloved. From the moment that the treaty is completed, it is customary to give the betrothed couple the liberty of seeing each other; and there have been examples among the lower classes, where the young pair have been permitted even to sleep together for years without the sacred girdle having ever been undone; so powerful is the fear of the excommunication which, on such a transgression, would certainly be levelled at their heads.

‘On the eve of the marriage, the bride is conducted by her young female friends to the bath; and the next morning, as soon as the dawn begins to appear, the lover, in his most splendid

* * Voltaire, *Enfant Prodigue*, Acte 2. Sc. 1.

dress, accompanied by the dearest and handsomest of his companions, proceeds to the house of her parents: there the procession begins; first, by a crowd of young men, with guitars and cymbals, dancing and hallooing, more than singing, in praise of the family, the virtues, the beauty of the young pair; or alluding in songs, sometimes not strictly regulated by decorum, to the ceremonies of the happy day. At some distance from her noisy heralds, the bride (*νυμφη*) herself, her arms covered with bracelets, and her bosom with necklaces, is supported between her father and her bridewoman (*παρὰ νυμφη*) with measured steps and eyes fixed upon the ground. If she expected the fate of Iphigenia* her repugnance could not seem more genuine, nor her march more slow. When she passes before the house of an acquaintance, flowers, nuts, and cakes are showered from the windows, while words of good omen and vows for her prosperity attend her as she proceeds. The train is then closed by the mother of the bride, and other matrons.

‘ During the ceremony itself, two chaplets of lilies and ears of corn (emblems of purity and abundance) are placed by the priest alternately upon the heads both of the bride and bridegroom, and a similar rite is performed with two rings of gold and silver, which are exchanged between them several times; the gold remaining at last with the husband. Afterwards they are led by the bride-man three times round the altar, under a shawl that is held over their heads. They must then drink from the same goblet of wine, which is presented to them by the father of the bride.

‘ When evening approaches the festival is renewed, with many of the same circumstances; and the bridegroom, having met the procession half way with all his party crowned with flowers,† and flourishing torches in the air, or dashing them upon the ground,‡ conducts his wife to her future abode.§

‘ When they arrive, the bride is supported by her father and mother, that she may not touch the threshold;|| though in some parts of Greece the honour of the husband obliges her, before she enters it, to tread upon a sieve of leather. Should it not yield to the pressure, no explanation, no riches, no former character, will induce him to receive as his wife, one whose previous misconduct has been proved by so infallible a test.

* Nam sublata virum manibus tremebundaque ad aras
Deducta est, non ut solenni more sacrorum
Perfecto posset claro comitari Hymenæo:
Sed casta, incestè, nubendi tempore in ipso,
Hostia consideret mactatu mœsta parentis.

LUCRETIVS, Lib. i. v. 96.’

† Cinge amaranthino coronas, &c.—CAT. *Epith.*’

‡ Claustra pandite januæ.’

Viden, ut faces splendidas quatiunt comas? CAT. *Epith.*’

§ Sed moraris; abit dies,

Prodeas nova nupta.—*Ibid.*’

|| ‘The threshold has been esteemed sacred in every age; and there is a passage in Plautus, which seems to advise the bride to avoid touching it.—PLAUTUS, *Casina*, Act 4. Sc. 4.’

‘The picture I have attempted to sketch is the fair unvarnished description of a Greek marriage. In reading it how many circumstances of former days recur! How much does the whole ceremony remind us of a classical age! Catullus, in his *Epithalamium*, has mentioned no event, consistent with the change of the religion, which does not take place at the wedding of a modern Greek. The flammeum itself is to be seen among the Armenians, who have disfigured, by many absurd customs, a ceremony originally borrowed from their neighbours. The tears of the bride, the decent coyness that delays her steps, the Fescennine license of the noisy song,* are all essential to the modern festival; nor should the nuts and fruit which are dropped upon her from the windows as she proceeds, be forgotten; a custom supposed to be ominous of plenty, and never neglected in the ancient ceremony.† Catullus himself, however, is not so accurate in his description of this ceremony as Homer. Upon the shield of Achilles may yet be traced the most lively features in the customs of his country, and he has painted none with more spirit than the wedding.‡

“Here sacred pomp and genial feast delight,
And solemn dance and hymeneal rite:
Along the street the new-made brides are led,
With torches flaming to the nuptial bed.
The youthful dancers in a circle bound
To the soft flute and cittern’s silver sound;
Through the fair streets the matrons in a row,
Stand in their porches and enjoy the show.”

‘As soon as the bride has entered her new habitation, she is conducted by the paranymphea to the genial couch, where she is joined by her husband, while the rest of the party remain in the outer chamber till midnight, dancing and raising the loudest clamours.’§

This description has extended to such a length, and gives our classical readers so fair an opportunity of appreciating the merits of the author, that we shall not prolong this article.

* Cat. Epith.’

† Da nuces, concubine.—*Ibid.*
Sparge marite, nuces.—*Ibid.*

‡ Il. Lib. xviii. v. 491.’

§ Du Guys conjectures, but I think fancifully, that the famous lines of Pindar allude to the cup of wine which is presented to the bride and bridegroom at the altar; it appears to me to refer more naturally to the feast (εὐλαστὴν) which follows the wedding.’

THE NAVAL CHRONICLE.

SEPPINGS ON SHIP-BUILDING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NAVAL CHRONICLE.

SIR,

As the improvements in ship-building, suggested by Mr. Seppings in a late work, appear to be considered of some consequence in naval architecture, it may not be amiss to inquire into the claim of that gentleman to the inventions that have lately come before the public under the sanction of his name.

Passing by the ingenious analogy which he draws between the frame of a vessel, and the skeleton of an animal lying on its back, it will be perceived that the principal points in Mr. Seppings' work, are the "diagonal braces," and the construction of the frame of the vessel of solid timber, so put together as to prevent her leaking or separating, even if her outer planks are destroyed. This idea of Mr. Seppings, with regard to diagonal braces, is simply an extension of a practice long in use in this country in the construction of vessels of war. But the *principle* having been previously acted upon in a lesser degree, would not justly deprive him of the honours of this improvement, and I should not have attempted to impeach his claims, were I not in possession of facts that go to prove that diagonal braces, such as are recommended by Mr. Seppings, were in use to the extent of his plan before the publication of his work.

The Montezuma, an American built ship, was captured by the Essex during her celebrated cruise in the South seas. This vessel had made, *at least*, one voyage to India, where she was taken for an infringement of the East India Company's charter, carried to England, and condemned. She was there purchased by Benjamin Rotch, formerly of Nantucket,

then acting as superintendant of a whaling company, at Milford, in England. Under his directions, she was fitted out for a whaling voyage, from whence she was returning with a full cargo of oil, when she was captured as before mentioned. It is not known precisely when the Montezuma was built; but it is clear from this detail that she must be at this time seven or eight years old at least. This ship, I am authorized to state positively, was built on the principle of Mr. Seppings, in its utmost extent, as it respects "diagonal knees," and unless he can prove to the contrary, by tracing her construction to a plan or suggestion of his own, the honour of the experiment, if it be worth claiming, would seem to belong to some nameless artist of this country.

I do not know precisely when Mr. Seppings' work first made its appearance; but as it is now for the first time before the people of the United States, it is fairly, I think, to be presumed, that it has not been known in England more than a year. Within that period we are pretty sure of hearing of British works of ordinary interest, either through the medium of booksellers or reviewers. If the suggestion, with regard to the recent publication of Mr. Seppings' work, be correct, he has then as little claim to the other principal improvement I noticed in the early part of this letter; since it is a well known fact, that the steam frigate lanchéed at New York last autumn, was constructed of timber placed together in a solid mass, and caulked so as to be impervious to water. Here again is another fact which Mr. Seppings must get over, by a satisfactory explanation, before he can establish his claim to originality in this improvement.

Perhaps, however, the genius of England, though not adequate to these discoveries, may be equal to the lesser exertion of appropriating to itself the credit of them. This is a sort of second-hand genius, forming an excellent substitute for the other, and in which that country particularly excels. The continental writers of Europe have frequently charged those of England with this practice of appropriating their dis-

coveries: but men may complain in German or French forever, without the people of America ever being the wiser for it. I never can forget the disingenuous artifices, and argumentative subtilties, resorted to in England, to deprive Mr. Fulton of the honour due to the first successful experiments in the construction of steam boats; nor can I help feeling they justify a suspicion that the same means would be resorted to in the present instance, were it of the same consequence. The name of Fulton never comes across my mind, without bringing with it a feeling of indignation at the artifices practised, at home, to deprive him of the fruits of his illustrious labours, and, abroad, to strip him of the honours of his genius. His active and indefatigable mind was too much employed in the pursuit of higher objects of national utility, to be forever standing guard over the fame he knew he deserved; else, without doubt, he would have vindicated himself to the satisfaction of all, except those who, without partaking of his genius, wished to share in his gains, or those who have made it their business to undervalue, or appropriate, every exertion of our country's intellect. To me he will ever be an object of most peculiar and grateful pride, as a great benefactor to his country—as a man, whose ardent soul never slept, but was ever employed in grand conceptions for the convenience, or the defence, of his country—and who, in his last dying moments, was most anxious to live, only that he might complete a machine, destined, it is believed, to form an era in future naval wars. So thinking, and such as I am, I shall ever be ready to stand guard over his memory, his ashes, and the rights of his orphan children, should they ever be assailed—to vindicate his fame—to do honour to his genius—and to lament his death, as one of the greatest losses our country has ever sustained.

My first intention in troubling you with this letter, was merely to state the facts on which I grounded my doubts as to the claim of Mr. Seppings to the credit of having first suggested these great alterations in the construction of ships.

But as I proceeded the subject opened upon me, and I must beg your permission to make a few observations on the jealous avidity with which our good old lady mother England, endeavours to deprive us of the credit of any little discoveries and inventions, and the pertinacity with which she denies our claims to these little exercises of youthful genius. England, in truth, often reminds me of a tolerably respectable elderly lady, past the summer of life, but, who having once been a great *belle*, can never reconcile herself to the idea of giving place to more youthful competitors, and tries every art to keep her marriageable daughter in the nursery, through pure jealousy of her becoming mamma's rival in the *beau monde*.

In England, the moment a discovery is made, an invention perfected, or an improvement suggested in the sciences, it is immediately formally announced to the republic of letters, through the medium of journals that are read by all. This at once confers a sort of patent right on the discoverer, and at the same time enables the nation to assume all the honours of the discovery. But the people of the United States are absolutely ignorant of the extent of their aggregate knowledge: various improvements being known and practised in some parts of this extensive republic that are unknown in others. In process of time, however, they get to England—some good-natured person, in that liberal country, kindly undertakes to become sponsor, and ushers them into the world as his own. Then the reviewers write a long story about it—the simple American reads it—the magazines and newspapers copy it—and this green-horn new world is astonished at the prodigious ingenuity of the old lady mother. The good lady gets all the credit of the discovery or improvement—the critics sneer a little more at our want of original genius—and away go our honest folks to invent something else for the glory of old England, which always gets the *lion's share* of every good thing.

I will just mention a few instances of this kind, premising, that the course of my studies has never led me into this inquiry—that I never thought on the subject until I began this letter—and that the examples I shall produce are such as occurred to me at the moment, or were suggested by an ingenious friend, in a conversation of a few minutes. It is my earnest hope, that this hasty production will meet the eye, and engage the attention of some person whose knowledge of the improvements in modern science is sufficiently extensive, and whose leisure will permit him to give a free consideration to this subject. Nothing would be more grateful to this country, or be more effectual to the vindication of its genius, than a work which shall exhibit a detail of the discoveries and improvements made by the people of the United States in various sciences, particularly the science of mechanics. Whoever undertakes this task, should be a person of reflection, for he must be able to point out the causes that have given a direction to the genius of this country, and occasioned it to be exercised almost exclusively in mechanical inventions and improvements. The principal cause of that direction is, that these inventions were peculiarly called for in the United States, where the saving of manual labour, the great object in all mechanical projects, is more important than in any other country on earth, owing to the great value of men. From this single fact, he might infer, and the inference is fair and legitimate, that the genius of our countrymen will be equally fruitful in other paths, whenever the same, or equal motives, shall inspire its exertions. Necessity is only the mother of invention, because it is the strongest possible, as well as the most universally operative motive for the exercise of our faculties. A people, therefore, whose invention keeps pace with the exigencies of their situation, and the pressure of their necessities, cannot be charged justly with a want of genius for the attainment of any object which their situation and habits do not make necessary. Of such a people it may be fairly in-

ferred, that they will exhibit the same talents whenever the same motives shall call forth their exercise.

The person on whom I would wish to see this task devolve, ought also to have seen this country in all its various parts—or he should have furnished himself with the most minute and accurate knowledge of its various portions, in order that he might be aware of what the people of the United States really know and practise. And, above all, he should be intimately acquainted with the discoveries, inventions and improvements of other nations, in order that he may not claim the honours due to others. Such a man, I believe, may be found in the United States, and such a one would I name, were I not apprehensive of offending that genuine modesty which is ever the chaste ornament of the true scholar. If, however, the undertaking should be considered too laborious and extensive for an individual, we have medical and scientific journals in plenty, which, instead of investigating rocks, flints, fishes and mummies, assisting rivers in their passage through ridges of mountains, or prosing about Indian fortifications, might be much better employed in the work I have ventured to recommend. In various publications, and especially in the *Quarterly Review*, the bench, the bar, the pulpit, and the professor's chair, in this country, have been rudely assailed. Are they guilty of the charges? or are they afraid of having their replies criticised by some terrible British reviewer? Shame on such fears! We have defended our political rights, and can we not protect our good name? What has become of the learned physician, with his *seven sciences* to his back, at least equal to the seven bull-hides of Ajax Telamon? And where is the divine to vindicate the sanctity of his lawn, who will write you huge folios, on a mere speculative point that has nothing to do with the fundamental principles of religion? And where, above all, where is the dexterous lawyer, with his Coke, and his Blackstone, and his statutes at large, and his great Law Dictionary, to throw at the enemy's head?

"Where are your quips and your quirks now? Alas! quite chap-fallen!" But let us return to our subject.

Among the inventions lately introduced into the British navy, some of which are nearly as old as the great galley of Ptolemy, whose innumerable banks of oars have puzzled every body but baron l'Escalier, is that of *iron cables*, by captain Samuel Brown, R. N.—which means royal navy—there being but one royal navy in the whole world, it seems. This discovery is secured to him by patent, and is now advertising with great pomp in Philadelphia, although there is probably not a man in that city who is ignorant that most of the shallops employed in carrying wood and stone, on the Delaware, have been in the practice of using chain cables as long as he can remember. To this day you cannot sail up and down that river, without observing vessels lying at anchor with them. Yet the people of this country really believe, that they were actually invented two or three years ago by Samuel Brown, R. N. who sagaciously reasoning, that if little chain cables would answer for little vessels, great chain cables would, in like manner, answer for great vessels, dexterously availed himself of this profound and ingenious conclusion. But even putting aside the fact of the Delaware shallops, still the claim of Samuel Brown, R. N. is impeached by the fact, that chain cables were used by D'Entrecasteau, in his voyage in search of La Peyrouse. So with respect to iron knees, which have been lately invented in England—it is a well known fact, that the *Insurgent*, taken from the French by commodore Truxtun in 1799, sixteen years ago, was built with iron knees.

There has lately appeared, in almost all our newspapers, a famous order of the commander-in-chief of the British forces, setting forth, in a most scientific and elaborate manner, a method of browning muskets. I know not whether his highness claims the merit of this discovery or contrivance, but there is not a Kentucky rifleman but has been, from his youth upwards, in the practice of colouring his rifle barrel either brown,

or, what is still preferable, a dark transparent sky blue. The process by which this is done is so exceedingly simple, that I will not mention it, for fear of putting his highness, and the learned British chymists to the blush.

Again—to read the British reviews, and newspapers, and state papers, one would really be induced to suppose, that the idea of emancipating the blacks, and abolishing the slave trade, originated, and was first practically enforced in England. The fact however is, and the people of this country ought to know it, that the law for putting a stop to this traffic in human flesh, and providing for the gradual emancipation of that abused race, was passed by the congress of the United States, several years before the act for these purposes received the sanction of the British parliament. Nay, sir, I will venture to affirm, that whoever read Clarkson's history of the rise, progress and termination of his labours in that glorious cause, with proper attention, will distinctly perceive, that the impulse and example which impelled and animated the Abolition Society in London, in its first institution, was given by institutions *previously* established in this country by the quakers. Nay, I will go back still further, and instance the proceedings of our *colonial legislatures* long before the revolution, among which are to be found more than one spirited remonstrance against the introduction of slaves, and many admirable arguments, not only against the policy, but the morality, of the slave trade. Yet England affects to be the great example in this case, and there is not a writer in this country, that I know of, that has had the spirit to contest this usurpation.

In short, sir, it would, I find, be an endless task to particularize all the cases in which the ungenerous avidity of England has been displayed, for the purpose of depriving us of what little credit we may have deserved. Several of her travellers have gone so far as to attempt to rob the aborigines of this country of the credit of having invented their own tongue, by insisting upon it that they speak Welsh! In fact, the only instance in which her writers have allowed us credit

for invention, is with regard to a few words which, as an independent nation, we have thought proper to insert into our language. With these every blockhead in England has made himself merry, and even the dull man who edits the *Quarterly Review*, and who, among other things, reproaches us with having no permanent gallows, nor men hung in gibbets on the highways—even *he* has growled out divers sneers against *Americanisms*. What, then, are we to do sir? If we invent words—they laugh at us; and if we invent steam-boats, iron cables, or diagonal knees—they rob us of the credit of our ingenuity!

But I have already extended this letter far beyond my original intention. Indeed, I should not have thought these matters worth mentioning, had not the writers of England, who are read in this country almost to the exclusion of all others, on almost every occasion made it a point to cast some reflection or other, calculated to wound our feelings and mortify our pride. They never omit an opportunity to tell us, that every thing we know, every good quality we possess, is derived from them, and seem absolutely to consider it an injury to that country when we assume any other distinctions. The mildness of our penal codes has been charged upon us as a crime—the absence of privileged orders has been charged upon us as a crime—and that relaxation in regarding the rights of property, exhibited in the common practice of entering a country orchard, and helping ourselves to fruit, which is an evidence of that carelessness arising from the generous plenty of the country—even this has been pronounced a proof of the existence of a lawless and riotous state of society, in which no man's property is safe. Hitherto feeling as we did, that these conclusions were false, we have suffered them to pass without contradiction with few exceptions, because they could not impose upon the well-informed and discerning. But it ought to be considered, that the majority of mankind is not well informed; that the mere reiteration of slanders is too apt to be considered as additional proof, unless met by contradiction; and that nations, as well as individuals, who

leave their characters to speak for themselves, may be considered as more remarkable for presumption than prudence. The most precious jewels require occasional brightening, and even virtue itself must sometimes be vindicated.

AMERICANUS.

THE NAVAL MONUMENT.

THE following history and description of the monument, a view of which accompanies this number of the Naval Chronicle, is taken from Alden's Collection of Epitaphs and Inscriptions. It was furnished him by B. H. Latrobe, esq. and we have given it in preference to one of our own, because it is better than any we could furnish ourselves. We have endeavoured to procure some particulars of the persons whose names are here recorded; but could gain nothing of importance. Their youth, and the previous situation of the United States, precluded them from acquiring any other distinction, except that which arises from the able, faithful, and spirited performance of professional duties. Enough, however, is known to bear their names with honour down to posterity: for it is known that they perished gloriously in maintaining the rights of their country. To us there is something peculiarly affecting in this tribute offered by the affections of the brave who survived, to the worth of the brave who fell in this first contest with the barbarians of the old world. From motives of delicacy, we presume, Mr. Latrobe omitted to mention, that an application on the part of these generous and gallant officers, for liberty to land the materials of the monument, free of duty, was rejected by the then congress of the United States! We mention it here, because it is curious to contemplate a perfect contrast of liberality and meanness, and useful to mankind to know, that those actions which deserve reprehension will be as faithfully recorded as those which are entitled to the applause and gratitude of posterity.

Truth, severe and inflexible, sometimes sleeps, but never dies; and often, when men think their actions are forgot, she wakes and records them where they are preserved forever, as memorials of glory or of shame.

“ This monument owes its existence, not to public gratitude in our national government, nor to patriotic feelings of the citizens at large; but to the private friendship and admiration of the officers of the navy, who, of their own accord, assigned a portion of their pay to the erection of a memorial of actions as heroic as any that were ever achieved in naval warfare; from which, although they shared in the glory, their country alone derived the benefit.

“ The care of procuring the monument to be made was committed to captain Porter, now [1813] commanding the *Essex*. He was very much aided by the zeal of the bishop of Florence, whose interest in the American cause arose not so much from the feelings of a catholic ecclesiastic against the infidels, as from an enlightened view of the pernicious effects of a system of piracy, nursed by the policy of the European powers, to which America alone had dared to oppose the remedy of actual force. By the influence of the bishop, Micali, of Leghorn, was induced to give the aid of his art on terms so exceedingly moderate, that the original expense of a monument, which, at the usual rate of charge for sculpture, would have cost twice as much, did not quite reach 3000 dollars.

“ When finished, the blocks and figures were carefully packed up, and brought over in the *Constitution* frigate to Newport, R. I. from whence they were, in another vessel, brought to Washington. In this circuitous voyage several of the blocks of the monument, and many of the slabs, composing the lower base, were broken, and it became necessary to substitute a base of freestone in its stead.

“ On its arrival, it became a question where it should be erected. The capitol of the United States was pointed out as the proper place. But the unfinished state of that building and the size of the monument were objections. However, congress was applied to, in the first place, for the sum of a thousand dollars, to de-

fray the expense of putting it up. The application, though renewed in various shapes, proved altogether vain. The idea of placing it in the capitol was of course given up, and the navy yard, originally the most proper situation, was chosen. To defray the expense of its erection, which could not be much less than eight hundred dollars, a further subscription by officers of the navy was made, to which other citizens contributed. The navy department also gave every aid and facility to the work, which could legally be afforded, and in the year 1808 the monument was placed where it now stands; the principal object of view to all those who enter the yard, either by land or water, and to an extensive portion of the city and of the port.

“The general style of the work is not of bad taste, and there are many points about it that are very excellent. Its execution is not of the first class, but it is not in any part bad, and, for a work standing in our climate, in the open air, it is sufficient. The six figures, which surround the column, are very unequal in merit and execution. That of Commerce, at the northeast angle, is the best. The figure of America is the worst, and is unfortunately the most conspicuous, as that of Commerce is the least so.

“The monument itself consists of a rostral column, of the Roman Doric order, mounted on a pedestal, to which the character of a sarcophagus is given. On the top of the column is the American eagle, bearing a scroll, with the federal motto, *E PLURIBUS UNUM*. The column itself has, on the east and west sides, each three antique rostra, or beaks of galleys, and, on the north and south, antique anchors in flat relief.

“The pedestal has on the south side the inscription:

Hic decoræ funtorum in bello virorum cineres.

“Here are deposited the sacred [*decoræ*, handsome, cannot be literally translated] ashes of men who fell in war.

“The column, with its pedestal, stands upon a square block, of very excellent proportions. The block has a cymatium, of semi-circular compartments, on which are sculptured in basso relievo, alternately, a Turkish turbaned mask, and a trophy of Turkish arms. This part of the work is in very excellent taste.

“On each side of the block is a panel. That to the south represents, in basso relievo, a view of Tripoli from nature, with a

frigate and gun-boats in the fore-ground, attacking the town. This, like all landscapes, and representations of air and water and smoke in sculpture, is a work of no effect or beauty; but will serve as a record of the appearance of Tripoli in the year 1804. On the north side is this inscription:

Erected to the memory of captain RICHARD SOMERS, lieutenants JAMES CALDWELL, JAMES DECATUR, HENRY WADSWORTH, JOSEPH ISRAEL, and JOHN S. DORSEY, who fell in the different attacks that were made on the city of Tripoli in the year of our Lord, 1804, and in the twenty-eighth year of the independence of the United States.

“ On the east side:

The love of Glory inspired them, Fame has crowned their deeds, History records the event, the children of Columbia admire, and Commerce laments their fall.

“ On the west:

As a small tribute of respect to their memory, and of admiration of their valour, so worthy of imitation, their brother officers have erected this monument.

“ The block on which these inscriptions are cut is raised upon three steps, at three angles of which are placed:

“ At the southeast, a female figure, having on her head a diadem of feathers, a covering like the short petticoat attached to the Roman *Lorica*, also of ostrich feathers, round the waist, and Roman leggins and shoes, but otherwise naked, represents America. She leads up to the monument two children from the lower step, and points upwards to the inscription on the pedestal. This is a badly imagined and executed figure, and has nothing of the native American character or costume.

“ At the northeast angle sits History. She is represented by a tolerably good female figure fully clothed, holding a book in her left hand, and a pen of bronze gilt in her right. She looks upward to the column, and appears on the point of commencing to write. This figure is well placed, well imagined, and her attitude is very good: but the sculpture is faulty, especially about the neck.

“ At the northeast corner is a figure of Commerce standing. His right hand points to the column, with the caduceus in the left. This is by far the best figure of the whole, in drawing, attitude, and spirit, and must have been executed either by a superior artist, or from a model by a first rate sculptor.

“ At the northwest corner the figure of the winged Victory is elevated to the summit of the square block that supports the column. In her right hand she holds a wreath of laurel over the sarcophagus; in her left a branch of palm, of bronze gilt. The figure is but indifferent, but the general effect is good.

“ At each corner is an urn lamp, of black variegated marble, with a flame of bronze gilt.

“ The whole monument is placed on a square mass of solid freestone, about five feet high, and sixteen feet wide, which is [to be] surrounded at a small distance by a circular iron railing.

“ All the figures are as large as life, and the whole forms a very well proportioned pyramidal group of sixteen feet base and thirty feet in height. Excepting the base, the whole work is executed in white Carrara marble.

“ It is to be regretted, that the marble blocks, of which this monument is composed, are not of such form and dimensions as would have enabled the architect, in putting it up, to have secured it against the effects of frost. But in this respect, too much regard has been had to cheapness, and although every possible precaution was used, and all the blocks were bound together by brass clamps, the joints have been opened considerably by the frost; and the evil is irremediable, because there can be no means of securing them effectually from the wet. Still, with this defect, the work is so firmly tied together and secured, that it will probably stand, where it now does, for some centuries.”



*A complete List of the British Ships of War, employed on
our Coasts in the Year 1813.*

THE pendant sheet, here presented to the reader, was taken in the schooner Highflyer, lieutenant Hutchinson, first of admiral Warren's flag ship. The Highflyer, the admiral's ten-

der, was despatched to look out for the frigate *President*, then expected on the coast. In the event of falling in with her, or with any other American ship of war, he was directed to proceed forthwith off New London, and notify it to the blockading squadron there. After cruising off Nantucket Shoals a certain time without falling in with any American vessels, he was to stretch away to the eastward, and cruise off the Isle of Shoals, where, if he fell in with them, he was in like manner to proceed to Boston bay, and give information to the ships on that station. Off Nantucket Shoals he fell in with the *President*, commodore Rodgers. On first seeing him, the *President* chased; but finding the *Highflyer* outsailed, commodore Rodgers made a signal, which was purposely so managed, by displaying it only partially, and moving it, so as to prevent its being distinctly perceived, that the enemy was completely deceived, and lay to for the *President* to come up. On ranging alongside, the commander of the *Highflyer* was directed to come on board, which he did, and remained in the cabin of the *President* for some time, answering questions, without the least suspicion. In the meantime, an officer of the *President* was despatched, in a British uniform, to request of the officer remaining in command of the *Highflyer* her signal-book, &c. for the purpose of making some alterations lately established by the admiralty, in consequence of the capture of a British vessel, by which accident it was supposed the signals had fallen into the hands of the Americans. The officer demurred at first, but on their being peremptorily demanded, gave them very unwillingly. Lieutenant Hutchinson was then informed that he was a prisoner, at which he appeared a little astonished.

We have given this explanation, in order to account for the document, which is here given, being in our possession, as the greatest care is always taken to destroy every signal on board a ship of war previous to her being given up. Our principal object in publishing it is, to exhibit the precise number of ships of war employed on our coasts during an

early period of the late war, in such a manner as to put it beyond a doubt. It is well known that, with the exception of a few ships, the whole force on the West India station was drawn off to act against the United States, and it is equally well known that this force was greatly augmented in the year 1814. Taking it as it was however in 1813, it appears that the British at that time assailed our coasts with *one hundred and seven vessels* of different rates. In the following year England was at peace with all the world, and her power was strenuously exerted against the United States. It is encouraging to know what she was capable of doing so situated, and with such a force; and the knowledge of these facts fully justifies the statement, in our last number, of the force which would be sufficient to protect this country against all the naval power which England could direct against the United States.

Pendant Sheet for H. M. Ships on the North American and West India Station.

S. Domingo	74	Marlboro'	74	Dragon	74	Poitiers	74	Victorious	74	Shannon	38	Nymph	38	Cleopatra	32	Spartan	38	Statira	88	Crescent	38	Acasta	40	Narcissus	32
Maldstone	36	Tribune	36	Belvidera	36	Tenetos	36	Ramillies	74	La Hogue	74	Herald	20	Orpheus	20	Ruby	68	Laurustinus	24	Arachne	18	Diadem	64		
Garland	22	Fawn	20	Lichning	20	Tartarus	20	Valiant	74																
Moselle	18	Atalanta	16	Rattler	16	Martin	18	Arethusa	38	Surinam	38	Sophie	18	Sapphire	18	Kingdove	18	Anaranthe	16	Sylphe	18				
Mineira	32	Plantagenet	74	Seepire	74	Surprise	38	Circe	32	Coquette	20	Hermes	20	Conflict	16	Argo	44	Crane	18	Nimrod	18				
Arab	18	Dominique	—			Recruit	18	Grampus	50	Colibri	18	Mercury	28	Goree	18	Vestal	28	Denarara	13	Boxer	14				
		Sappho	18	Wanderr	20	Opossum	10	Barrasa	36	Spider	14	Peruvian	18	Charybdis	18	Morgiana	18	Diomede	50	Picton	10				
Scorpion	18	Frolick	18	Paz	10	Cuttle	4	Canso	10	Bream	4	Swaggerer	16	Elizabeth	74	Nettley	14	M. Fortunee	14	Highflyer	7				
Maria	14	Holt	14	Balahou	8	Decouverte	12	Success	32	Variable	12	Centurion	50	Emulous	16	N. Scotia	—	Childers	18	Herring	4				
Cordew	16	Hope	10	Loup Cervier	18	Mohawk	18			Fox	36	Romulus	36	Mariner	14	Barbadoes	28	Fantome	18	Bostock	—				
		Nemesis	—																						

Mem. When the double pendants are used, they will be hoisted where best seen.

Given on board the San Domingo, Bermuda, 13th March, 1813.

(Signed) H. HORTHAM, *Captain of the Fleet.*

To Lieutenant GEORGE HUTCHINSON, commanding his majesty's schooner *Highflyer*.

Note. The number of vessels here exhibited is greater than the estimate made in the article on the navy, in our second number; but the force is nearly the same, there being a greater number of frigates and sloops, and fewer seventy-fours, than we there specified.

OFFICIAL LETTERS.

COPY OF A LETTER FROM COMMODORE PATTERSON TO THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.

New-Orleans, 29th September, 1815.

SIR,

I do myself the honour to transmit you copies of two letters from lieutenant Cunningham, commanding the United States' schooner *Firebrand*, giving a detailed account of his success in recapturing an American sloop and a Spanish ship from pirates, near *Isle Cayu*, about fifty miles westward of Barataria. You will perceive, by his first letter, dated the 24th ult. that it was impracticable for him to have secured the piratical vessel, had he pursued her; and that had he done so, the ship and sloop must have effected their escape, which was highly important to prevent.

His letter of the 16th inst. informs me of his having captured an armed schooner under the Mexican flag, and to the enclosed copy thereof I beg leave to refer you for the circumstances under which the capture was made, and to add that her commander is one of the most noted of the Baratarian pirates, and one who did not avail himself of the generous pardon granted by the president.

I trust, sir, that the success and unremitted exertions of the force committed to my command will be pleasing to you, and that it will eventually effect the entire dispersion of the pirates who have heretofore infested our waters and coasts, to the great injury of the commerce of the port.

I have this moment received a despatch from lieutenant Crawley, commanding the cutter *Fox*, or gun vessel No. 65, informing of his arrival at the Balize from a cruise as far west as the river Sabine, and that he met with no vessel during his cruise. He will sail again as soon as he receives a supply of provisions. The *Firebrand* sailed on the 26th inst. from the Balize, to scour the coast to the eastward.

The vigilance and activity of lieutenants Cunningham and Crawley merit my warmest approbation, and I beg leave to notice them to the department as highly meritorious officers.

I have the honour to be,

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

DAN'L. T. PATTERSON.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM LIEUTENANT CUNNINGHAM TO
COMMODORE PATTERSON.

United States' schooner Firebrand, off Balize.

SIR,

August 24, 1815.

I HAVE the honour to inform you of my arrival here, in company with the United States' cutter Fox, Spanish ship Cleopatra, captured by La Popa, Carthaginian privateer, and the sloop General Wale of New-Orleans, which was captured by the private schooner La Creole, fitted out at New-Orleans. She robbed the sloop of seven thousand dollars in specie.

I sailed from the Balize on the 14th, in company with the Fox and ship Mentor, but in consequence of westerly winds and contrary currents, I was not able to make Baratavia until the 17th. I then continued along the coast, and anchored on the night of the 17th off Cat Island. At daylight on the 18th there were three vessels in sight, two at anchor, in at Cat Island, and the third, a ship, at anchor close to the southwest end of the Isle a Vin. As the wind then was from the southward, and the ship making sail off the coast, directly after seeing me, I was compelled to make sail in chase of the ship, knowing that the other vessels could not get to sea as the wind then was. But directly after I made sail, the small schooner got under way, and stood up the lake for the bayou Tash, or one of the bayous leading to the La Fourche. At 8 A. M. came up with the ship, captured her, and took out all the crew, and confined them on board this vessel. The prize-master of the ship had made an agreement with the commander of the pirate to sell the cargo and divide the profits, which agreement I send you enclosed, with all the papers I

could procure. On my heaving in sight, all the crew of the pirate then on board the ship, left her in one of the boats. For further information, permit me to refer you to Mr. George Parker, who has had command of her since the capture.

With respect, I have the honour to be, &c.

T. S. CUNNINGHAM.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM LIEUTENANT CUNNINGHAM TO
COMMODORE PATTERSON.

United States' schooner Firebrand, Balize,

September 16, 1815.

SIR,

September 12th, being in lat. 26, 44, N. and long. 37, 40, W. at daylight we saw a sail on our weather beam, then bearing east from us. In a few minutes she was discovered to be a schooner under all sail, standing for us. From her appearance I supposed her to be the pirate you informed me of in your last orders, and as I had been the three successive days before under close reefed topsails and had all my yards on deck, I did not alter my course, but disguised my vessel as much as possible, so that he might come within gun shot before he could discover what I was. At half past seven observed she was a low black schooner full of men. I then yawed my vessel about, and kept all my men close at their quarters out of sight. At eight he was within short gun shot, and fired a shot at me, without hoisting any colours, which passed between my masts, and fell about ten yards under my lee. Directly after, he gave me the second, in the same manner. Being then fully under the impression that he could not well escape me, in the event of superior sailing, I tacked and stood for him, hoisted my colours, and gave him a shot. He then hove his topsail to the mast, and hoisted the Mexican flag. As we were then on different tacks, and observing I was under easy sail, he instantly filled away, and made all sail off the wind. Observing he was determined to escape if possible, I fired two guns, loaded with grape and canister, into him; but he still continued to make sail from me. I then gave him a broadside of grape and canister, which had little

or no effect, on account of the high sea that was running. Finding that he was leaving me a little, I ceased firing, trimmed my vessel for her best sailing, and made after him. In a few minutes observed we were coming up with him very fast, and ordered all my guns to be loaded with grape, canister, and bags of musket balls. After coming within musket shot of him, I ordered the long six to be fired at him with round and grape. The round shot passed through his foresail, about two feet above deck, the grape cut away some of his running rigging, and I am sorry to say, wounded one of his men through the hand, while in the act of hoisting her steering sail. He then struck his colours. The only excuse he has to offer for his conduct is, that he took us for a Spanish vessel. But I have been informed his intention was to exchange vessels with us. Under these circumstances I thought myself justified in detaining her.

She has on board sixty thousand dollars in specie and twenty-eight trunks, cases, and bales of dry goods. Enclosed I send you all her papers, with a quantity of different papers that were found on board of her; also a part of the Eliza's log-book, and a number of fragments of papers found in her cabin. I have all her crew now on board, fifty-six in number, which exceeds my own crew by ten. The specie she has on board is the proceeds of goods taken from vessels which she has captured and sold without any condemnation, or even being sent into any of their ports for that purpose; which facts can be proven.

Enclosed I send all her papers by Mr. Ulrick, who will give you any other information you may want. In consequence of the number of prisoners I have on board, I have to request you will please to send down a large boat with a guard for them, also a trusty officer and crew for the schooner, as I have but few officers and men.

I have the honour to be, respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

THOMAS S. CUNNINGHAM.

ORIGINAL.

LATOUR'S HISTORICAL MEMOIR OF THE WAR IN LOUISIANA.

[With the permission of major Latour we lay before our readers the following extracts from his very interesting Memoir of the late glorious campaign in Louisiana. The work is in the press, and will be speedily published. It will be illustrated by the following engravings:]

PLATE I.—A portrait of general Jackson, painted from the life, by Mr. J. B. Sel, painter in New-Orleans.

PLATE II.—A general map of the seat of war in Louisiana and West Florida, showing all the fortified points and encampments of both the American and British armies; also the march of general Jackson's army on his expedition against Pensacola.

PLATE III.—A plan showing the attack made by a British squadron on fort Bowyer, at Mobile-point, on the 15th September, 1814.

PLATE IV.—A plan of the attack made by the British barges, on five American gun-boats, on the 14th December, 1814.

PLATE V.—A map, showing the landing of the British army, its several encampments and fortifications on the Mississippi, and the works they erected on their retreat; as also the several posts, encampments, and fortifications, made by the several corps of the American army during the whole campaign.

PLATE VI.—A plan of the attack made by major-general Andrew Jackson, on a division of the British army, commanded by major-general J. Keane, on the 23d December, 1814, at seven o'clock at night.

PLATE VII.—A plan of the attack and defence of the American lines below New-Orleans, on the 8th of January, 1815.

PLATE VIII.—A plan of fort St. Philip, at Plaquemine, showing the position of the British vessels when bombarding the fort.

PLATE IX.—A map of Mobile-point, and of part of the bay, and of Dauphine-island, showing the position of the land and naval British forces investing fort Bowyer, the batteries erected, the trenches opened at the moment the summons was made to the garrison.

BARATARIA.

At the period of the taking of Guadaloupe by the British, most of the privateers commissioned by the government of that island, and which were then on a cruise, not being able to return to any of the West-India islands, made for Barataria, there to take in a supply of water and provisions, recruit the health of their crews, and dispose of their prizes, which could not be admitted into any of the ports of the United States; we being at that time in peace with Great Britain. Most of the commissions granted to privateers by the French government at Guadaloupe, having expired some time after the declaration of the independence of Carthagena, many of the privateers repaired to that port, for the purpose of obtaining from the new government, commissions for cruising against Spanish vessels. They were all received by the people of Carthagena with the enthusiasm which is ever observed in a country that for the first time shakes off the yoke of subjection; and indeed a considerable number of men, accustomed to great political convulsions, inured to the fatigues of war, and who, by their numerous cruises in the gulf of Mexico and about the West-India islands, had become well acquainted with all those coasts, and possessed the most effectual means of annoying the royalists, could not fail to be considered as an acquisition to the new republic.

Having duly obtained their commissions, they in a manner blockaded, for a long time, all the ports belonging to the royalists, and made numerous captures which they carried into Barataria. Under this denomination is comprised part of the

coast of Louisiana, to the west of the mouths of the Mississippi, comprehended between Bastien bay on the east, and the mouths of the river or bayou la Fourche on the west. Not far from the sea are lakes, called the great, the small, and the larger lake of Barataria, communicating with one another, by several large bayous with a great number of branches. There is also the island of Barataria, at the extremity of which is a place called the Temple, which denomination it owes to several mounds of shells, thrown up there by the Indians, long before the settlement of Louisiana, and which, from the great quantity of human bones, are evidently funereal and religious monuments.

The island is formed by the great and the small lakes of Barataria, the bayou Pierrot, and the bayou or river Ouatchas, more generally known by the name of bayou of Barataria; and finally the same denomination is given to a large basin which extends the whole length of the Cypress swamps, lakes, prairies, and bayous behind the plantations on the right bank of the river, three miles above New-Orleans, as far as the gulf of Mexico, being about sixty miles in length, and thirty in breadth, bounded on the west by the highlands of la Fourche, and on the east by those of the right bank of the Mississippi. These waters disembogue into the gulf by two entrances of the lake or rather the bayou Barataria, between which lies an island called Grande Terre, six miles in length, and from two to three miles in breadth, running parallel with the coast. In the western entrance is the great pass of Barataria, which has from nine to ten feet of water. Within this pass, about two leagues from the open sea, lies the only secure harbour on all that coast; and accordingly this is the harbour frequented by the privateers, so well known by the name of Baratarians. Social order has indeed to regret that those men, mostly aliens, and cruising under a foreign flag, so audaciously infringed our laws as openly to make sale of their goods on our soil; but what is much more deplorable and equally astonishing is, that the agents of government in

this country so long tolerated such violation of our laws, or at least delayed for four years to take effectual measures to put a stop to these lawless practices. It cannot be pretended that the country was destitute of the means necessary to repress these outrages. The troops stationed at New-Orleans were sufficient for that purpose, and it cannot be doubted but that a well conducted expedition would have cleared our waters of the privateers, and a proper garrison stationed at the place they made their harbour, would have prevented their return. The species of impunity with which they were apparently indulged, inasmuch as no rigorous measures were resorted to against them, made the contraband trade carried on at Baratania, be considered as tacitly tolerated. In a word, it is a fact no less true than painful for me to assert, that at Grande Terre, the privateers publicly made sale, by auction, of the cargoes of their prizes. From all parts of Lower Louisiana people resorted to Baratania, without being at all solicitous to conceal the object of their journey. In the streets of New-Orleans it was usual for traders to give and receive orders for purchasing goods at Baratania, with as little secrecy as similar orders are given for Philadelphia or New-York. The most respectable inhabitants of the state, especially those living in the country, were in the habit of purchasing smuggled goods coming from Baratania. The frequent seizures made of those goods, were but an ineffectual remedy of the evil, as the great profit yielded by such parcels as escaped the vigilance of the custom-house officers, indemnified the traders for the loss of what they had paid for the goods seized; their price being always very moderate, by reason of the quantity of prizes brought in, and of the impatience of the captors to turn them into money, and sail on a new cruise. This traffic was at length carried on with such scandalous notoriety, that the agents of government incurred very general and open reprehension, many persons contending that they had interested motives for conniving at such abuses, as smuggling was a

source of confiscation, from which they derived considerable benefit.

It has been repeatedly asserted in the public prints throughout the union, that most of those privateers had no commissions, and were really pirates. This I believe to be a calumny, as I am persuaded they all had commissions either from Carthagera or from France, of the validity of which it would seem the governments of those respective countries were alone competent judges.

The privateers of Barataria committed indeed a great offence against the laws of the United States in smuggling into their territory goods captured from nations with which we were at peace; and for this offence they justly deserved to be punished. But in addition to this acknowledged guilt, to charge them with the crime of piracy, when on the strictest inquiry no proof whatsoever of any act amounting to this species of criminality has been discovered, and though since the pardon granted to them by the president of the United States, they have shown their papers and the exact list of the vessels captured by them, to every one who chose to see them, seems evidently unjust. Without wishing to extenuate their real crime, that of having for four years carried on an illicit trade, I again assert that the agents of government justly merit the reproach of having neglected their duty. The government must surely have been aware of the pernicious consequences of this contraband trade; and they had the means of putting a stop to it. It is true that partial expeditions had been fitted out for that purpose; but whether through want of judgment in the plan, or through the fault of the persons commanding those expeditions, they answered no other purpose than to suspend this contraband trade in one part, by making it take a more western direction. Cat Island, at the mouth of the bayou or river la Fourche, became the temporary harbour of the privateers, whose vessels were too well armed to apprehend an attack from land troops in ordinary transports. Hence the troops stationed at Grande Terre,

la Fourche, &c. could do no more than prevent the continuance of the illegal trade, while they were on the spot; but on their departure, the Baratarians immediately returned to their former station.

There have been those who pretended that the privateers of Barataria were secretly encouraged by the English, who were glad to see a commerce carried on that must prove so injurious to the revenue of the United States. But this charge is fully refuted by this fact, that at different times the English sought to attack the privateers at Barataria, in hopes of taking their prizes, and even their armed vessels. Of these attempts of the British, suffice it to instance that of the 23d of June, 1813, when two privateers being at anchor off Cat island, a British sloop of war anchored at the entrance of the pass, and sent her boats to endeavour to take the privateers; but they were repulsed after having sustained considerable loss.

Such was the state of affairs when, on the 2d of September 1814, there appeared an armed brig on the coast opposite the pass. She fired a gun at a vessel about to enter, and forced her to run aground; she then tacked, and shortly after came to anchor at the entrance of the pass. It was not easy to understand the intentions of this vessel, who having commenced with hostilities on her first appearance, now seemed to announce an amicable disposition. Mr. Lafitte, the younger, went off in a boat to examine her, venturing so far that he could not escape from the pinnace sent from the brig and making towards the shore, bearing British colours and a flag of truce. In this pinnace were two British naval officers, captain Lockyer, commander of the brig, and an officer who interpreted for him, with captain Williams of the infantry. The first question they asked was, where was Mr. Lafitte? He, not choosing to make himself known to them, replied that the person they inquired for was on shore. They then delivered him a packet directed "To Mr. Lafitte—Barataria;" requesting him to take particular care of it, and to deliver it into Mr. Lafitte's own hands. He prevailed on them to make

for the shore, and as soon as they got near enough to be in his power, he made himself known, recommending to them at the same time to conceal the business on which they had come. Upwards of two hundred persons lined the shore, and it was a general cry amongst the crews of the privateers at Grande Terre, that those British officers should be made prisoners and sent to New-Orleans, as being spies who had come under feigned pretences to examine the coast and the passages, with intent to invade and ravage the country. It was with much difficulty that Mr. Lafitte succeeded in dissuading the multitude from this intent, and led the officers in safety to his dwelling. He thought, very prudently, that the papers contained in the packet might be of importance towards the safety of the country, and that the officers, being closely watched, could obtain no intelligence that might turn to the detriment of Louisiana. He took the earliest opportunity, after the agitation among the crews had subsided, to examine the contents of the packet; in which he found a proclamation addressed by colonel Edward Nicholls, in the service of his Britannic Majesty and commander of the land forces on the coast of Florida, to the inhabitants of Louisiana, dated *Head-quarters, Pensacola, 29th August, 1814*; a letter from the same, directed to Mr. Lafitte, or to the commandant at Baratavia; an official letter from the honourable W. H. Percy, captain of the sloop of war *Hermes*, and commander of the naval forces in the gulf of Mexico, dated September 1st, 1814, directed to himself; and finally, a letter containing orders from the same captain Percy, written on the 30th of August on board the *Hermes*, in the road of Pensacola, to the same captain Lockyer commanding the sloop of war *Sophia*.

When Mr. Lafitte had perused these papers, captain Lockyer enlarged on the subject of them, and proposed to him to enter into the service of his Britannic majesty with all those who were under his command, or over whom he had sufficient influence; and likewise to lay at the disposal of the officers of his Britannic majesty the armed vessels he had at

Barataria, to aid in the intended attack of the fort of Mobile. He insisted much on the great advantages that would thence result to himself and his crews; offered him the rank of captain in the British service, and the sum of thirty thousand dollars, payable, at his option, in Pensacola or New-Orleans, and urged him not to let slip this opportunity of acquiring fortune and consideration. On Mr. Lafitte's requiring a few days to reflect upon these proposals, captain Lockyer observed to him that no reflection could be necessary, respecting proposals that obviously precluded hesitation, as he was a Frenchman, and of course now a friend to Great Britain, proscribed by the American government, exposed to infamy, and had a brother at that very time loaded with irons in the jail of New-Orleans. He added, that in the British service he would have a fair prospect of promotion; that having such a knowledge of the country, his services would be of the greatest importance in carrying on the operations which the British government had planned against Lower Louisiana; that, as soon as possession was obtained, the army would penetrate into the upper country, and act in concert with the forces in Canada; that every thing was already prepared for carrying on the war against the American government in that quarter with unusual vigour; that they were nearly sure of success, expecting to find little or no opposition from the French and Spanish population of Louisiana, whose interests, manners and customs were more congenial with theirs than with those of the Americans; that finally, the insurrection of the negroes, to whom they would offer freedom, was one of the chief means they intended to employ, being confident of its success.

To all these splendid promises, all these ensnaring insinuations, Mr. Lafitte replied, that in a few days he would give a final answer; his object in this procrastination being to gain time to inform the officers of the state government of this nefarious project. Having occasion to go to some distance for a short time, the persons who had proposed to send the British officers prisoners to New-Orleans, went and seized them

in his absence, and confined both them and the crew of the pinnace, in a secure place, leaving a guard at the door. The British officers sent for Mr. Lafitte; but he, fearing an insurrection of the crews of the privateers, thought it advisable not to see them, until he had first persuaded their captains and officers to desist from the measures on which they seemed bent. With this view he represented to the latter that, besides the infamy that would attach to them, if they treated as prisoners, persons who had come with a flag of truce, they would lose the opportunity of discovering the extent of the projects of the British against Louisiana, and learning the names of their agents in the country. While Mr. Lafitte was thus endeavouring to bring over his people to his sentiments, the British remained prisoners the whole night, the sloop of war continuing at anchor before the pass, waiting for the return of the officers. Early the next morning, Mr. Lafitte caused them to be released from their confinement, and saw them safe aboard their pinnace, apologizing for the disagreeable treatment they had received, and which it had not been in his power to prevent. Shortly after their departure, he wrote to captain Lockyer the letter that may be seen in the Appendix, No. 4.

His object in writing that letter was, by appearing disposed to accede to their proposal, to give time to communicate the affair to the officers of the state government, and to receive from them instructions how to act, under circumstances so critical and important for the country. He accordingly wrote on the 4th of September to Mr. Blaque, one of the representatives of the state, sending him all the papers delivered to him by the British officers, with a letter addressed to his excellency W. C. C. Claiborne, governor of the state of Louisiana. The contents of these letters do honour to Mr. Lafitte's judgment, and evince his sincere attachment to the American cause.

Persuaded that the country was about to be vigorously attacked, and knowing that at that time it was little prepared

for resistance, he did what his duty prescribed; apprising government of the impending danger; tendering his services, should it be thought expedient to employ the assistance of his crews, and desiring instructions how to act; and in case of his offers being rejected, he declared his intention to quit the country, lest he should be charged with having co-operated with the invading enemy. On the receipt of this packet from Mr. Lafitte, Mr. Blanque immediately laid its contents before the governor, who convened the committee of defence lately formed, of which he was president; and Mr. Rancher, the bearer of Mr. Lafitte's packet, was sent back with a verbal answer, of which it is understood that the purport was, to desire him to take no steps until it should be determined what was expedient to be done; it is added, that the message contained an assurance that, in the meantime, no steps should be taken against him for his past offences against the laws of the United States.

At the expiration of the time agreed on with captain Locker, his ship appeared again on the coast with two others, and continued standing off and on before the pass for several days.

Mr. Lafitte now wrote a second letter to Mr. Blanque, urging him to send him an answer and instructions. In the meantime he appeared not to perceive the return of the sloop of war, who, tired of waiting to no purpose, and mistrusting Mr. Lafitte's intentions, put out to sea, and disappeared.

About this time, Mr. Lafitte received information that instead of accepting his services, and endeavouring to take advantage of the confidence the British had in him, to secure the country against an invasion, and defeat all their projects, the constituted authorities were fitting out at New-Orleans a formidable expedition against Barataria. He then retired to the German coast, where, strictly adhering to the principles he had professed, he warned the inhabitants of the danger with which they were threatened from the means intended to be employed by the enemy.

About this time, there fell into Mr. Lafitte's hands an anonymous letter directed to a person in New-Orleans, the contents of which left no doubt as to the intentions of the British, and which is the more interesting, as all that is announced has since been fully verified.

Such are the particulars of the first attempt made by the British against Louisiana—an attempt in which they employed such unjustifiable arts, that it may fairly be inferred that the British government scruples not to descend to the basest means, when such appear likely to contribute to the attainment of its ends. Notwithstanding the solemn professions of respect for the persons and property of the inhabitants, so emphatically made in the proclamation of colonel Nicholls, we see that one of their chief reliance for the success of operations in Louisiana, was on the insurrection of the negroes. Is it not then evident from this, that the British were bent on the destruction of a country whose rivalry they feared in their colonial productions, and that the cabinet of St. James had determined to carry on a war of plunder and devastation against Louisiana?

In coming to Barataria, to endeavour to gain over the privateers to their interests, they acted consistently with their known principles, and on a calculation of probabilities; for it was an obvious presumption that a body of men proscribed in a country whose laws they had violated, reflecting on their precarious existence, would embrace so favourable an opportunity of recovering an erect attitude in society, by ranging themselves under the banners of a powerful nation. But this calculation of the British proved fallacious; and in this instance, as in every other, they found in every individual in Louisiana, an enemy to Britain, ever ready to take up arms against her; and those very men, whose aid they so confidently expected to obtain, signally proved throughout the campaign, particularly in the service of the batteries at Jackson's lines, that the agents of the British government had formed a very erroneous opinion of them.

BATTLE OF THE EIGHTH OF JANUARY.

I have mentioned above, that on the 6th we were informed that the enemy intended shortly to attack our lines; every thing, indeed, announced such a determination; but we were in doubt whether the attack on the left bank would be feint or real, or whether the enemy would not direct his principal force against general Morgan on the right bank. But in the afternoon of the 7th it became evident that the enemy's design was to attack Jackson's lines and attempt to storm them.

Though at so great a distance we could not distinctly see what was passing in the enemy's camp, we perceived that a great number of soldiers and sailors were at work, endeavouring to move something very unwieldy, which we concluded to be artillery. With the assistance of a telescope in the upper apartment of head-quarters, we perceived soldiers on Laronde's plantation, busy in making fascines, while others were working on pieces of wood, which we concluded must be scaling ladders. The picket guards near the wood had moreover been increased and stationed nearer each other. Officers of the staff were seen riding about the fields of Laronde's, Bienvenu's and Chalmet's plantations, and stopping at the different posts to give orders. Finally, on the 7th, shortly after night-fall, we distinctly heard men at work in the enemy's different batteries; the strokes of hammers gave "note of preparation," and resounded even within our lines; and our outposts informed us that the enemy was re-establishing his batteries: his guards were reinforced about sunset, probably with a view to cover the movements of the troops. In our camp all was composure; the officers were ordered to direct their subalterns to be ready on the first signal. Half the troops passed the night behind the breastwork, relieving each other occasionally. Every one waited for day with anxiety and impatience, but with calm intrepidity, expecting to be vigorously attacked, and knowing that the enemy had then from twelve to fifteen thousand bayonets to bring into action, besides two thousand sailors and some marines.

A little before daybreak, our outposts came in without noise, having perceived the enemy moving forward in great force.

At last the dawn of day discovered to us the enemy occupying two thirds of the space between the wood and the Mississippi. Immediately a Congreve rocket went off from the skirt of the wood, in the direction of the river. This was the signal for the attack. At the same instant, the twelve-pounder of battery No. 6, whose gunners had perceived the enemy's movement, discharged a shot. On this all his troops gave three cheers, formed in close column of about sixty men in front, in very good order, and advanced nearly in the direction of battery No. 7, the men shouldering their muskets, and all carrying fascines, and some with ladders. A cloud of rockets preceded them, and continued to fall in showers during the whole attack. Batteries Nos. 6, 7, and 8, now opened an incessant fire on the column, which continued to advance in pretty good order, until, in a few minutes, the musketry of the troops of Tennessee and Kentucky, joining their fire with that of the artillery, began to make an impression on it, which soon threw it into confusion. It was at that moment that was heard that constant rolling fire, whose tremendous noise resembled rattling peals of thunder. For some time the British officers succeeded in animating the courage of their troops, and making them advance, obliqueing to the left, to avoid the fire of battery No. 7, from which every discharge opened the column, and mowed down whole files, which were almost instantaneously replaced by new troops coming up close after the first: but these also shared the same fate, until at last, after twenty-five minutes continual firing, through which a few platoons advanced to the edge of the ditch, the column entirely broke, and part of the troops dispersed, and ran to take shelter among the bushes on the right. The rest retired to the ditch where they had been first perceived, four hundred yards from our lines.

There the officers with some difficulty rallied their troops, and again drew them up for a second attack, the soldiers

having laid down their knapsacks at the edge of the ditch, that they might be less incumbered.

And now, for the second time, the column, recruited with the troops that formed the rear, advanced. Again it was received with the same rolling fire of musketry and artillery, till, having advanced without much order very near our lines, it at last broke again, and retired in the utmost confusion. In vain did the officers now endeavour as before to revive the courage of their men; to no purpose did they strike them with the flat of their swords, to force them to advance: they were insensible to every thing but danger, and saw nothing but death which had struck so many of their comrades.

The attack on our lines had hardly begun, when the British commander-in-chief, the honourable sir Edward Packenham, fell a victim to his own intrepidity, while endeavouring to animate his troops with ardour for the assault. Soon after his fall, two other generals, Keane and Gibbs, were carried off the field of battle, dangerously wounded. A great number of officers of rank had fallen: the ground over which the column had marched, was strewed with the dead and the wounded. Such slaughter on their side, with no loss on ours, spread consternation through their ranks, as they were convinced of the impossibility of carrying our lines, and saw that even to advance was certain death. In a word, notwithstanding the repeated efforts of some officers to make the troops form a third time, they would not advance, and all that could be obtained from them, was to draw them up in the ditch, where they passed the rest of the day.

Some of the enemy's troops had advanced into the wood towards the extremity of our line, to make a false attack, or to ascertain whether a real one were practicable. These the troops under general Coffee no sooner perceived, than they opened on them a brisk fire with their rifles which quickly made them retire. The greater part of those who, on the column's being repulsed, had taken shelter in the thickets, only escaped our batteries to be killed by our musketry. During the whole hour that the attack lasted, our fire did not

slacken for a single moment; and it seemed as though the artillery and musketry vied with each other in vivacity.

When the column first advanced to the attack, the troops partly moved forward along the skirt of the wood, which in that part forms a curve, and were by that means covered till they came within two hundred yards of our lines. After the attack on our left had commenced, the enemy made a column advance on the right by the road, and between the river and the levee. This column precipitately pushing forward, drove in our out-posts, following them so closely that it came up to the unfinished redoubt before we could fire on it more than two discharges of our cannon. A part of the column leaped into the ditch, and got into the redoubt through the embrasures, and over the parapet, overpowering with their numbers the few men they found there: others advancing along the brink of the river, killed the soldiers of the 7th, who bravely defended their post at the point of the bayonet, against a number much superior, and continually increasing.

To get into the redoubt was not a very arduous achievement: the difficulty was to maintain possession of it, and clear the breastwork of the intrenchment in the rear of the redoubt, which still remained to be attacked. Already several British officers, though wounded, were bravely advancing, to encourage their men by their example.

Colonel Renee, followed by two other officers of high rank, had begun to mount the breastwork, when the gallant volunteer riflemen under captain Beale, who defended the head of the line, made them all find their graves in that redoubt which they had mastered with so much gallantry. Meanwhile, captain Humphrey's battery No. 1, lieutenant Norris's No. 2, and the 7th regiment, which was the only one within musket shot, kept up a tremendous fire on that column, which, like that on the left, was obliged to fall back in disorder, leaving the road, the levee, and the brink of the river, strewed with its dead and wounded.

The enemy had opened the fire of the battery which he erected on the road on the 28th of December, as also of that

erected on the first of January, behind the demolished buildings of Chalmet's plantation. The fire was at first very brisk, and was principally directed against Macarty's house, in hopes that the general and his staff might still be there; but to the enemy's disappointment, the general and all the officers had repaired to their post on the lines, long before daybreak. The only mischief done by that prodigious expense of balls and shells, was that major Chotard, assistant adjutant-general, received a contusion in his shoulder, and four or five pillars of the house were knocked down. Our batteries Nos. 2, 3, and 4, principally directed their fire against those of the enemy, and dismounted several of the guns erected near Chalmet's buildings. Battery No. 1, after having poured a shower of grape-shot on the enemy's troops as they retreated, turned its fire against his battery which was opposite to it, and in less than two hours, forced the men to evacuate it. The marine battery on the right bank, also fired on the enemy's column as it advanced along the brink of the river, until the troops which landed on the right bank, pushed forward, and obliged the seamen who served it to attend to their own defence.

By half after eight in the morning, the fire of the musketry had ceased. The whole plain on the left, as also the side of the river, from the road to the edge of the water, was covered with the British soldiers who had fallen. About four hundred wounded prisoners were taken, and at least double that number of wounded men escaped into the British camp; and what might perhaps appear incredible, were there not many thousands ready to attest the fact, is that a space of ground, extending from the ditch of our lines to that on which the enemy drew up his troops, two hundred and fifty yards in length, by about two hundred in breadth, was literally covered with men, either dead or severely wounded. About forty men were killed in the ditch, up to which they had advanced, and about the same number were there made prisoners. The artillery of our lines kept up a fire against the enemy's batteries and troops until two o'clock in the afternoon. By the disposition

of his troops, the enemy appeared to apprehend lest we should make a sortie, and attack him in his camp. The soldiers were drawn up in the ditches, in several parallel lines, and all those who had been slightly wounded, as soon as their wounds were dressed, were sent to join their corps, to make their number of effective men appear the greater, and show a firm countenance. The enemy's loss on the left bank, in the affair of the 8th of January, was immense, considering the short duration of the contest, the ground, and the respective number of the contending forces. According to the most probable accounts, it cannot have amounted to less than three thousand men, in killed, wounded, and prisoners. The number of officers who fell that day is a much greater loss in proportion, owing to the necessity they were under of exposing themselves in the brunt of the battle, to encourage the men, and lead them on to the desperate assault. Our loss was comparatively inconsiderable, amounting to no more than thirteen, in killed and wounded, on the left bank of the Mississippi.

I deem it my indispensable duty to do justice to the intrepid bravery displayed in that attack by the British troops, especially by the officers. If any thing was wanting towards the attack's being conducted with judgment (speaking in a general and military point of view) it was, in my opinion, that they did not in the onset sacrifice the regularity of their movements to promptitude and celerity. The column marched on with the ordinary step, animating their courage with huzzas, instead of pushing on with fixed bayonets, *au pas de charge*. But it is well known that agility is not the distinctive quality of British troops. Their movement is in general sluggish and difficult, steady, but too precise, or at least more suitable for a pitched battle, or behind intrenchments, than for an assault. The British soldiers showed, on this occasion, that it is not without reason they are said to be deficient in agility. The enormous load they had to carry contributed indeed not a little to the difficulty of their movement. Besides their knapsacks, usually weighing nearly thirty pounds, and

their musket too heavy by at least one third, almost all of them had to carry a fascine from nine to ten inches in diameter, and four feet long, made of sugar canes perfectly ripe, and consequently very heavy, or a ladder from ten to twelve feet long.

The duty of impartiality incumbent on him who relates military events, obliges me to observe that the attack made on Jackson's lines, by the British, on the 8th of January, must have been determined on by their generals, without any consideration of the ground, the weather, or the difficulties to be surmounted, before they could storm lines defended by militia indeed, but by militia whose valour they had already witnessed, with soldiers bending under the weight of their load, when a man, unincumbered and unopposed, would that day have found it difficult to mount our breastwork at leisure, and with circumspection, so extremely slippery was the soil. Yet those officers had had time and abundant opportunity to observe the ground on which the troops were to act. Since their arrival on the banks of the Mississippi, they had sufficiently seen the effects of rainy weather to form a just idea of the difficulty their troops must have experienced, in climbing up our intrenchments, even had the column been suffered to advance, without opposition, as far as the ditch. But they were blinded by their pride. The vain presumption of their superiority, and their belief that the raw militia of Kentucky and Tennessee, who now for the first time had issued from their fields, could not stand before the very sight of so numerous a body of regular troops advancing to attack them, made them disregard the admonition of sober reason. Had they at all calculated on the possibility of resistance, they would have adopted a different plan of attack, which, however, I am far from thinking would have been ultimately successful.

It has been repeated, that division prevailed in a council of war, and that admiral Cochrane, combating the opinion of general Packenham, who, with more judgment, was for making the main attack on the right bank, boasted that he would un-

dertake to storm our lines with two thousand sailors, armed only with swords and pistols. I know not how far this report may deserve credit, but if the British commander-in-chief was so unmindful of what he owed his country, who had committed to his prudence the lives and honours of several thousands of her soldiers, as to yield to the ill-judged and rash advice of the admiral, his memory will be loaded with the heavy charge of having sacrificed reason in a moment of irritation, though he atoned with his life for having acted contrary to his own judgment.

But to return to the attack on our lines. I cannot forbear to mention a fact, which fully proves the truth of my assertion in the beginning of this narrative, that the British had come to America to carry on war in the spirit of atrocity, determined to employ all means whatever to shed American blood, and glut their rage against us.

As soon as the wrecks of the British column had disappeared, the fire of our musketry ceased, and our artillery only fired at intervals at the enemy's batteries, or at scattered platoons that were perceived in the wood. At this time, men from all our different corps, prompted merely by sentiments of humanity, went, of their own accord, to assist the wounded British, to give them drink, and carry them (as they did several on their backs) within our lines. All our troops unanimously applauded the humane sentiments of those brave men, whose dauntless hearts were grieved to behold the slaughter of the day, and in their wounded enemy saw but their suffering fellow creature.

But, with horror I record the atrocity! while they were in the very act of administering consolation—while they were carrying the wounded British—the troops that were in the ditch (in front of our lines) fired on them, and killed and wounded some men. Yet the others, regardless of the danger to which they exposed themselves, persevered in their laudable purpose. This instance of baseness may have proceeded from individuals; nor can it be presumed that the men

were ordered to fire by any officer of rank. The known tenour of general Lambert's honourable and soldierly conduct, sets the commander-in-chief far above the suspicion of his being capable of such atrocity. But the officers who commanded the troops in the ditch, within musket-shot of the men fired on, cannot allege that they misconceived the intention of our men, most of them being unarmed, and assisting the wounded. They were near enough to see their actions, and seeing these, they could not possibly misconceive their motives. Upon a full view of this fact then, whatever reluctance we may feel, in branding with infamy military men whose actions should ever be directed by honour—men, amongst whom there were perhaps several who wore the honourable decorations of valour and good conduct, we cannot forbear to give them the appellation of barbarians. The private soldiers cannot be reproached with this atrocious act; the guilt of it rests solely with those who commanded them.

After having perused, with pleasing sensations, the recital of the brilliant defence made by our troops on the left bank, every American whose bosom glows with the love of his country, must learn with pain the contrast exhibited in what took place on the right, the consequences of which were likely to have been so disastrous, that even now my mind shudders at the recollection of that moment, when, seeing our troops on the right bank fall back in disorder, while the enemy was rapidly advancing towards the city, all of us who were at Jackson's lines, were suddenly hurried from the transporting joy of victory to the fear of shortly seeing all its advantages wrested from our grasp.

ON BANKS AND PAPER CURRENCY.

The History of a little Frenchman and his Bank Notes. Rags! Rags! Rags! Philadelphia: Published for the author, by Edward Earle.

PROPERTY is the chief pillar of civilized society: to render it firm and secure is one of the great objects of legitimate

government.—The wants of men compel them to barter one kind of property for another, or property for labour; and to effect this exchange with convenience, some common measure of value becomes indispensable.

The value of a thing is its desirableness: it depends upon the difficulty of obtaining it, and upon the wants, opinions, feelings, and caprice of those who wish to possess it.

To measure and compare the value of things is the purpose of money: but that which is to express the value of all things ought not itself to be liable to variation. A perfect money should be an unchangeable standard. No such standard, however, has yet, or probably ever will be found. The precious metals, which, by the general consent of mankind, have in all ages served as money, are themselves subject to fluctuation in value, from their scarcity or abundance. The immense produce of the mines of South America has, in the course of a few centuries, greatly diminished the value of gold and silver throughout the world: but this diminution being slow and gradual, occasioned very little inconvenience in commercial transactions. These metals, approximating more nearly than any other article to the desired standard of value, are therefore the fittest instruments for current money. They have this advantage over any merely local currency, that while they serve as the medium of commerce, they constitute a real portion of the national wealth. Their value being universal, they may be exported, and advantageously disposed of in every country. To this circumstance it is owing that no local depreciation of specie can be lasting, unless its exportation be prohibited. Were two or three hundred millions of dollars to be suddenly imported into the United States, there would be, for some time, a considerable depreciation of specie, which would manifest itself in the increased prices of commodities and labour: but the inconvenience would be of short duration. The exportation of the redundant coin to those countries in which it was less plenty and in greater demand, would soon restore the equilibrium.

We use the phrase "depreciation of money," although it is not, perhaps, strictly correct. That which forms the *price* of all things, cannot, it is said, be itself *depreciated*.—But its convertible value may undoubtedly be diminished. It is an indisputable fact, that certain notes which have served and been recognized by public authority as current money, have diminished in the value which could be obtained for them in the proportion of fifty or a hundred to one. To express this diminution of convertible value, the word depreciation is used. It is thus generally and very clearly understood: it is an abridgment of a periphrasis convenient for discourse; and we do not therefore think it should be relinquished through mere philological fastidiousness.

In circumstances of great embarrassment, governments have often substituted paper money for specie. The public exigencies, and the facility of creating such money, have almost always occasioned it to be issued in too great abundance: its depreciation, of course, kept pace with the excess, until it became of little or no value.

The fate of bank money has seldom been so disastrous. The first banks were established in commercial towns: they were merely banks of deposit for the safe keeping of money, and for facilitating commercial payments. The merchant deposited his money in them, received an equivalent credit in the bank books, and made his payments by drafts, the amount of which was transferred to the credit of the holders. By this means he avoided the risk of keeping in his coffers large sums of coin; which, from its small bulk, its general currency, and the difficulty of identifying it, is more easily stolen and disposed of than any other property: he avoided also the risk of base coin and of errors in calculation, and saved the time which paying in metallic money requires. From these advantages, it almost always happened, that a credit in bank, or bank money, as it was called, was preferred to an equal amount in specie. The difference in value between these was termed the *agio* of the bank, which sometimes rose to four and

five per cent: and hence it followed that coin deposited in these banks was seldom withdrawn; the credit founded upon the coin being so much better than the coin itself. The only benefit derived by the banks from these operations, was the small per centage paid them for taking care of the deposited cash, and keeping the accounts of the transfers.—Such were the banks of Venice, Amsterdam, Rotterdam, and Hamburg.

Other banks were established with considerable capital, for the purpose of lending money at interest, as well as of affording, like the former ones, secure places of deposit. The loans were usually made on the security of promissory notes and bills of exchange, on the amount of which a reasonable discount was allowed; and hence these banks were denominated “banks of deposit and discount.” A further facility was soon given by them to commercial transactions. They issued their own notes, payable on demand, with which, payments and remittances could be made more conveniently than with specie, or even with bank credits. At first it is probable that the notes thus issued did not exceed the amount of the cash kept by the bank for the purpose of redeeming them, when presented for payment. But in the course of time it appeared that so great was the confidence of the public in these institutions, that the cash was seldom called for, the bank notes being considered equally safe, and more commodious. All great payments were now made by the merchants, the principal customers of the banks, either in those notes, or in bank credits, by means of checks; so that little more specie was demanded of the banks than what was requisite for small current expenses. The directors of these establishments would naturally deem it unwise to let so much specie remain unemployed in their vaults. They would lay it out in the purchase of public stock, or other securities yielding interest, and easily convertible into cash upon an emergency. And they would increase their discounts and consequently their issues of notes as far as their credit and their opinion of their own security would allow. To this they would be

strongly induced by the desire of augmenting the profits of their capital,—the agreeable courtship and solicitation with which they would be entertained by persons desirous of extending their commercial speculations,—the high consideration which a liberal exercise of the power of the purse would confer upon them,—the disposition to accommodate their own friends and customers, and perhaps by a sincere belief, that, in thus extending private credit, they were stimulating useful industry and enterprise, and promoting the best interests of their country. Banks of this kind have been distinguished by the name of “banks of circulation.” Their notes nearly superseded specie, and served in its stead as the circulating medium: and such has been the public confidence in them, that the amount of their notes and credits has been often from five to ten times greater than that of the coin in their coffers. By these means the money market is easily accommodated to the demands of commerce; though the money itself, by the increase of its quantity, must suffer some depreciation.

While peace and prosperity continue, there is little danger in these banking operations, provided they are conducted with probity and skill. The liability of the banks to pay with specie on demand, will generally be a sufficient check upon them. But when great embarrassments in public affairs take place; when invasion or rebellion appears, or is even greatly dreaded, the general confidence is shaken. The creditors of the bank, apprehensive of the worst, demand payment; its specie is soon exhausted, and it is obliged to violate its engagements. A depreciation of its notes, even if they continue current in the place where they are issued, is the necessary consequence: for few will be willing to give so much for a local as for a universal representative of value. Yet, if the affairs of the bank have been prudently managed, it may still maintain a considerable degree of credit. Its notes are still supported by the commercial notes for which they have been exchanged, and by its remaining capital.

The bank of England, the most remarkable of these institutions, and that which has served as the model of the banks of the United States, proceeded in the manner we have described, until, from various political and commercial embarrassments, it was compelled to suspend its payments. For some years afterwards its notes continued, with but little real depreciation, to be the circulating medium of Great Britain. Its loans were cautious, and its issues moderate. But the precious metals, being no longer requisite as instruments of barter, were exported to countries where they were more in demand, and consequently bore a higher convertible value. The place of the exported coin was supplied by an increased emission of bank notes: their depreciation with respect to coin necessarily kept augmenting; so that the legislature was obliged to interfere, and at last to make them, in effect, a legal tender.

The paper currency, thus temporarily established, served so well, and maintained its credit so far, that it became a question with some political economists whether it might not be permanently preserved. The principal argument urged in favour of paper money is, that it is a much less costly instrument of commerce than the precious metals; that the latter may thus be *wholly* employed as active commercial capital; and that all the profit arising from it is so much gained by the substitution of a paper for a metallic currency. This statement, which has been adopted from Adam Smith by all the advocates of paper money, is by no means correct. A paper currency like ours is itself an expensive article. Its cost to the community consists of the value of the labour and capital appropriated to its manufacture and circulation.—In this estimate, however, that part only of the capital of banks which remains inactive in their possession is to be taken into account: for all the rest we may presume will be profitably employed.—When, therefore, we consider the number of our banking companies, the value of their buildings, the sums they pay to engravers, paper-makers, clerks, and other per-

sons engaged in their service, and the profits arising from all that portion of their paper money, which is not represented by specie, and whose currency is a gratuity bestowed by public opinion, we shall find that there is a large deduction to be made from the profit gained by employing specie as a commercial capital, before we can truly state the advantage of substituting paper money in its stead.

It is doubted by many whether this advantage will compensate the risks attending such a currency. Paper money seems to have a natural proneness to depreciate. When the check on the issuing of it, arising from the obligation to redeem it with specie, or some other article of acknowledged value, is taken away, the temptation to issue too much of it can hardly be resisted. The directors of the banks wish to increase their dividends; the merchants are anxious to extend their business; and the unprincipled speculators, contemplating an increasing depreciation, are keen for purchasing as much real property as possible, with a view of selling it at a profit, or of paying for it, if obtained on credit, with a deteriorated medium. The evils of a currency of augmenting depreciation are in fact enormous—the diminution of credit—the destruction of confidence—a general propensity for gambling speculations, and for extravagant and dissolute expenditure—contracts from day to day impaired in their obligations—good faith scandalously violated—swindling openly committed, not only with impunity, but according to law—good morals and public prosperity shaken to their foundation. These are not imaginary calamities. Many persons now living in this country have felt them severely. To prevent the recurrence of such evils by a timely warning to the public, is the professed and praiseworthy purpose of the very vigorous and sprightly production we are about to review.

The author in the outset gives an agreeable interest to the dry though important subject he has chosen, by introducing the discussion of it with the following humorous little story:

“ Travelling lately in the stage from the south, I fell in company with a little Frenchman of rather singular appearance and dress, who, contrary to the characteristic of his good-humoured nation, seemed animated by an inveterate propensity to grumble at every thing. He never paid or received money without a vast deal of shrugging up of his shoulders and other tokens of dissatisfaction, and whenever he handled a bank note, eyed it with a look of most sovereign contempt. He talked English tolerably well, except he was in a passion, when he sputtered French unutterably. His complexion and dress denoted him to be of the West Indies—the first being a sort of mahogany colour, and the latter as follows, as nearly as I can recollect. His hat was exceedingly high-crowned, and his little pigtail *queue* dangled from under it, like a rat’s tail. He had rings in his ears—a coat with long skirts—cut nearly to a point, and reaching to his ancles—a white dimity waistcoat, and breeches, with gold buttons: and he wore a watch with a chain and trinkets that reached half way down to his knee. His appearance, dress, and above all, his ill humour, excited my curiosity, and induced me to inquire into his history. The second day, having got a little acquainted, he let me into the secret of his dissatisfaction.

“ It seems the little man had arrived from Cuba, with about eight thousand dollars in gold, which by way of *security* he lodged in one of the banks at Savannah.—When he came to demand his money, he was told they did not pay specie, and he must therefore take bank notes or nothing. Being an entire stranger, and ignorant of the depreciation of paper money, arising from the refusal to pay specie, and from the erection of such an infinite number of petty banks in every obscure village without capital or character, he took the worthless rags and began his journey northward. Every step he proceeded his money grew worse and worse, and he was now travelling on to Boston with the full conviction that by the time he got there he should be a beggar. It was in Philadelphia that he told me this story. “ Diable!” exclaimed he as he concluded—“ your banks ought to be called bankrupts—not one of them can pay their debts—or *will* pay them, which is the same thing—yet they pretend to make a distinction between the notes of one bankrupt and the notes of another.” “ Voila,” said

he, holding up a parcel of ragged dirty bills, pregnant with filth and disease—‘Voila—it is like making a difference between the rags of one beggar and the rags of another.’ There was so much truth in all this that I did not care to deny his position.

“Proceeding on our journey we stopped at Bristol, about twenty miles from Philadelphia. The little Frenchman took something to drink at the tavern, and offered a bill issued by the landlord of the hotel where we staid in the latter city, who, it seems, in order to be in the fashion, had also commenced banker among the rest. This note his brother landlord in Bristol refused to receive in payment. The little Frenchman, not understanding the distinction made by a discerning public, between the rags of one bankrupt and those of another, now gave himself up for a ruined man, supposing that he had at last got to the extreme verge of the circulation of his bank notes. He seemed to behold the spectre poverty full before him, and to contemplate his gold buttons, that I dare say had descended down to him through several generations, as a last resource against starvation. He looked at me for consolation, with such a disconsolate shrug, such a glance of absolute despair, as would have touched the heart even of a bank director.

“As well as I could, I explained to him the difference between a tavern-keeper’s note and a bank note, and comforted him with the assurance that by the time he arrived in Boston, provided he met with tolerably honest brokers, his stock of notes would not be diminished more than fifty per cent. The little man drew from his waistcoat pocket a great gold snuff-box, opened it with extreme deliberation, took a long despairing pinch of snuff, and heaved the heaviest sigh I ever heard from one of his countrymen.

“‘Monsieur,’ said he, ‘does the legislature of your country permit this system of swindling, this inhospitable custom, which falls so heavily on the traveller and stranger, to pass without censure or punishment? Is the privilege of coining money, one of the highest attributes of sovereignty, permitted thus to be exercised by bankrupts, and tavern-keepers, whose notes will either not pass at all, or pass under a depreciation, which increases in a ratio with the distance you are from the place of emission? In all civilized countries the counterfeiting of a circulating medium is severely punished. And where is the difference, whether a man

imposes upon me a fictitious note, or a note that he knows will not command the value expressed on the face of it? The one indeed is forgery, the other rank imposition, but the offence to the individual, and the injury to society is of the same nature.'

" 'But,' said I, 'it is supposed that every body knows the value of every species of bank paper, as well as the credit of every individual who issues notes, and to be ignorant of such things, is only to suffer those consequences which naturally spring from ignorance in every circumstance and situation of life.'

" 'With merchants,' he replied, 'whose business it is to make themselves acquainted with the course of exchange, the value of money, and the credit of individuals, ignorance of these things may indeed be blameable. I however am no merchant, but a stranger visiting your country, with objects having no connexion with trade, and my first experience is that of imposition, practised by public institutions as well as private individuals, upon strangers, and apparently sanctioned by the government. I have been taught, sir, that the first duty of a government is protection to its citizens; the second, and one not less solemn, to guard the rights, the feelings, and property of the stranger.'

" 'And yet sir,' answered I, 'it would seem to be an unwarrantable interference with the rights of the citizen, or an association of citizens, to restrict them from making that use of the credit they have in society which seems to be warranted by usages that are analogous. All persons are allowed to issue notes of hand in the common course of business, which pass according to the degree of credit enjoyed by the maker, and where is the difference between issuing a piece of paper, payable at some distant period, and one payable at sight? Government cannot interfere with the credit of the citizen, nor prescribe limits to public confidence in any circulating medium.' "

After some further conversation on these topics, the travellers set out for Brunswick, and the author thus continues his lively narration:

" We now arrived at Brunswick, where we slept, taking the steam-boat the next morning for New York. In paying my bill, I received from the master of the house some notes, which, when I offered them in the steam-boat, I found had depreciated three or

four per cent, within a distance of one mile. At this rate, thought I, before I get to New York they will be worth nothing.—So I called for plenty of wine at dinner, in order that my money might not be lost. There was a genteel looking man who sat at table with us, and was very civil. But as soon as my companion discovered he was a bank director, I thought he would have eaten him up. He eyed him with infinite contempt—turned up his nose with a most petulant curl—took snuff at him with a look of most tremendous hostility—and repeated to himself—‘*Quel f——!*’

“At New York the little Frenchman got specie, and bills of exchange on Boston for his bank notes, at a discount, I think, of twenty-two per cent; for nothing could induce him to touch any more of the ‘dirty rags,’ which was the only name he condescended to call them by. ‘*Ah monsieur,*’ said he, ‘I don’t know what I have done to be thus murdered by cent per cent.—but, a bon chien il ne vient jamais un bon os.’ I now see ‘*le dessous des cartes,*’ and shall take care how I am caught again.”

“I comforted him by showing how he could retrieve all his losses, by turning about when he had finished his business at Boston, and *shaving* his way back to Savannah, by which means he would turn the tables upon them all. He was delighted with this idea, shook hands with me in high glee, and I never saw him more.

“The case of this poor stranger, as well as the vexations I myself suffered, from the petty obstacles and constant inconveniencies arising from the depreciation of paper, the diversity in its value, and the difficulty of avoiding impositions in paying and receiving, insensibly drew me on to consider the causes of these extensive evils from which no individual of the community is exempt. I traced them at once to the stoppage, or bankruptcy, to give it its plain and simplest name, of those institutions which, while they refuse to pay their debts, continue to increase their amount for aught we know, and instead of honourably setting about repairing the injuries they have already inflicted on society, are every day adding to their increase. All the interested ingenuity of modern financiers, can never argue people into a belief of what their daily experience demonstrates to be false, or convince them that a paper dollar is equal to a silver one, when they see the banks hoard-

ing up the latter, and scattering about the former, as if the one was invaluable, and the other worth nothing.

“True, the extremity of the evil will cure itself, it is said, and truly it is a marvellous consolation. It would be better however, I think, if it could be cured before it comes to the extreme, before the bubble becomes a water spout, and drowns us when it bursts. When I see institutions springing up every where, without charters, without respectability, without responsibility, and without capital, issuing and circulating millions of dollars in rags; when I see individuals without character commencing bankers, and passing bank notes, where they cannot pass their word or their bond; and when I see chartered banks refusing to pay their legal debts in legal money, *dividing nine or ten per cent on the amount of their stock*, which they can only do by dispensing every day an enormous amount of bank notes, which they cannot or will not pay, I think it is time for prudent men to take care of themselves. I think it high time for the farmer to consider whether he will sell the fruits of his labour for rags, which now only derive their value from the credulous folly of the people. Admit for a moment that the public, as will most assuredly be the case ere long, become jealous of these notes, every one will then be anxious to get rid of them, or to convert them into substantial wealth. You cannot get any thing for them at the banks but rags, and if you sue them, you may levy upon their signs, and counters, and desks, but will get nothing more.”

It has been questioned whether the alleged depreciation of bank notes exists, except in the relation between them and specie.—The precious metals may certainly become so scarce, and the demand for what remains, as an article of export, so great, as considerably to augment its value, although the notes given for it might still maintain their full nominal value in exchange for all other articles. The fairest mode of estimating the actual depreciation of our paper money, is by comparing the present price of labour, and of the necessities and conveniences of life, (making first every due allowance for the additional taxes, for the state of the foreign markets, and other circumstances) with the price of the same articles when that

money was last convertible into specie. On this estimate we believe that the depreciation of bank notes, at least in the city of Philadelphia, is not so great as this writer supposes. The immense sums of specie which have been exported from the country during the long period of our commercial embarrassments, and of which but very little has yet returned, have necessarily rendered coin so scarce in comparison with the bank notes in circulation, that its present price cannot be deemed a true criterion of their general convertible value. Estimating them however on the most favourable principle, and with every reasonable allowance, we still apprehend that they are in fact considerably depreciated throughout all the states in which they have ceased to be convertible into specie. Their depreciation has probably arisen rather from the excessive issue, than from an opinion of the insecurity of the notes: for that part of the capital of the principal banks which consists of public stock has increased in value since the conclusion of the war; and that event cannot certainly have deteriorated the commercial securities on which their money is usually lent.

With respect to the utmost expedient extent of the issue of paper money, a dangerous error prevails. It is believed by some that the banks may safely lend as much as the borrowers have actual property to answer for.—Let us test this opinion by an extreme case. Suppose every proprietor in the United States were furnished with bank notes equal to the amount of his whole property. There would then be in circulation above thirty times more money than we should want. Every one would be anxious to dispose of his own surplus, and the whole mass would consequently become depreciated. The amount of the currency of any nation should not exceed the sum necessary to make payments for that portion of the national capital which is usually in commerce. A sum comparatively small with respect to that capital will be sufficient for that purpose; for the same money will serve for many payments; and by means of bills of exchange and other in-

struments of commercial credit, one debt is compensated by another. It should also be considered, that the high value often attributed to landed property is in part imaginary. It depends, in some measure, on the opinion of the stability of the government, the just administration of the laws, and the small proportion of such property likely to be offered for sale.

It is also an erroneous opinion that the interest demanded by the banks upon their loans will be an adequate check upon borrowers. The honest and the cautious indeed will borrow no more than they can properly and prudently employ; but the unprincipled, the extravagant, and even the sanguine and adventurous, will endeavour to borrow all they can obtain. In this view, the depreciation of the notes will not lessen the demand for them. They will be wanted whether they lose five, twenty, or fifty per cent, and the greater their depreciation the larger will be the amount requisite for any particular speculation: so that each new issue will increase the evil.

Our author's indignation is directed chiefly against the smaller and lately established banks; the suppression of which would, in his opinion, be a public benefit.

"The community," he observes, "may yet be saved millions by timely means to destroy the wretched little institutions that have sprung up in consequence of the stoppage of their betters, and which, while they insolently refuse to give a currency to the paper issued by the government of the United States, expect us to put confidence in their own worthless rags. It is not long since the paper currency of Germany was taken up at one third its value, and that one third paid in a new emission of paper money. A few years since the Danish government made an issue of small paper bills, which would not pay for the paper, printing, and engraving. There are numerous instances in the history of every nation in Europe, of the consequences of issuing paper money, after it has ceased to be the representative of specie, and if any more is wanting, let us remember CONTINENTAL MONEY. If

such has been the case with established governments, is it to be supposed that the catastrophe will not happen to associations of few individuals; or that the faith of a government is not at least equal to the faith of associations that have already refused to fulfil their engagements a thousand times?

“It is certainly a matter of infinite surprise at first view, that people should put such confidence in the notes of banks without charter or capital, and at the same moment refuse to accord it to the paper sanctioned by the government. But on reflection we perceive at once, that this is owing to the arts of a combination of interested individuals, who endeavour to destroy the credit of that paper whose circulation would interfere with that of their own institutions. This is the true secret of the apparent absurdity of placing a greater reliance on the credit of institutions which have already refused to pay their debts according to the tenor of their contract with the public, than on that of a government of infinite resources, and possessing domains a thousand times more extensive than were ever enjoyed by any state or potentate that ever existed.”

It may be remarked from these extracts, that this bold and dashing writer does not allow himself time to make any accurate calculations, or even to notice some very important distinctions. Before he described the notes of our banks as “worthless rags,”*—pieces of fine paper with pretty pictures engraved on them,—he should have inquired whether those banks possessed any property, or whether it was likely they would give their notes away, or lend them to notorious cheats or insolvents. He would have found that the capitals of at least our principal city banks, consist chiefly of public stock, whose value is now indisputable; and that such is the caution of their directors, that no other lenders make so few bad debts. In his comparison between the paper money of governments and bank money, he has overlooked the most remarkable circumstances by which they are distinguished from each other.—When governments create a paper currency,

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there is hardly any other check on its issue but their own discretion. They cannot be sued; and as this paper money is usually the only financial resource in times of danger, it is seldom safe to investigate its depreciation. To instruct the public as to the danger attending this money, is to impede its circulation, and is therefore considered as an offence (sometimes amounting to treason) against the commonwealth. The directors of this mint are above control. The delusion respecting it will therefore continue until its coinage becomes worthless. But the notes of such banks as ours are on a very different footing. Their directors, notwithstanding their great influence, may be censured or sued without ceremony, especially by those who are not engaged in trade. Of this the pamphlet before us is a proof. It is indeed one of the few privileges of an author in most countries not to dread the displeasure of bank directors. These gentlemen stand, like any other class of our citizens, under the inspection of the people and the authority of the government. But the most material distinction between the paper money of most governments and bank notes is in their respective securities. Government paper money seldom has any other security than the taxes mortgaged for its redemption. But these taxes are previously and necessarily pledged for the defence of the country, and the support of its political establishments. The claims for these objects precede and must be preferred to all others. No more, therefore, than the surplus—if there be any—of the public revenue can be spared to the creditors of the state: and if this be insufficient to pay them, they have no remedy whatever, and no consolation but hope or patience. But the notes of banks—besides being generally received in payment of taxes, when their directors maintain a good understanding with government—are further supported, as we have already observed, by the property for which they are exchanged, and by the capitals of the banks which issue them. From hence it has arisen that such notes have often been preferred to government securities. In England the

notes of the national bank, before they were made a legal tender, could command five per cent interest, when the government exchequer bills, which bore the same interest, were much below par; and in our own country, during the late war, the treasury notes, which were receivable for federal taxes, and bore an interest of upwards of five per cent, were depreciated sometimes from eight to ten per cent below bank notes, which bore no interest whatever, and were not convertible into specie. The difference in their value did not arise from disaffection to the government, nor from what our author calls the insolence of the banks, but from the circumstances we have just stated, and in some degree, no doubt, from an apprehension of the disastrous events which the continuance of the war might occasion.

In the following passage, which is the conclusion of the pamphlet, the writer thus sums up his opinions, and gives his advice:

“Such is the present state and future prospect of the banking institutions, and the people who have permitted them to increase to such a fearful degree. The evils which will even now attend the bursting of this paper balloon, are such that I almost shrink from this attempt to accelerate the catastrophe. My apology must be that the catastrophe must certainly happen, and will be fatal in proportion as it is delayed by expedients that will only increase the tremendous explosion. The sooner it happens then the better. Every day, nay every hour, and every minute, new banks spring into a worthless, a pernicious existence; the quantity of ragged notes is even on the increase, and the delay of a moment may hereafter involve the ruin of thousands. Ere then it is too late to outlive the ruin, to weather and survive the storm. I warn the people of the United States, promptly and firmly to stand forth, and demand of their representatives to interfere in their behalf. If this is refused, let them with one impulse determine *to refuse all notes, except those of chartered banks, that agree to keep their faith with the public, by redeeming the faith they have pledged to the public. When paper money ceases to command specie, there never yet occurred an instance in which it*

did not immediately begin to depreciate; and whenever it began to depreciate, there never was an instance in which it did not continue to depreciate until it was worth nothing, unless its credit was redeemed by its again becoming the representative of specie. All the quackery of interested ingenuity operating on willing dupes, is insufficient to the task of propping up the patched credit of a parcel of pretty pictures engraved on fine paper. The grown up children will get tired of admiring what, they will at last find out, will not command a dinner, or keep them from poverty and rags. Let them look to it in time."

Here again the writer is incautious in his assertions. His statement that there never was an instance in which a depreciated paper money did not continue to depreciate until it was worth nothing, unless its credit was redeemed by its again becoming the representative of specie, is incorrect. The paper of the bank of England, whose history is very nearly that of our own banks, has varied in its depreciation during the last seven years, from three to thirty per cent, according to the state of commerce and political events. It fell with the triumphs and rose with the disasters of Bonaparte. For some months after the treaty of Paris, its value was on the increase: on the restoration of Napoleon it fell again, and since his second abdication it has risen almost to a par with specie. Yet it never was, at any time, during the period of these events, the representative of specie. It is not then unreasonable to expect that our bank notes may follow the fortunes of their prototypes in their advancement as well as in their depreciation.

From the best information we can obtain on the subject, we apprehend that the immediate redemption of our bank notes with specie, which our author recommends as the only means of safety, is not practicable. There is not probably in the whole united republic as much specie as would redeem one fourth part of the paper money now in circulation, or even of that amount of it which will be necessary for commerce, until its place can be supplied by some other medium. What then is to be done? Must the banks remain altogether unchecked in

their issues of notes? Is the discretion of their directors a sufficient security to the public? We think not. We cannot pay them a compliment which we refuse to all other persons. We cannot place unlimited confidence in their patriotism and integrity, while it is our duty to distrust and watch every other branch of the administration of public affairs, and guard against the misconduct of our rulers by every practicable precaution. The power of making money at discretion, if it could be bestowed, would, in the present state of society, make the possessor a despot. Fortunately, however, no such power can, in the nature of things, be granted. The convertible value of money depends on its comparative scarcity. When we make too much of it, the diminution of its value keeps pace with the excess; and the only consequence of the operation is that one part of the community is enabled for a time to defraud the other. To prevent this evil from extending further than it has already done, and gradually to remove it altogether, we shall suggest a plan for checking the banks, and securing their creditors; a plan which, if not adopted as a permanent system, may serve, at least, as an useful temporary expedient.

To maintain the public credit, and facilitate the means of public defence, the funding system has been established and continued in the United States. The funded debt of the nation necessarily occasioned a burden in the taxes levied to pay its annual interest and gradually reimburse the principal. But experience has proved that the weight of this burden is greatly diminished—if not quite compensated—by the benefits which this funded capital has produced. “Public funds,” says the able statesman and financier,* by whose advice ours were established, “answer the purpose of capital, from the estimation in which they are usually held by monied men; and consequently from the ease and despatch with which they can be turned into money. This capacity of prompt convertibility into money causes a transfer of stock to be, in a great

* General Hamilton.

number of cases, equivalent to a payment in coin; and where it does not happen to suit the party who is to receive to accept a transfer of stock, the party who is to pay is never at a loss to find elsewhere a purchaser of his stock, who will furnish him, in lieu of it, with the coin of which he stands in need. Hence, in a sound and settled state of the public funds, a man possessed of a sum in them, can embrace any scheme of business which offers, with as much confidence as if he were possessed of an equal sum in coin."

From this representation, the correctness of which is indisputable, it is evident, we think, that the public funds may render to the community a still more important service: that they may serve, in the absence of specie, as the basis, and support, and limit of a paper currency. The plan we would propose is, that the banks be obliged, until they can resume their specie payments, to pay the holders of their notes to a certain amount (not less, perhaps, than a hundred dollars) in six per cent stock *at par*, or when below that rate, at the usual selling price, as the same should from time to time be publicly announced by competent authority:—that of the commissioners of the sinking fund would probably be the least objectionable. This would be a certain check against the immoderate issue of paper money. The banks allege, and we believe with truth, that they cannot procure sufficient cash to fulfil their engagements. But they ought not to be at a loss to obtain funded stock enough for that purpose. Most of them possess considerable property in the funds, part of which they purchased at a low price. It has now risen in value, and they will therefore gain by paying their debts with it. Those banks which have not been so fortunate as to subscribe largely to the late loans, will find plenty of stock in the market, notwithstanding the demand for it in foreign countries. The Baltimore and district of Columbia banks are said to hold a large amount of the stock created during the late war; a stock which now sells in those places above *par*. Let the proposed convertibility be de-

clared, and their notes, now so much depreciated, will instantly become as valuable nearly as those of Philadelphia.

To this plan some objections will be made. You propose, it may be said, to fix the value of one thing by another of precisely the same kind: you offer six per cent stock at par, as the lowest standard value of bank notes, while the interest of that stock is paid with those very notes: your currency runs in a vitious circle. *Answer.* We contemplate that until payments in specie be resumed, the interest of the funded debt will be paid—not with a depreciated local currency, which would be highly injurious to the national creditors—but with treasury notes, current throughout the United States and bearing interest; notes which now bear a premium in most of the states, which are every where receivable for federal taxes, and are ultimately secured by the public lands. By these lands the capital as well as the interest of the national debt is amply secured, provided the union be maintained. Every dollar of that debt has several acres of good land for its support: and such is the real and recognized value of this stock, since the war, arising from the general opinion of the permanency of the union, the good faith of the government, and the extent of the public property pledged for its redemption, that it finds a ready sale at Amsterdam and London. Its value then is entirely independent of and distinct from that of our bank notes, and would not be lessened if not a bank existed. It may therefore serve, in our present circumstances, as the means of checking the emission of those notes, and preventing their further depreciation.

The treasury notes, not absorbed by taxes, should not be paid with depreciated bank notes, but renewed with other treasury notes, including the interest due. And no bank notes should be received for taxes but those of the banks which paid their debts with specie, treasury notes, or stock, according to the proposed arrangement. The different classes of the six per cent stock, when below par, might be rated according to their most usual comparative value.

Second objection. You propose as a standard of value that which is daily fluctuating. *Answer.* We propose the six per cent stock at par only as a standard to fix the *minimum* of the value of bank notes. Should that stock fall below par, those notes will still maintain their full value, being convertible, at the option of the holders, into the stock at its declared market price: so that one hundred dollars in those notes might be better, but could not be worse, than one hundred dollars of six per cent stock. The limitation of the six per cents at par, as their highest price in payment, is obviously requisite. For if they were payable at whatever price they might advance to above par, they would be like the remaining specie, merely an article of merchandise, and not a sufficient check against the depreciation of bank notes. Besides, we do not offer this standard, even at its par measure, as the best, but only as the most convenient substitute for the secure standard of the precious metals.

Third objection. You have stated that bank notes are better secured than government stock: how then can the latter uphold the credit of the former? *Answer.* During the war, the security of the banks was indeed preferred to that of the government. But now their relative value is reversed. Should the funds again fall to their former state of depression, the bank notes, if they do not gain much, will lose nothing by our plan; as they will be always convertible into stock, when below par, at its selling price. Even then this convertibility would be a check on the banks. They would not make too large issues of notes, as they would be thereby liable to part with their stock at a disadvantageous rate. Besides, the proposed convertibility, at a fixed general price, declared by impartial and responsible persons, would save the holders of bank notes, who might be desirous of purchasing stock, from the charges of brokerage, and the combinations of interested stockholders.

Fourth objection. The six per cents being now in many of the states above par, all the bank notes extant there would be immediately offered for payment. This would hurt their

banks, and deprive the public of their only circulating medium. *Answer.* The six per cents are, it is true, above par in the places alluded to, when compared with a depreciated currency; but not when compared with the present, or even with the late value of specie. The six per cents, not redeemable for a certain period, might rise and remain above par even in the good old times of doubloons and hard dollars; but the *now redeemable* six per cents, can never be for a long time really above par: for the government, as soon as they advanced to such a price, would either stipulate with the stockholders for a diminution of interest, or pay them, if they refused, with money borrowed at the market rate of interest. The bare fact that the redeemable six per cents continue above par in any state, proves irrefragably that the currency of that state is depreciated.

A large portion of the bank notes of every such state would indeed be immediately converted into this stock, if our plan were adopted. But the receivers of this stock, as well as the debtors of the banks, and all other debtors, must find money to pay their debts with, or their property may be put up to auction and sold. They must therefore either keep a sufficiency of notes for that purpose, or dispose of the stock they may have obtained in exchange for them. The only immediate effect of the contemplated operation, would be the absorption of all the bank notes in circulation beyond what commerce absolutely required. The remaining notes would instantly rise in value; and the banks, restricted by the amount of the six per cents in their possession, could not again venture upon excessive issues of their paper. This check might curtail their dividends as well as their discounts: but their capitals would still yield them a fair profit.

Fifth objection. A large portion of the stock obtained in exchange for the surplus bank notes would be sent to Europe and sold. *Answer.* So much the better: we should obtain so much foreign capital in addition to our own, and the export would so far correct the unfavourable balance of trade—not

to mention the beneficial effect of foreign states becoming more deeply interested in our prosperity.

Sixth objection. What if the six per cents should become more valuable than specie? *Answer.* Let the banks in that case redeem their notes with specie instead of six per cent stock.

Seventh objection. Payments in stock would be inconvenient to the country banks.—By no means. Let them keep by them a sufficient number of printed letters of attorney, with blanks, to be filled up for their creditors, as they might demand them.

But what is to be done with those chartered banks that shall refuse to pay either specie or stock?—Let them be sued: let them be proceeded against, if necessary, by informations in the nature of writs of quo warranto, and their charters annulled. Laws regulating and facilitating the proceedings in such cases should exist in every state. As to those private unchartered banking associations, whose members have amused themselves by declaring, that they will pay their debts only to the extent of the joint funds of their respective partnerships, little ceremony need be observed. If these associates will neither pay cash, nor accept the alternative with which it is proposed to indulge them, let them be made responsible in their, and each of their persons, and in their joint and separate property, as the law of the land may prescribe. We will not venture to predict what some state tribunals may not determine, but we are quite confident that the supreme court of the United States will never support the doctrine that debtors—not privileged by any special law—may, by any act of their own, exempt themselves from the payment of their acknowledged debts. Such debts create a moral obligation, from which the law itself will imply a promise to pay them, whatever impudent declaration to the contrary the debtors themselves may think fit to make.

Something should be done by the banks, speedily and effectually to raise their credit, which, although by no means

destroyed, as this writer seems to think, has undoubtedly received a severe shock. The different degrees of depreciation of the various bank notes occasion much inconvenience, vexation and vile fraud. Few debtors, if they can help it, will pay a better currency than that of the district where they live; while many a debtor will follow his creditor to make him a tender in the most depreciated district in which he can find him: and each justifies his fraud by his neighbour's example. It is incumbent on the public, but more especially on our government, to do every thing within their competence, to put an end to these evils and abominations.

The congress might at once do much to effect this desirable purpose. If a national bank were established by their authority, with a sufficient funded capital, and with the obligation, under a heavy specific penalty, of paying its notes and debts of every kind in cash or in funded stock in the manner already proposed, its notes would immediately obtain such a general and uniform credit as would make them fit to become a general circulating medium. The other banks—south of the Hudson—to preserve their notes from a comparative depreciation, would be induced, or compelled, to adopt a similar system; or which would amount to the same thing, to pay their notes with the notes of this national institution.

The success of this plan would not be doubtful if congress could be persuaded to provide for the payment of the interest of the national debt in specie. Such a provision would be as wise and politic as it would be just and honourable. Nothing but necessity can excuse the payment of the national creditors with depreciated money. During the war, that necessity existed, but it exists no longer. Cash enough may now be found to pay them, if it is required. It might even be obtained without subjecting any individual to hardship. Let the duties of impost be receivable in cash only: and let them be lowered in proportion to the premium at which the precious

metals are now sold. This would cause a diminution in the customs of about one fifth. The merchants would procure the requisite coin without much difficulty. If they could not purchase it here, they would import it.—But would they not in that case import so much the fewer goods?—So much the better for the national economy, and the national manufactures. Would the objects to be obtained be worth so great a sacrifice of revenue?—What strict justice requires ought not to be considered as a sacrifice: yet if it be viewed in that light, the loss will be more than compensated by the increased reputation and strength of the national credit, and the consequent facility with which future loans may be negotiated, especially in foreign countries. With what confidence might not an American minister offer the stock of the United States for sale on the exchange of Amsterdam, when he could expatiate so justly on the faith of his government, as well as the resources of his country, adducing this instance among others, of their anxiety to fulfil their engagements the instant it was in their power to do so.

The payment of the interest of the public debt in specie, combined with the opinion of the national good faith, security, and resources, would soon impart to the whole capital a specie value. That capital would then become a solid foundation for a paper currency, a standard to measure it, and keep it steady—inferior only to specie itself. With such a support, we know not whether such a currency might not be permanently adopted as an improvement in political economy. By the late banking system of these states, the best perhaps hitherto known, one silver dollar served to circulate three or four dollars in paper. By the system we propose, one dollar in cash would circulate sixteen dollars in bank-notes; that is, the six per cent paid in specie, on the whole amount of the funds, would give life and vigour to the circulation of bank notes to an equal amount, if necessary. Instead of keeping as much specie in the country as would represent our paper money, we should only require as much as would pay the in-

terest of it. In this manner a new and important function of national credit might be developed, and a great and unexpected benefit derived from, and still further compensating the burden of a national debt.

Let us try this plan, as before, by an extreme case; the most unfavourable possible. Suppose the banks should obtain possession of the *whole* of the public funds: might they not then issue, without danger to themselves, twice as much paper money as the general currency would require?—They might: but the whole excess, beyond what commerce urgently demanded, would be soon returned upon them and exchanged for their stock. For no man, of ordinary prudence, will retain in his possession paper money for which he has not a good use, when he can immediately convert that money into well secured, readily saleable stock, yielding an annual interest, paid in specie, of six per cent at least. When the stock is below par, the interest will be higher than that rate; higher, in fact, than the interest paid to the banks by the borrowers of their notes.

How would the operation of the sinking fund affect this system? It would, in the course of time, make stock scarce, and therefore the more valuable: by which means bank notes would be gradually raised to the level of specie.

But what should be done with the specie which some of the banks still possess? It ought not to continue unemployed: if it will not serve as money, let it be used as merchandise. The fairest mode would be to divide it among the creditors of those institutions in the ratio of their respective claims. This distribution would prevent the suspicion of injustice or favouritism which might otherwise be entertained.

It is one of the peculiar advantages of our plan, that it requires no part of the capital of banks to remain idle. That capital which they are to hold in readiness for the payment of their debts, will yield them good interest up to the day that it is demanded and transferred.

It is an erroneous, though we apprehend, a pretty general opinion, that if the banks were to resume specie payments, all the coin they issued would be immediately bought up and exported. With what, let us ask, would this coin be purchased? With bank notes? They are in the supposed case equivalent to coin, and men do not purchase dollars with dollars.—But those who received the coin might export it?—they might to be sure; but unless they retained enough to pay their debts, their property would be seized and sold. It is the stoppage of the banks that has really driven so much specie out of the country. Why retain coin not necessary for the payment of one's debts, while it might be advantageously disposed of abroad? It was only by exporting it, that any use could be made of it. If the payment even of the duties of impost had from the conclusion of the war been always required in specie, a large portion—perhaps the whole—of the coin exported since that event, would have remained at home. The late immense importations of foreign articles prove that there is no want of property to pay for them. The exported coin has served in part for that purpose. If that coin had been necessary for the payment of duties, so much the less of foreign goods would have been imported; and we should have possessed a solid and imperishable property in the place of an equal amount of articles consumed in the use. The extravagant consumption of foreign articles has been one of the injurious effects we have experienced from a paper currency having no foundation or dependency on specie. The payment of the customs, and the annuities due to the public stockholders in specie, together with the proposed convertibility of bank notes into stock, are measures easy of adoption; and would, we are firmly persuaded, immediately diminish, and speedily remove the evils of which this able writer and the public in general so loudly complain. Other measures may be requisite to restore the circulation of specie, if that safe and universal medium of commerce should be deemed indispensable to our prosperity. To accelerate that restoration, we

should humbly recommend the continuance of high duties (with due discrimination) on imported merchandise; the encouragement of domestic manufactures; economy in the expenditure of foreign goods; great circumspection in commercial speculations; great caution on the part of the banks in granting discounts, particularly to those who trade without adequate capital; in a word, universal economy, prudence, industry and integrity. These are the most effectual means by which the balance of foreign trade can be turned in our favour, and the amount of our specie consequently increased.

As to the balance of trade between the respective states, we do not lay much stress on it. Were there a general currency established, it could not be affected by the balance of trade to a greater amount than the expense and risk of transmitting the money from one state to another.

Neither do we think that the arrangement lately made or proposed between the banks to pay interest on the balances which may be due to each other respectively, at the end of every week or month, will have, as things now stand, any great effect. So long as their notes are not convertible on demand into some valuable commodity, it matters little what their respective balances amount to. Murray or Fairman would now enable them to pay any balance whatever in a short time, and at a small expense.

To conclude.—The proposed plan would immediately diminish the depreciation of bank notes in those states and districts where the six per cent stock is now above par; and it would set limits to their depreciation in all the other states. It would restrain the future issues of them generally, and therefore maintain them at a value much less liable to fluctuation than they are at present. It would go a great way towards establishing an uniform currency throughout the middle, the southern, and western states; for the stock into which their various notes might be converted would be every where saleable; and it would so far afford the means of enforcing the observance of contracts, maintaining good faith, and securing

the rights of property. By finding a new employment, and creating an additional demand for the public funds, it would increase their value, and become a new prop to their security. The banks would be obliged to convert their capitals into national stock to answer the demands of their creditors, and it would of course be their interest to keep up its price: by which means private and public credit would be indissolubly linked together, and a new moral bond acquired to strengthen the national union.

Our various currencies as they now exist are not congenial, but rather adverse, to the union of these states: were they separated, each bank might nevertheless preserve a certain credit. But on our plan, a separation would ruin them all; destroy general credit and confidence, and overspread the land with bankruptcy and misery. And in the present state of human affairs, this consideration, we frankly confess, affords us an additional argument for recommending a plan which would habituate the people to regard the faith of their federal government as the standard of value; which would facilitate loans, should a war for the maintenance of our rights become unavoidable; which would identify every man's fortune, as well as his freedom, with the general security; create a deep and universal interest in the conservation of good order, government and law; and thus enlist every motive, selfish and generous, and every principle, sordid as well as liberal, into the service of this free, confederated republic—now the best hope and refuge of the world.

W.

CAPTAIN CHARLES STEWART.

It was our intention to have accompanied the Portrait of this distinguished officer with a biographical sketch: but the materials for it were put into our hands so late that its postponement is unavoidable. It will probably be given in our next number.

NAVAL POETRY.

THE UNCOURTEOUS KNIGHT, AND THE COURTEOUS LADY.

(Originally published in the *Baltimore Whig*.)

For a nautical knight, a lady—heigho!

Felt her heart and her heart-strings to ache;
To view his sweet visage she look'd to and fro;—
The name of the knight, was James Lucas Yeo,
And the lady—'twas *she of the Lake*.

“ My good, *sweet* sir James,” cried the lady so fair,
“ Since my passion I cannot control,
When you see my white drapery floating in air,
Oh! thither, and quickly I prithee repair
And indulge the first wish of my soul.”

Sir knight heard afar, of the lady's desire,
And sprightly and gay made reply—
“ As your heart, lovely maid, doth my presence require,
I assure you mine burns with an answering fire,
And quick to your presence I'll fly.”

From Ontario's margin the lady set sail,
To meet the bold knight on *that* sea:
She dreamt not that he in his promise would fail,
And leave a fair *lady* alone to bewail;—
Yet no knight far or near could she see.

Impatient to meet him no longer she'd stay,
Resolv'd o'er the waters to roam:
“ Oh! say, have you heard of my brave knight I pray,
He promis'd to meet a fair lady to day,
But I fear he's to Kingston gone home.”

At last she espied him—what could sir knight do?
He fidgetted—ran—and he tack'd in and out,
And kept far aloof—yet he *promised* to woo;
She hail'd him—“ Sir knight—wont you please to heave too?
What a shame a fair lady to flout.”

But away ran sir knight—the lady in vain,
 Her oglings, and glances employed;
 She aim'd at his heart, he aim'd at her brain,
 She vow'd from pursuing she'd never refrain;
 And the knight was most sadly annoy'd.

At length from the lady, the knight got him clear,
 And obtain'd *for a season* some rest;
 But if the fair lady he ever comes near,
 For breaking his promise he'll pay pretty dear—
 The *price captain Chauncey* knows best.

ODE.

ON OUR NAVAL VICTORIES.*

A century had Britain held
 The trident of the subject sea,
 And all that time no eye beheld
 Her flag strike to an enemy.

France left her mistress of the main;
 Van Tromp no longer swept the sea;
 And the proud crest of haughty Spain
 Bow'd to her great supremacy.

The far fam'd Hellespont she plow'd,
 And made the crescent wax more pale;
 While Mussulmen before her bow'd,
 Who scorn'd the Christian's God to hail.

By east and west, by north and south,
 By every sea and every shore,
 Her mandates at the cannon's mouth
 Her wooden walls in triumph bore.

Where e'er the blue wave weltering flow'd,
 Where e'er a merchant vessel sail'd,
 Her red-cross flag in triumph rode,
 Her red artillery prevail'd.

* This piece originally appeared in the *National Intelligencer*.

Amid the ice of Greenland's seas;
Amid the verdant southern isles,
Where e'er the frigid waters freeze,
Where e'er the placid ocean smiles;
Her navy bore her swelling fame,
Afar and near triumphantly,
And Britons claim'd the proudest name—
The sov'reigns of the trackless sea.
But there was rising in the west
A nation little known in story,
That dared that empire to contest,
And cross her in the path of glory.
That scorn'd to crouch beneath the feet
Of England's lion stern and brave;
But vent'rous lanch'd her little fleet,
Her honour and her rights to save.
Hard was the struggle, rude the shock,
The *New World* 'gainst the stubborn *Old*!
A dread encounter!—rock to rock;
The Yankee, and the Briton bold.
O!—then was seen a glorious sight,
No eye that lives e'er saw before:
The Briton's sun went down in night—
The Yankee's rose, to set no more!
And that proud flag which undisturb'd,
For ages, at the mast-head flew,
And the old world's puissance curb'd,
Struck to the prowess of the *new*.
And, where the red-cross flag had braved
The dastard world for ages past,
Our stars and stripes in triumph wav'd
High on the proud top-gallant-mast.
And there, wave they by day and night,
While sparkle Heaven's eternal fires,
Emblems of that resistless might,
Which daring Liberty inspires.

DOMESTIC LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

Journal of events in Paris, from June 29, 1815, to July 13, 1815. By an American. 12mo. pp. 80. Philadelphia. Carey.—This work which we are informed by the publisher made its appearance in the *Richmond Enquirer*, and afterwards in the *National Intelligencer*, contains a brief statement of the important events mentioned in the title page, together with the author's moral and political reflections upon them. The following extract is a fair specimen of his manner of writing:

"The baron de Muffling, a Prussian, is at present governor of Paris. General Maison is to be his successor; but, *when* is not said. English troops are encamped in the Champs Elysees; the Prussians occupy the Thuilleries, Carousal, &c.; and are quartered in private houses. It is said, that it is their intention to destroy the bridge of Jena, and all other monuments of their defeats. The Germans, Italians, &c. ought to do the same. Paris ought to be stripped of her borrowed plumage. She is not worthy of honourable trophies. To preserve them, she has sacrificed the nation; may she be disappointed in receiving the price of her meanness. Let the pictures and statuary of Italy and Spain be taken back; the horses of Venice restored! the triumphal arches and columns razed! They belonged to the character of the tyrant, whom she hastened to disavow; they are too intimately connected with Bonaparte, to be a source of pride or pleasure to her.—The government of Louis XVIII employed itself, during the former twelve months' reign, (will it be believed?) in the important task of picking the N's out of the public buildings; it may again return to that employment.

"Blucher demands heavy contributions; it is said 100,000,000 francs. The Russians are in the neighbourhood; dreadful havoc, and outrages the most atrocious, have been perpetrated. When France awakes from her unaccountable torpor, and finds herself stripped of her liberties, her independence, her honours, and her property, she may find that she has yielded up these inestimable advantages with too much facility."

An inquiry into the causes of the present state of the circulating medium of the United States. 8vo. pp. 61. Philadelphia. Thomas.—These essays appeared originally in the "*True American*," and they are republished in a pamphlet form, as the writer states, "in order that all the points which have been embraced may be brought into one view." They contain some sensible remarks. We cannot, however, participate in his apprehensions respecting the failure of the banks, if they are allowed to perpetuate their present system.

"In our present circumstances," he observes, "there is, however, one evil which is to be dreaded. The failure of a number of banks would diminish greatly the general confidence in bank notes, and with it the facilities

which we now experience from their circulation. The evil we allude to is, that banks, in consequence of the absence of the usual check, which existed when they paid their notes in specie, may be disposed to trade to too great an extent beyond their capitals. Should they do this, for the sake of increasing the rate of their dividends, they may be liable to the ruin which is often attendant upon overtrading. But should they adhere to the principle, by which all prudent and honest directors should constantly be governed, of *issuing no more notes, than they would feel themselves perfectly safe in doing had they continued to pay specie*, there need be no apprehension of their solvency. Their debtors will now be as well able to pay them, as they ever were, and their creditors will have as ample security as they formerly had."

How is it possible, we should ask, for banks to *fail*, which make their payments (as they are miscalled) only in their own notes? Unless there should be a failure of copper, paper, and engravers, such banks cannot be in danger of bankruptcy.

Ellen, a tale for youth. By Mrs. Hofland, author of the *Officer's Widow*, &c. 18mo. pp. 93. New York. Gilley.—An innocent little tale for young ladies.

Memoirs of Lady Hamilton; with illustrative anecdotes, &c. 1 vol. 12mo. Reprinted from the London edition. Philadelphia. Thomas.—"In the circles of dissolute fashion, thirty years ago, who was ignorant of the name of Emma Harte? In the more recent annals of *female diplomacy*, and of Nelson, who is unacquainted with Emma, lady Hamilton? The true history of this extraordinary woman, however, is not generally, and in some points not accurately known; and the delineation of it requires both a free and a delicate hand, in order to compromise neither the interests of truth nor those of morality and decorum. Her present biographer is anonymous, and we are not apprised of his authority in those instances in which he does not indicate the source whence he draws: yet, particularly in his statements that are connected with Naples and with lord Nelson, he speaks in a tone of positiveness that ought to be well supported, and which *seems*, in many cases, to be thus adequately warranted. At any rate, it is clear that he is not a common temporary hack-biographer, and that nothing like *white-washing* is attempted in his narrative. Urged apparently by such motives as ought to be sacred with all writers of memoirs, he is more studious of accurate delineation than of exhibiting a flattering portrait; and, true to those correct and honourable principles which are avowed in his introduction, he endeavours to throw no veil of splendid concealment over the follies or failings of his heroine, desirous of holding her forth as a *warning* rather than as an example: thus placing as it were beacons and light-houses on those shoals, rocks, and quicksands, which are found to be so dangerous in the moral navigation of human life. In our admiration of beauty and personal accomplishments, we ought never to forget that their attractions do not justify the smallest departure from virtue; and that 'love-darting eyes and tresses like the

morn' have a baneful influence, when employed as lures by a contaminated mind. The Circe should therefore be unmasked, lest others, spell-bound by her charms, should not perceive the thorns and adders which lurk beneath her rose-strewed path. With strict propriety does the author before us protest against the sweeping operation of that commonly received and well-intentioned maxim, which requires us to 'say nothing but what is good of the dead.'"

Monthly Review.

Carey has republished *The Hawthorn Cottage*, a tale, by J. Jones; and *Iwanowna*, or the Maid of Moscow, a novel, by the author of "The Son of a Genius."

The same publisher has in press, "*Eustace's Tour through Italy*," a work highly praised by the British reviewers; and which we should suppose from the extracts of it we have read, to merit the commendations it has received.

The Literary and Philosophical Society of New York have published a volume of their transactions.

A second edition of "*Discipline*," the novel of which we gave an account in our number for September last, has been republished.

Francis Arden, esq. of New York, the author of many spirited and popular naval songs and other poetical compositions, is, we understand, at present engaged in translating Ovid's *Tristia* into English heroic verse. The first book of this translation will shortly be published, accompanied with a life of Ovid, prefatory remarks and notes, critical and explanatory.

The publication of the *Law Journal*, conducted by J. E. Hall, esq. will, we understand, be soon resumed, and continued regularly.

FINE ARTS.

Delaplaine intends to publish a print of the battle of New Orleans, from a picture by Leslie; and prints of the battle at North Point near Baltimore, and of the bombardment of fort M'Henry, from pictures by Sully. We trust that these artists will do justice to the glorious subjects they have undertaken to illustrate, and fulfil the hopes which their former works have excited.

FOREIGN LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

The warlike muse of Mr. *Walter Scott* has been aroused by late events, and he announces a poem called "The Field of Waterloo." Mr. Scott does not apprise us whether his poem is to be an Ode or an Elegy.

Dr. Henry is printing a new edition of his *Elements of Chemistry*, with considerable additions and improvements.







